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THE OVER-SEA EXPERIMENTS OF SANTOS-DUMONT

BY STERLING HEILIG

(Mr. Santos-Dumont, during his last winter's flights over the Mediterranean, was occupied with experiments quite different from those which took him around the Eiffel Tower in Paris. There, for a time, he went aside from his steadfast practice, to accomplish a set task and win a prize. Here, he resumed experimenting for his own information. A leading authority, M. Armengaud, jeune, President of the Société Française de Navigation Aérienne, pronounces the results of these five flights, in spite of the final catastrophe, to be as precious as any previously obtained.—S. H.)

ON the sunny morning of the 28th of January, 1902, the airship "Santos-Dumont No. 6" made its first flight over the Bay of Monaco. Swifter than any steam-launch could follow, it sped out to sea, not swerving a point to right or to left. Soon it was over the open Mediterranean. On it sped until it seemed no larger than a great bird. Then it turned and came back at the same high speed. When inside the little bay again it slowed up, described a great circle, and mounted to the level of the terrace above the Pigeon Shooting Grounds at Monte Carlo. It approached so near that the lonely navigator of the air could call back acknowledgments to the congratulations of his friends below. Then it was out to sea again and back, and around in other circles, like a horse whose jockey puts him through his paces. To the sight-seeing crowd it made an exhilarating show of M. Santos-Dumont's control of his airship; while to the inventor, to his aids and intimates, the maritime experiment had peculiar interests, both technical and general.

Over-sea ballooning has become the temptation of all European aëronauts. Lieutenant Tapissier, Director of the Toulon Maritime Ballooning Station, who accompanied Count Henry de La Vaulx in his recent highly subsidized but unsuccessful Mediterranean venture, says: "The balloon can render the navy immense services, *on condition always that its direction can be assured.* Floating over the sea, it can be at once a bird's-eye scout and an offensive auxiliary of so delicate a character that the general service of the navy has not yet allowed itself to pronounce upon the matter. We can no longer conceal it from ourselves, however, that the hour approaches when balloons, having become new military engines, will acquire from the point of view of battle-results a great and perhaps decisive *action de guerre.*"

The far-seeing Henri Rochefort, who was in the habit of coming daily to the Aërodrome from his hotel on the heights of La Turbie, was moved to generalize this warning to his country: "On the day when the 'Santos-Dumont No. 7' shall show the speed which all calculations expect from it, 'there will remain little for the nations to do but lay down their arms.'"

M. Santos-Dumont had already spent several industrious winters on the Riviera, while the weather made it impracticable to continue experimenting in Paris. Two seasons before he had made ascents from the Place Masséna, at Nice, in his "Santos-Dumont No. 3"; and,

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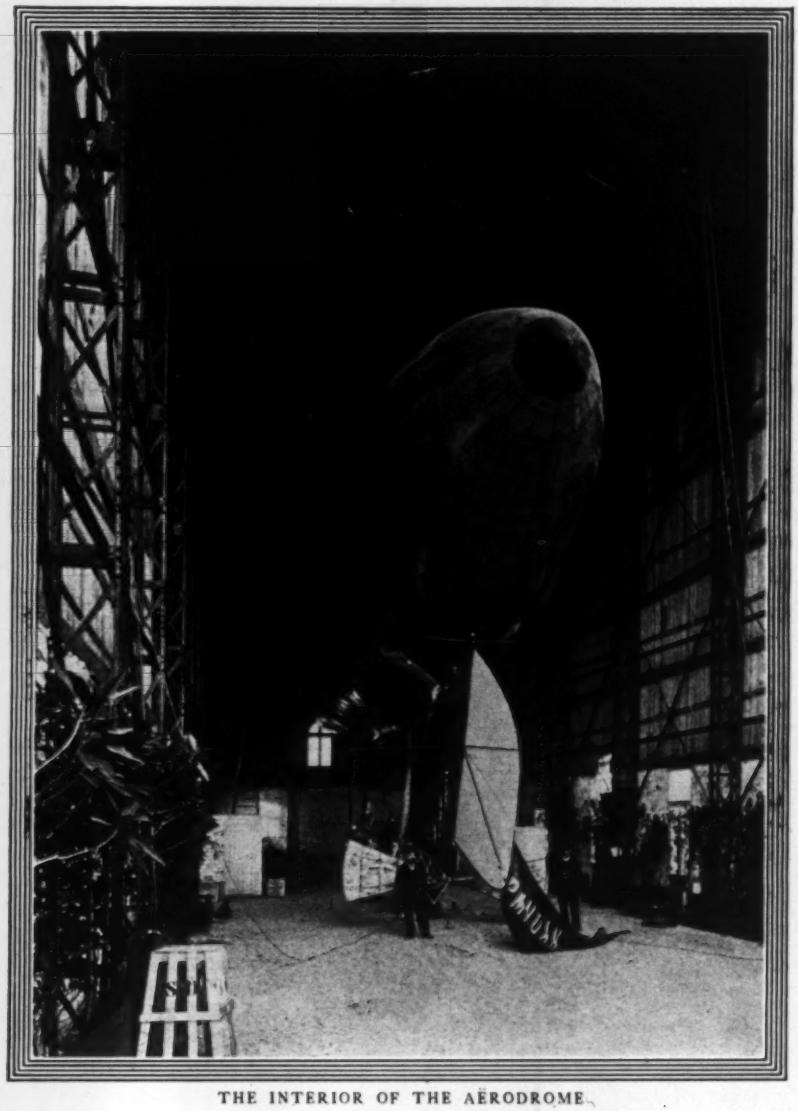


THE INTERIOR OF THE AËRODROME

Showing its construction, the inflated balloon, and the pennant with its mystic letters

during the previous winter, in a Monte Carlo carpenter shop he worked out the triangular-sectioned "keel" that was to save his life between the roofs of the Trocadero Hotels on the occasion of his famous fall in Paris. His friend, the Duc de Dino, had already invited him to spend the winter at his Monte Carlo villa. When, therefore, Prince Roland Bonaparte, President of the Scientific Commission of the Paris Aëro Club, assured him that the Prince of Monaco would be glad to build him a winter balloon-house on the low shore of the Condamine, and aid him to make a series of over-sea experiments, M. Santos-Dumont did not hesitate.

The little Bay of Monaco, sheltered from behind against wind and cold by mountains, and from the wind and sea on both sides by the heights of Monte Carlo and Monaco Town, seemed to offer an ideal situation for a balloon-house. The airship would be always ready, filled with hydrogen gas. It could dart out of the balloon-house when desired and back again for shelter at the approach of squalls. The balloon-house could be erected on the edge of the shore, and the protected bay and open sea beyond would afford unlimited clear space for operation. If the maritime experiment is attractive to spherical balloonists, it is doubly so to the navigator of an airship, who, from the nature of things, is unable to carry a large provision of ballast. As will be seen, this proved a chief consideration.

Balloon-house and landing-stage

WHEN M. Santos-Dumont arrived at Monte Carlo in the latter part of January, the Prince's balloon-house was already practically completed. On the heights of old Monaco Town, in the lovely Botanical Garden that blooms in this soft climate through the entire winter, and on the very edge of the ragged cliffs that overhang the sea far below, this scientific Prince has a stone palace in construction for the lodging of his collection of deep-sea fauna and flora. Now, low down on the shore, in the center of the crescent bay by the Boulevard de la Condamine, he had placed the balloon-house.

The new building rises just across the street-car tracks from the sea-wall, with the waters of the bay from eight to twelve feet below. It is an immense empty shell of wood and canvas over an iron skeleton, 182 feet long, 33

RETURNING TO THE AËRODROME

Showing the sea-wall and the landing-stage

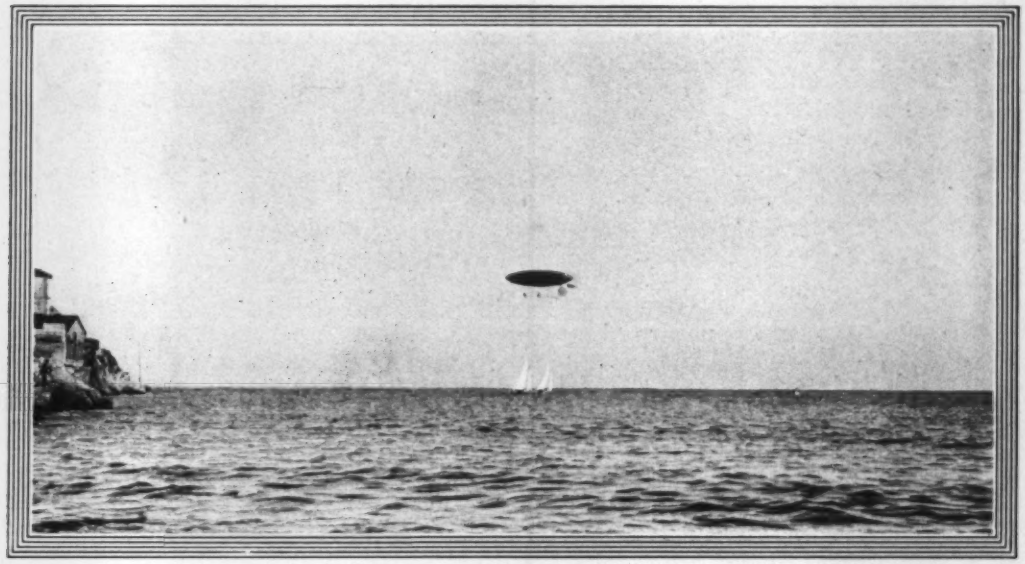
feet wide, and 50 feet high. It had to be solidly constructed not to risk the fate of the all-wood Aërodrome of Toulon, which was twice all but carried away by tempests. Its risky form—almost that of a balloon itself—seemed to invite sea squalls to lift it. Its sensational features are its doors. Tourists never tire of telling each other that these doors are the greatest ever made, in modern times or in antiquity. They slide above on wheels hanging from an iron construction that extends from the façade on each side, and below on wheels that roll over a rail. Each door is 50 feet high by 17 feet wide; and each weighs 9,680 pounds. Their equilibrium is, nevertheless, so well calculated that, on the day of the inauguration, they were rolled apart by two little boys of eight and ten years respectively, the young Princes Ruspoli, grandsons of the Duc de Dino and his first wife, who was a Miss Curtis of New York.

After the first flight of the airship, it was seen that some serious miscalculations had been made with respect to the site of the Aërodrome. In the navigation of the air all is new, and surprises meet the experimenter at every turn. As we stood watching the "Santos-Dumont No. 6" steered out of its balloon-house, Mr. Robert Cook, so long the "Captain Bob Cook" who coached Yale crews to victory, said:

"The airship has not yet its dock. Some kind of starting and landing-stage will have to be devised."

This was exactly the state of the matter. The airship, loaded with ballast until it was a trifle heavier than the surrounding atmosphere, had to be towed, or, rather, helped out of the balloon-house and across the street before it could be launched into the air over the sea-wall and drop its water-ballast, start its motor, point its nose slightly upward, and dart off on its aërial voyage. Now the sea-wall just across the Boulevard proved to be a dangerous obstruction. From the sidewalk it was only waist-high, but on the other side the surf rattled over the pebbles eight or ten feet below. The airship had to be lifted over it much more than waist-high, not to risk damage to the great arms of the propeller; and when half over, there was no one to sustain it from the other side. The nose of the airship pointed obliquely downward at an alarming angle, while its stern threatened to grind on the wall. Scuffling among the pebbles down below, half a dozen workmen held their arms high toward the descending keel, pushed onward by those behind the sea-wall, and they caught and righted it only in time to prevent the aëronaut being precipitated from his basket.

For this reason the entrance back into the bal-



The airship driving up the coast, while two sailing-yachts directly beneath are sailing before a stiff breeze in the opposite direction. "Wind A"—(See page 201)

loon-house was the popular triumph of the experiment, for the crowd had at once taken cognizance of the perils of starting and landing.

Straight as a dart the airship came speeding to us on the shore. The police of the Prince had with great difficulty cleared the Boulevard between the sea-wall and the wide-open doors of the balloon-house. Aids and supernumeraries stood with outstretched arms at the wall, waiting. Below, on the beach, stood others. The airship, however, seemed to have small need of them. Santos-Dumont had been slowing his speed gently. Just as he was half-way over the sea-wall he stopped the propeller. Carried on gently by its dying momentum, the airship glided on a few feet over our heads toward the open door. The aids had already grasped the guide-rope and drawn it down to its proper level. Now they walked beside it—into the balloon-house. Santos-Dumont had practically steered his airship into its "stable"!

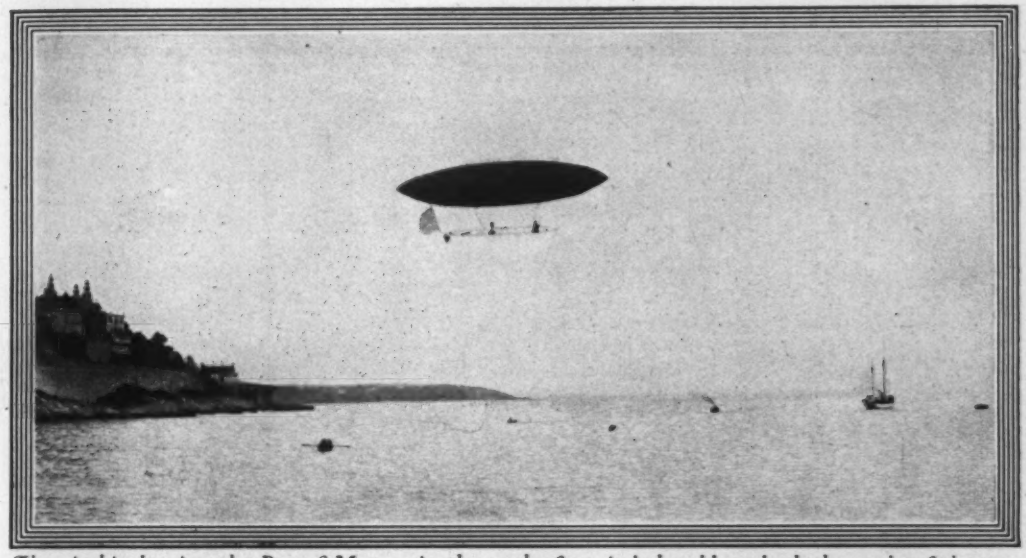
But the same afternoon a second flight, while showing again the airship's speed and dirigibility, demonstrated the dangerous insufficiency of the landing space provided for it. This second adventure over the sea-wall proved that this permanent danger must be done away with. The Prince offered to tear down the wall.

"I will not ask you to do so much as that," replied M. Santos-Dumont. "It may be sufficient to build up a landing-stage on the sea side of it, at the level of the Boulevard and the floor of the Aërodrome."

This is what was done, after twelve days of work interrupted by persistent rain. The airship, when issuing from its house for a third flight, on the 10th of February, had simply to be lifted a few feet by men on each side of the wall, who gently drew it on until its whole length floated in equilibrium over a platform extending so far out into the surf that the farthermost piles were always in six feet of water. On this platform stood the aids who held the airship while the chief machinist started the motor, and M. Santos-Dumont let out the water-ballast, still leaving the whole system a trifle heavier than the air.

It rose gently from the open platform, its shifting weights so arranged as to point its nose obliquely upward. The motor was already spitting and snapping amid its steady thunder-growl. On the instant the power was transferred to the propeller, its first revolutions sent the gently rising airship into the air as if it had received a mighty push from behind. Gathering force, it sped still obliquely upward, until, with a single masterly movement, the air-navigator was seen to shift his weights and bring his system to a level, onward course.

And so it darted out to sea, its scarlet pennant bearing the mystic initials fluttering like a streak of flame behind. The initial letters are those of the first line of Camoëns' "Lusiad"—the epic poem of the aëronaut's race—P. M. N. D. A. N. *Por mares nunca d'antes navegados* ("By seas yet unexplored").



The airship leaving the Bay of Monaco in the teeth of a wind that blows back the smoke of the two steamers. "Wind B"—(See page 201)

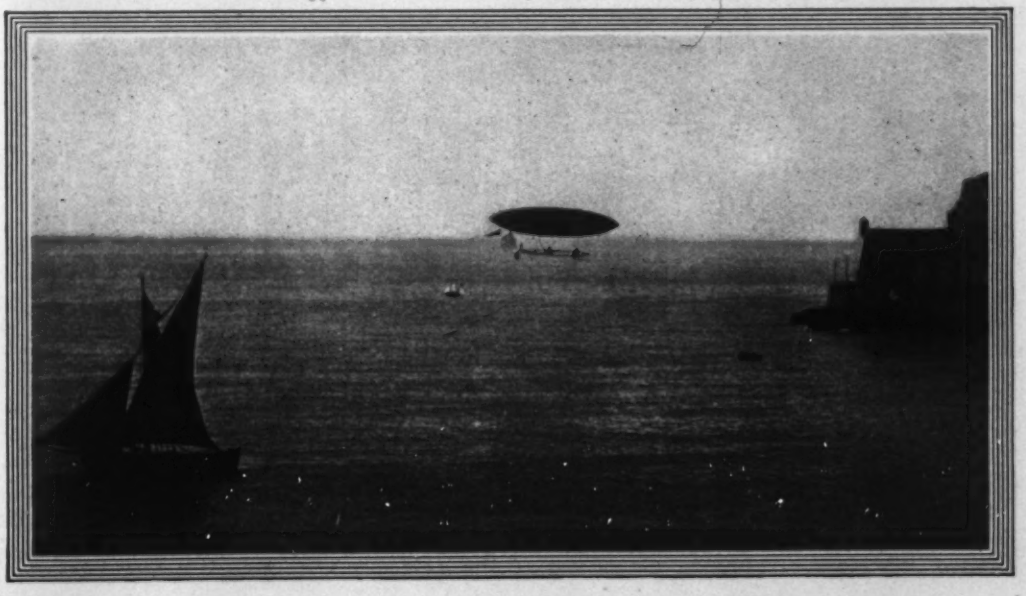
The Maritime Guide-rope

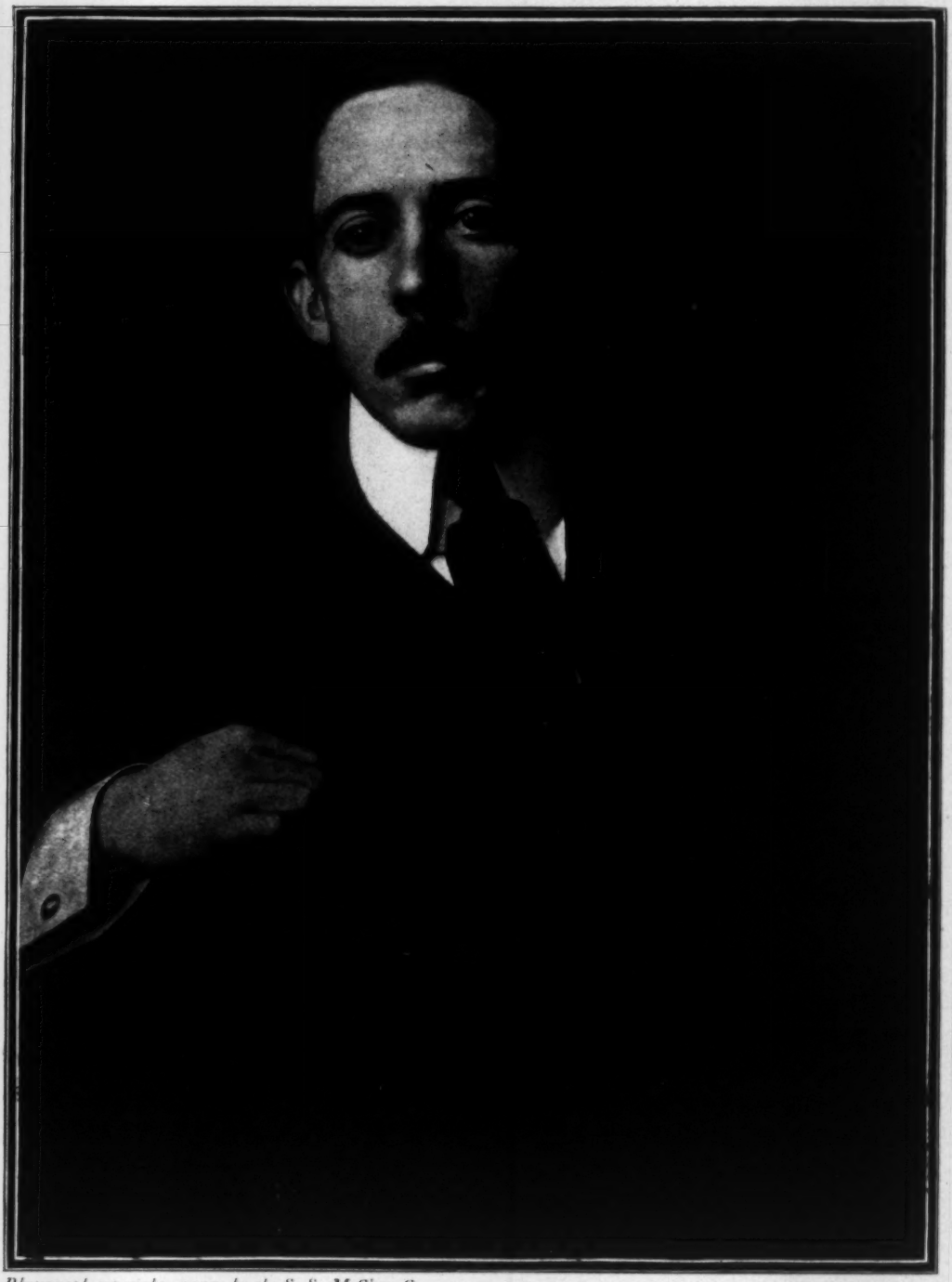
To the well-informed these flights over the Mediterranean displayed a unique and novel feature. This was the action of the maritime guide-rope—a long, thick rope dangling from the airship with eight or ten feet of its still thicker extremity dragging in the water.

Vertical stability is the life of any balloon, but to the balloon airship that may not waste the little ballast it carries, the problem becomes doubly complicated. Caused by changes in temperature and atmospheric pressure, condensation and dilatation continually react upon each other in the spherical balloon, necessitating continual losses of gas and ballast.

"Suppose you are in equilibrium at a desired height," M. Santos-Dumont once explained to me. "Suddenly a small cloud hides the sun for a few moments, and the temperature of the gas in the balloon cools down a little. If the balloonist does not immediately throw out just sufficient ballast to compensate the ascensional force lost by the shrinking of the

The airship pursuing its course, head on, in a wind which keeps the sails of the little boat straining in the opposite direction. "Wind C"—(See page 201)





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M. ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT

From a photograph taken specially for "McClure's" by Miss Zaida Ben Yusuf

gas, he will begin to fall; while, if he throws out too much, the balloon will become too light and go too high. Suppose the balloonist throws out just enough. Soon the cloud will cease to hide the sun. The gas heats up again to its first temperature and regains its old lifting power. But, having less to lift by the weight just thrown out, the balloon now shoots up higher. Its gas dilates, so that some of it escapes or must be sacrificed to save the balloon from going too high. Then, having overshot its equilibrium and lost too much gas, you will begin descending—only to condense more gas, and to sacrifice more ballast; and the trouble recommences!"

In these words M. Santos-Dumont unconsciously foretold the occasion of the catastrophe which terminated these experiments at Monaco; for once, in spite of precautions and chiefly because he was alone and unaided, the suddenly overheated hydrogen carried him too high.

These *montagnes russes* ("shoot the chutes") of spherical ballooning, M. Santos-Dumont has always avoided over land as much as possible by the play of his shifting weights, which enable him to lift or lower the nose of his cigar-shaped balloon, and so drive it diagonally upward or downward by means of his propeller force. This manœuver of itself makes enough work for one man. To be freed from it, except when one desires to mount or descend, and to go forward on a chosen level automatically, is the ideal realizable from maritime guide-roping.

Over land, where there are level plains without the troublesome and really dangerous drawbacks of trees, rocks, fences, and buildings, and telegraph or trolley-wires, the guide-rope might be thought useful to the dirigible balloonist; but over the uninterrupted stretches of the sea, these Monaco experiments have proved it to be a true *stabilisateur*. Its very slight dragging resistance through the water is out of all proportion to the considerable weight of its floating extremity. According to its greater or less immersion, therefore, it ballasts or unballasts the airship. The balloon is held by its weight down to almost a fixed level over the waves, yet without danger of its being drawn into contact with them. Every extra foot of guide-rope floating means so much less weight for the balloon to lift and so much automatic remounting into the air. In this way an incessant little tugging toward and away from the waves is produced, an automatic ballasting and unballasting accomplished *without loss of ballast*.

Wind and Speed

LET us acknowledge, once for all, that the flight of February 10th, and the one which succeeded it on February 12th, furnished the most beautiful popular spectacle ever afforded by aërial navigation. Not even the sensational trips over the housetops of Paris from Saint-Cloud to the Eiffel Tower and back offered such a demonstration of the airship's power and the navigator's control over it. On each occasion M. Santos-Dumont directed his course far out to sea, only returning after a round trip much longer than the one which gave him the Deutsch Prize. On each occasion the guide-rope *stabilisateur* held the balloon at the constant level altitude desired, so that the navigator was left free to pursue his course without wasting time, ballast, gas, or propeller force. On each occasion—and this is very prettily if accidentally shown by three photographs—the navigator continued on his straight course despite adverse winds which, in one case, developed into a moderate squall.

In the photograph marked "Wind A," the airship is seen driving up the coast toward the Italian frontier, while two sailing-yachts directly beneath him are obviously scudding in just the opposite direction, in front of what any yachtsman would call a stiff breeze. Farther to the right the smoke of a small steamer, violently blown to the right, indicates the force of the breeze at the moment.

In the photograph marked "Wind B," the airship is seen to be on the point of quitting (not returning to) the Bay of Monaco in the teeth of a wind that blows far back the smoke of two steamers.

In the photograph marked "Wind C," the airship is pursuing its course head on into a wind that keeps the sail-boats' three canvasses straining in the opposite direction.

These photographs, taken by a professional simply desirous of making a good picture, afford the most complete kind of answer to those who question the airship's ability to make way against the wind. It takes a stiff wind to send a great yacht kicking up foam with its sails bellied to their straining-point.

It was during the flight of February 12th that the intrepid navigator of the air persisted most sensationally against the wind, and attained his greatest distance from the Aërodrome. One petroleum and two steam-launches, together with three well-manned rowboats, had been stationed at intervals down the coast, to pick him up in case of accident. The steam chaloupe of the Prince of Monaco, carrying his Highness, the governor-

general and the captain of the Prince's ocean-going steam-yacht, the "Princesse Alice," had started on the course ahead of time. The forty horse-power Mors road-racing automobile of Mr. Clarence Grey Dinsmore, and the thirty horse-power Panhard of M. Isidore Kahenstein were prepared to follow along the lower coast-road.

Immediately on leaving the bay, in spite of the wind that came head-on, M. Santos-Dumont set his course straight up the coast in the direction of the Italian frontier. The crowd, unaccustomed to see the airship take a straight course undiversified by evolutions, and unaware that the programme was simply to push on to Cap Martin and return in the best time rendered possible by the new advantage of the maritime guide-rope's comparative vertical stability, began immediately to murmur: "He is going to return the visit of the Empress Eugenie." *

The airship sped straight on its course against the wind. Along the winding coast-road the two racing automobiles managed to keep abreast of it, being driven at high speed. "It was all we could do to follow him along the curves of the coast-road," said one of the passengers in Mr. Dinsmore's automobile, "so rapid was his speed. In less than five minutes he had arrived opposite the Villa Camille Blanc, which is about a kilometer (three-fifths of a mile) distant from Cap Martin as the crow flies. At this moment the airship was absolutely alone. Between the airship and Cap Martin I saw a single rowboat, while far behind was visible the smoke from the Prince's steam chaloupe. It was really no commonplace sight, the airship thus hovering isolated above the immense sea."

The same thought doubtless struck M. Santos-Dumont. The wind, instead of subsiding, had been increasing. Here and there below him he could see sail-boats driven before it. Those who could still observe him through opera-glasses from the heights of Monaco Town and Monte Carlo, observed him turn abruptly and start back on the homestretch. Now he had the wind with him. To those watching from the heights the airship increased in size every moment, bearing down upon them with the swiftness of an eagle. In an incredibly short space of time the grumbling of the motor could be heard, louder and louder, until it grew into the familiar thunder-spitting, and, amid a thousand cheers, the balloon entered the Bay of Monaco again. "Half an hour after the aëronaut's return to the Aërodrome the wind became violent, a heavy rainstorm followed, and the sea became very rough." *

Helped onward by the rising storm, the airship reached the Bay of Monaco with a rapidity and ease that stirred the crowd to intense admiration. Approaching the landing-stage, M. Santos-Dumont gave the signal to seize the guide-rope. The steam chaloupe, which had turned back when midway between Monte Carlo and Cap Martin, reached the Bay while the aëronaut was manœuvering in those circles and figure eights that so amused the crowd. The Prince was still on board, and he desired to seize the guide-rope. A first time the heavy cordage slipped past the darting chaloupe. Instead of catching it, his Most Serene Highness managed to get struck by it on the arm —an accident which knocked him to the bottom of the chaloupe and produced a severe contusion. A second attempt was more successful.

Like everything else in aërial navigation, this manœuver is new. The steam-launch resists by its inertia the oscillations of the balloon in the little air currents; on the other hand, the necessarily brusque action of the steam-power may always exercise a dangerous traction on the guide-rope. On the present occasion some of the piano wire by which the keel of the airship is suspended to the balloon were broken by the shock. A heavier shock, as M. Santos-Dumont remarked, might threaten not only the entire system of suspension, but even the stuff of the balloon to which it is attached. May not this jarring have had some effect in the final accident of the airship's next trial?

Thanks to the aid of a heavy rowboat manned by two hardy fishers, the airship was at last held firmly, and M. Santos-Dumont stopped its motor, which he had kept working full speed to prevent the strong wind blowing him ashore. It was towed to above the landing-stage, and lifted into its balloon-house. It was not a moment too soon. Within five minutes the rain was falling in torrents, and great waves were breaking over the landing-stage.

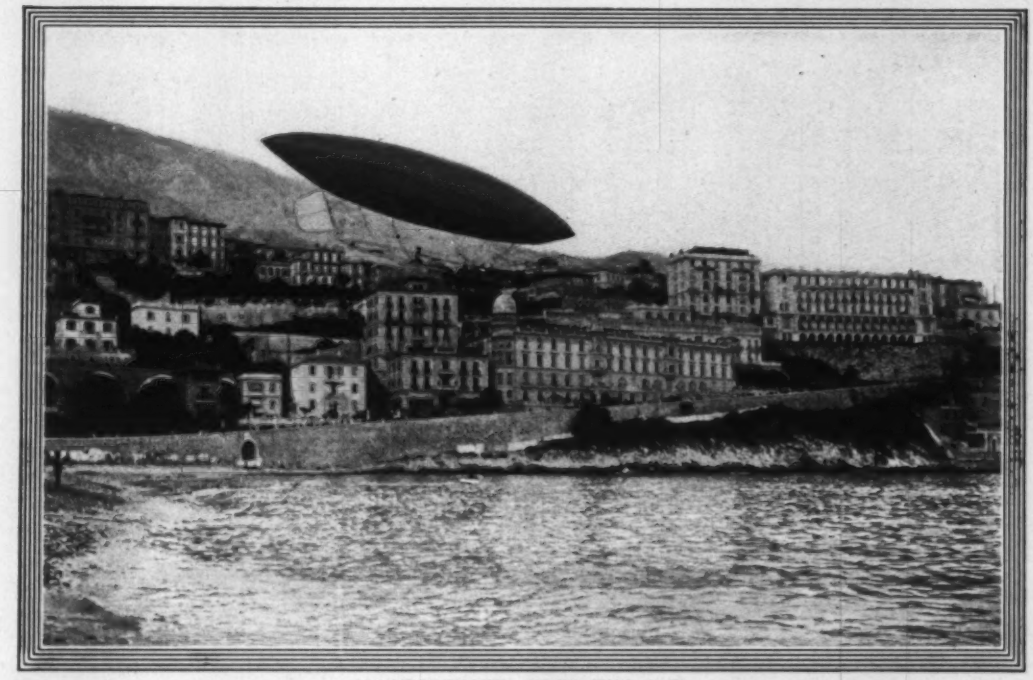
What speed the "Santos-Dumont No. 6" made on this trial has not been published. From the best possible information I am able to say that it was not sought to be minutely calculated. M. Santos-Dumont is not manu-

* Much was said at the time in the Continental press about the accidental meeting of the Empress Eugenie and Henri Rochefort in Santos-Dumont's balloon-house. What they omitted to describe was the activity with which the terrible old man got out of the reach of Franz Boucher's camera at the moment the group was being photographed with the Empress's gracious permission. Here was the man who did so much to bring about the fall of Napoleon III., and here was the woman who was his ancient enemy and victim; and they had not met for a quarter of a century.—S. H.

* Paris edition, New York "Herald," Feb. 13, 1902.

facturing airships for sale, nor has he any rival records to distance. The trial, like all the others, was for his own information and experience; and as such it was not necessary to reduce its speed to miles per hour. Besides, either case, with or without maritime guide-rope, the speed calculation has its own practically insurmountable difficulties.

From Monte Carlo to Cap Martin at two o'clock of a given afternoon may be quite



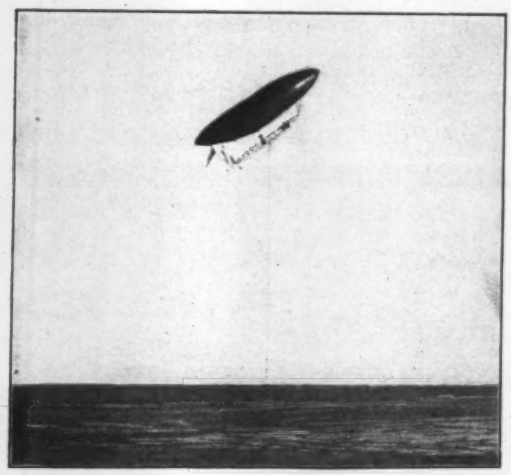
MANŒUVERING ABOVE THE BAY

the speed of the return, wonderfully aided by the wind, could bear no relation to the speed of the trip out, which was against the wind; and there is nothing to indicate that the force of the wind was constant, going and coming.

It is true that, in the present instance, one of the greatest difficulties regularly standing in the way of such speed calculation—the "shoot the chutes" of ever-varying altitude—was very much done away with by the maritime guide-rope. On the other hand, the dragging of the guide-rope's weight against the wind is something very different from its petty tugging in calm weather, and the absence of all such resistance, to say the least, when speeding before the wind, which sometimes bellies it like a sail. Again, while the maritime guide-rope affords the airship even a certain amount of lateral stability in presence of side gusts, this stability is by no means complete, and is purchased at the price of so much more dragging back, as of a brake. The fact that without the guide-rope the airship would be bound to lose time on a much more erratic course, to say nothing of the navigator's extra labor, proves only that the device is, on the whole, immensely serviceable. In another course than from Monte Carlo to Cap Martin at four P.M. of the same day; while from Monte Carlo to Cap Martin can never, except in perfect calm, be the same course as from Cap Martin to Monte Carlo. Nor is any accurate calculation to be based on the markings of the anemometer, an instrument which M. Santos-Dumont nevertheless carries. Out of simple curiosity he examined it on the trip mentioned. It seemed at the moment to be marking thirty-five miles an hour; but the wind, complicated by side gusts, acting at the same time on the airship and the wings of the anemometer windmill—that is, on two moving systems whose inertia cannot be compared—would be alone sufficient to falsify the result.

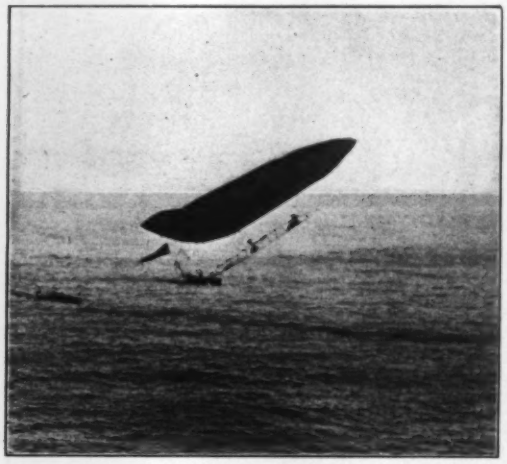
It is much more significant to dwell on the picture of the fast steam-launches overtaken and left far behind, one after the other, the Prince's chaloupe utterly outdistanced, and the forty horse-power road racing automobiles keeping up with the airship only by being driven at their high speed.

During the manufacture of the hydrogen gas and the filling of the balloon, the new Aërodrome received the visits of a great number of



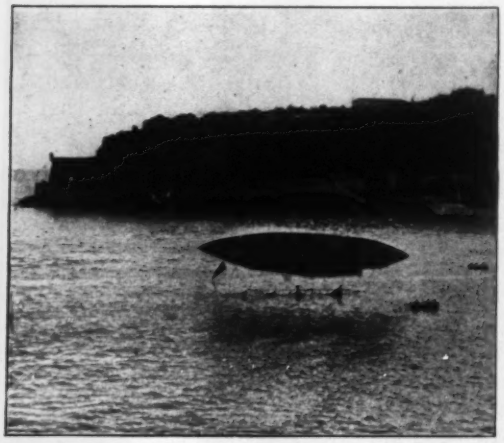
AIRSHIP POINTING ALMOST VERTICALLY UPWARD

prominent people, several of whom signified their willingness to lend valuable aid to the ex-



FALLING TO THE SEA

periments. From Beaulieu, where his steam-yacht "Lysistrata" was at anchor, came



JUST BEFORE THE AIRSHIP LOST ALL ITS GAS

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and Mr. Eugene Higgins twice brought his "Varuna" up from the harbor of Nice. The beautiful little steam-yacht of M. Eiffel also held itself in readiness. It had been the kind intention of these steam-yacht owners, as it had been the Prince's with his "Princesse Alice," to follow the airship in its flights, so as to be on the spot in case of accident. Unfortunately the first day's flight alone demonstrated that this kind of protection must not be counted on overmuch by air-ships. If rapid steam-launches could not keep up with this old "Santos-Dumont No. 6" and its one twenty horse-power motor, but were passed by and left rapidly behind, it will be all the more impossible for steam vessels following the "Santos-Dumont No. 7," with its two forty-five horse-power motors of a newer type and much less weight per horse-power. Henri Rochefort was right. The air-ship will be to the warship what the hawk is to the heron.

Final Trial and Conclusions

On the 14th of February the famous airship "Santos-Dumont No. 6," which, before winning the Deutsch Prize had to fall from mid-air over Paris to the roofs of the Trocadero Hotels, was destined to fall now once again in what was at first thought to be nothing less than a complete and final catastrophe. That the catastrophe was anything but final may be gathered from the fact that with this same historic balloon, which has been since fully inflated again and put on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, London, M. Santos-Dumont has engaged himself to try for the London-Birmingham Prize, offered through the English Aëro Club.

The "Santos-Dumont No. 6" left the Aërodrome at 2.30 P.M. of the 14th of February, escorted by the steam-launches of the "Princesse Alice" and the "Varuna." As before, a number of other craft were stationed at intervals along the course to Cap Martin. From the beginning the balloon behaved badly, dipping heavily.

The truth is that it was imperfectly inflated when it left the balloon-house, a fault on the part of some one which the generosity of M. Santos-Dumont has passed by in silence.

Perceiving the balloon's unusual lack of ascensional force, the aëronaut—alone in the air to meet every emergency—threw out ballast. At that moment a cloud which had obscured the sun passed by. The heat of the sun's rays now dilated the hydrogen gas very suddenly, and greatly increased the balloon's

lifting power. The airship rose rapidly. There would have been no harm in this, had it not been for the presence of the heavy maritime guide-rope. The latter was lifted completely from contact with the waves, so that its whole weight re-ballasted the airship at a point where it upset the equilibrium of the system, causing the nose of the cigar-shaped balloon to point upward. As the balloon had not been sufficiently filled, the hot masses of hydrogen, by reason of their lesser density, flew to this up-pointing end of the balloon, and increased by that much its inclination. For a time it seemed to be pointing almost perpendicularly.

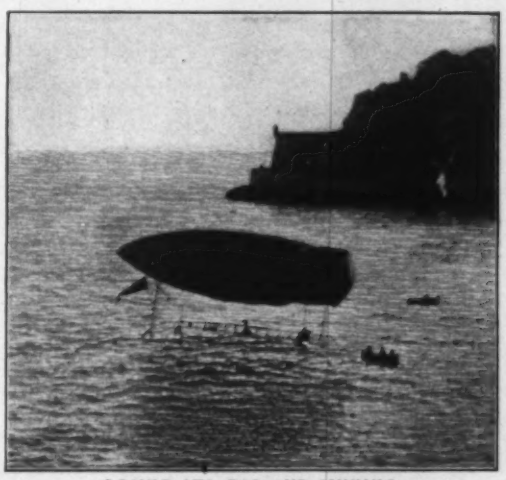
The intrepid aëronaut, who had lost neither his cool head nor his balance, could still have righted himself had he not perceived with dismay that the up-pointing of the airship had caused the oil in the motor to overflow and the ballast itself to shift. To permit the flame-spitting motor to continue working under these circumstances would be to risk a fatal explosion. To stop the motor and remain in the air would mean the certainty of being cast by the wind on the telegraph wires, trees, and houses of Monte Carlo. He had to think quickly. The dilemma was a new one. He did the one thing that seemed safest; and, with the same *sang-froid* which gave him, on August 8, 1901, the audacity to destroy his balloon above the Trocadero Hotels to save himself from a worse fall, he now pulled the emergency rope which opens a great seam in the balloon. Like a wounded bird it fell, and in a few moments was floating on the waves.

Balloon, keel, and motor were successfully fished out of the bay, and shipped off to Paris for repairs. The "Santos-Dumont No. 7," though well under way, was not yet completed. The over-sea experiments, therefore, came to an abrupt end.

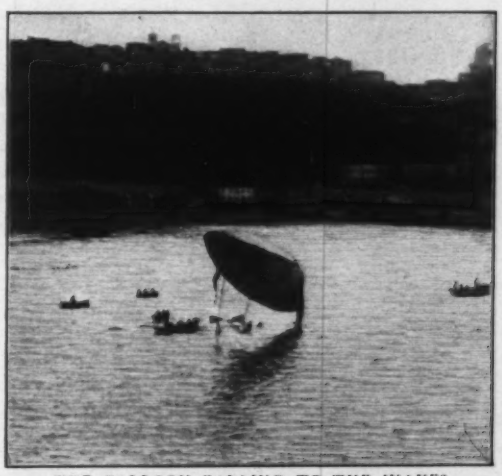
In the minds of those who have followed M. Santos-Dumont closely there is no doubt of the value of the lessons taught by the Monaco experiments. In the steady and determined progress of his experiments, all are equally valuable. The five flights which he made were not five isolated demonstrations of what he could do, but a single series of experiments for his own instruction. His plan is to continue trying, rejecting the weak and the ill-adapted, holding on to what has stood the test, and profiting by each error to avoid it in the future.

Thus he constructed five balloons before settling on the form of the balloon of his new "Santos-Dumont No. 7."

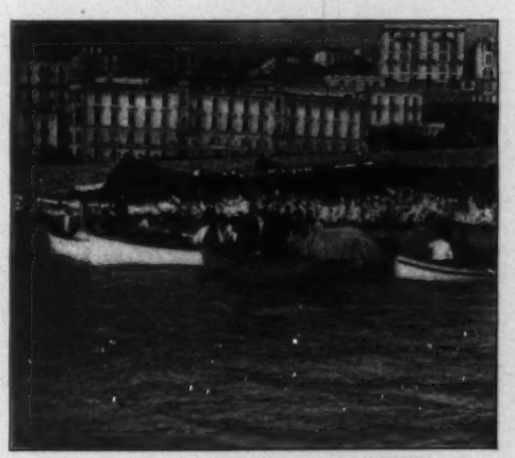
Thus the flight in which he missed winning the Deutsch Prize by only nine minutes taught him that the lubricating receptacles of motors created to propel automobiles over level surfaces are liable to spill their oil and permit the



LOSING ITS GAS AND SINKING



THE BALLOON FALLING TO THE WAVES



BOATS AROUND THE RUINED AIRSHIP

unlubricated motor to overheat itself when they are simply transferred without adaptation to an airship that moves diagonally through the air.

Thus his fall to the roofs of the Trocadero Hotels taught him the delicate and complicated insufficiency of certain automatic valves which, on paper—that is, in theory—ought to have interacted on each other to perfection. These are practical details. The air-navigator knows them now; but they were none the less learned at the cost of apparent failure.

In the same way M. Santos-Dumont has now learned that, while a properly inflated balloon furnished with the proper kind of valves has nothing to fear from gas displacement, it is best to be on the safe side and guard oneself against the possibility of such displacement. Thus the balloon of his "Santos-Dumont No. 7" is divided by two vertical silk partitions, not varnished, into three compartments. The partitions remaining unvarnished, the hydrogen gas can slowly pass through their meshes from one compartment to the other, to insure an equal pressure throughout; but, as they are nevertheless partitions, they will guard against a precipitous rush of gas toward either extremity. In the same way he has learned that the automobile motors, already considerably adapted to their new uses of aërial navigation, must be further modified to permit the airship to point, not only diagonally, but at almost a perpendicular angle, without the risk of spilling their petroleum.

Finally, M. Santos-Dumont will yield to the consensus of expert opinion and the lesson of events, and take with him on the "Santos-Dumont No. 7" an aid, whose title and functions remain yet to be defined. Had such an aid been in his place beside the motor on the afternoon of the accident, he would have been in a position to meet the danger of the over-slopping petroleum half way, if not to prevent it.

The new airship's thirty-yard-long keel will therefore be furnished with two baskets, one for M. Santos-Dumont and the other for this unnamed lieutenant. To carry this extra weight the length of the new balloon has been increased to 161 feet, as against the 112 feet of the "Santos-Dumont No. 6." This will give it a total ascensional force of 2,904 pounds, as against the 1,360 pounds of the "Santos-Dumont No. 6." A difference is also made necessary by the increased weight of the more powerful motors—two of forty-five horse-power as against one of twenty horse-power. All this agrees with the summing-up of the lessons of these Mediterranean experiments of M. Santos-Dumont by M. Armengaud, *jeune*, in his learned and impartial inaugural discourse, delivered at the last meeting of the Société Française de Navigation Aërienne.

"In the first place, these five flights have demonstrated that M. Santos-Dumont, in spite of his skill *hors ligne*, is not sufficient to conduct his airship alone, and that he must take an aid up with him. In the second place, his experiments cannot without imprudence be continued over the sea. He must return to the land. It would be well, however, for him to choose vast plains, like those of La Beauce, where the surface is not encumbered, and he can guide-rope just as over the sea."

In justice to the young Brazilian inventor and navigator, it ought to be pointed out that there may be a great difference between the learning of the lesson and its application. Where is the new engineer to be found? Certainly not among M. Santos-Dumont's Parisian rivals. M. Roze, who has undertaken the construction of his gigantic "Aviateur" for a financial company, is not an aëronaut. He has but lately made his first ascent—as a passenger in a spherical balloon—and is consequently ignorant of all the practical difficulties of the aërial problem. M. Tatin, who invented M. Deutsch's imitation of the "Santos-Dumont No. 5," has never made a balloon ascent. M. Simoni, the engineer-constructor of M. Lebaudy's dirigible balloon at Mantes, has never made a balloon ascent. M. de Brasky, who is constructing a dirigible balloon invented by himself, has never made a balloon ascent. M. Severo, the Brazilian for whom Lachambre has so long had ready the envelope of his dirigible "Pax," made his first trip as a passenger in a spherical balloon after he had arrived in Paris. And so one may go through the list in Europe. Count Zeppelin, it is to be noted, never recommenced his experiments after the first flight, when the wind carried his highly expensive invention thirty miles away, to be towed back on the surface of the water. In Europe, at least, M. Santos-Dumont remains the only navigator of the air.

"'If you're not pretty, you've got to be smart'"

A BALLAD IN PRINT O' LIFE

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Illustrated by Charles Louis Hinton

DOUBLE names are childish things; therefore Emmy Lou entered the High School as Emily MacLauren.

Her disapproval of the arrangements she found there was decided. High School pupils have no abiding place, but are nomadic in their habits and enforced wanderers between shrines of learning, changing quarters as well as teachers for every recitation; and the constant readjustment of mood to meet the varied temperaments of successive teachers is wearing on the temper.

But there is a law in the High School superior to that of the teacher. At the dictates of a gong, classes arise in the face of a teacher's incompleted peroration and depart. As for the pupils, there is no rest for the soles of their feet; a Freshman in the High School is a mere abecedarian part of an ever-moving line, which toils weighted with pounds of textbooks, up and down the stairways of Knowledge, climbing to the mansard heights for Rhetoric, to descend, past doors to which it must later return, to the foundation floor for Ancient History.

Looking back at the undulating line winding in dizzy spiral about the stairways, Emily, at times, seemed to herself to be a vertebrate part of some long, forever uncoiling monster, one of those prehistoric, seen-before-in-dreams affairs. She chose her figures knowingly, for she was studying Zoölogy now.

Classes went to the laboratory for this subject, filing into an amphitheater of benches about Miss Carmichael, who stood in the center of things and wasted no time: she even clipped her words, perhaps that they might not impede each other in their flow, which lent a disconcerting curtness of enunciation to an amazing rapidity of the same. Indeed, Miss Carmichael talked so fast that Emily got but a blurred impression of her surroundings, carrying away a dazed consciousness that the contents of certain jars to the right and left of the lady were amphibian in their nature, and that certain other objects in skin leering down from dusty shelves were there because of saurian claims. And because Man is a vertebrate, having an internal, jointed, bony skeleton, Man stood in a glass case behind the oracular priestess of the place, in awful, articulated, bony whole, from which the newly initiated had constantly to drag their fascinated, shuddering gaze. Not that Emily wanted to look, indeed she had no time to be looking, needing it all to keep up with Miss Carmichael, discoursing in unpunctuated, polysyllablic flow of things batrachian and things reptilian, which, like the syllables falling from the lips of the wicked daughter in the story-book, proved later to be toads and lizards.

Miss Carmichael was short and square, and her nose was large. She rubbed it with her knuckle like a man. She had rubbed it one day as she looked at Emily, whom she had called upon as "the girl who answers to the name of MacLauren."

It was not a flattering way to be designated, but Freshmen learn to be grateful for any identity. Then, too, Miss Carmichael was famed for her wit, and much is to be overlooked in a wit which in another might seem to be bad manners. Once Emily had been hazy about the word *wit*, but now she knew. If you understand at once it is not wit; but if, as you begin to understand, you find you don't,

that is apt to be wit. Miss Carmichael was famed for hers.

Thus called upon, the girl who answered to the name of MacLauren stood up. The lecture under discussion was concerned with a matter called perpetuation of type. Under fire of questions it developed that the pupil in hand was sadly muddled over it.

Under such circumstances, it was a way with Miss Carmichael to play with the pupil's mystification. "'Be a kitten and cry mew,'" said she, her eyes snapping with the humor of it. "Why mew and not baa? Why does the family of Cow continue to wear horns?"

Why, indeed? There wasn't any sense. Emily felt wild. Miss Carmichael here evidently decided it was time to temper glee with something else. Emily was prepared for that, having discovered that wit is uncertain in its humors.

"An organ not exercised loses power to perform its function. Think!" said Miss Carmichael. "Haven't you taken down the lecture?"

Emily had taken down the lecture, but she had not taken in the lecture. She looked unhappy. "I don't think I understand it," she confessed.

"Then why didn't you have it explained?"

"I did try." Which was true, for Emily had gone with questions concerning perpetuation of type to her Aunt Cordelia.

"What did you want to know?" demanded Miss Carmichael.

"About—about the questions at the end for us to answer—about that one, 'What makes types repeat themselves?'"

"And what does?" said Miss Carmichael. "That's exactly what I'm trying to find out."

Emily looked embarrassed. Aunt Cordelia's answer was the same one that she gave to all the puzzling *whys*, but Emily did not want to give it here.

"Come, come, come," said Miss Carmichael. She was standing by her table, and she rapped it sharply, "And what does?"

"God," said Emily desperately.

She felt the general embarrassment as she sat down. She felt Hattie give a quick look at her, then saw her glance around. Was it for her? Hattie's cheek was red. Rosalie, with her cheek crimson, was looking in her lap.

In the High School some have passed out of Eden while others are only approaching the fruit of the tree.

Hattie had glanced at her protectingly, and

"Wondering if she was pretty"

though Emily did not understand just why, she was glad, for of late she had been feeling apart from Hattie and estranged from Rosalie, and altogether alone and aggrieved.

Hattie now wrote herself Harriet, and had seemed to change in the process, though Emily, who had once been Emily Louise herself, felt she had not changed to her friends. But Hattie was one to look facts in the face. "If you're not pretty," she had a while back confided to Emily, "you've got to be smart." And forthwith taking to Learning, Hattie was fast becoming a shining light.

Rosalie had taken to things of a different nature, which she called Romantic Situations. To have the wind whisk off your hat and take it skurrying up the street just as you meet a boy is a Romantic Situation.

Emmy Lou had no sympathy with them, whatever; it even embarrassed her to hear about them and caused her to avoid Rosalie's eye. Perhaps Rosalie divined this, for she took to another thing—and that was Pauline. With arms about each other, the two walked around the basement promenade at recess, while Emily stood afar off and felt aggrieved.

She was doing a good deal of feeling these days, but principally she felt cross. For one thing, she was having to wear a sailor suit in which she hated herself. It takes a jaunty juvenility of spirit to wear a sailor suit properly, and she was not feeling that way these days. She was feeling tall and conscious of her angles. The tears, too, came easily, as at thought of herself deserted by Hattie and Rosalie, or at sight of herself in the sailor suit. It was in Aunt Cordelia's mirror that she viewed herself with such dissatisfaction; but while looking, the especial grievance was forgotten by reason of her gaze centering upon the reflected face. She was wondering if she was pretty. But even while her cheek flamed with the thinking of it, she forgot why the cheek was hot in the absorption of watching it fade, until—eyes met eyes——

"Loves to be the one to jump and pick it up"

She turned quickly and hid her face against the sofa. Emmy Lou had met Self.

But later she almost quarreled with Aunt Cordelia about the sailor suit.

One day at recess a newcomer who had entered late was standing around. Her cheek was pale, though her eager look about lent a light to her face. But all seemed paired off and absorbed and the eager look faded. Emily, whom she had not seen, moved nearer, and the newcomer's face brightened. "They give long recesses," she said.

Emily felt drawn to her, for since being deserted she was not enjoying recesses herself.

"Yes," she said, "they do"; and the next day another pair, Emily and the newcomer, joined the promenade about the basement.

The new pupil's name was Margaret; that is, since it stopped being Maggie. Emily confessed to having once been Emmy herself, with a middle name of Lou besides, and after that they told each other everything. Margaret loved to read and had lately come to own a certain book which she brought to lend Emily, and over its pages they drew together. The book was called "Percy's Reliques."

Beside the common way lies the Ballad Age, but Emily would have passed, unknowing, had not Margaret, drawing the branches aside, revealed it; and into the sylvan glades she stepped, pipes and tabret luring, with life and self at once in tune.

And then Margaret told her something, "if she would never, never tell"—Margaret wrote things herself.

It was about this time that Rosalie was moved to seek Emily, as of old, to relate a Romantic Situation. She warned her that it would be sad, but Emily did not mind that. She loved sad things these days, and even found an exultation in them if they were very, very sad.

Rosalie took her aside to tell it; "There was a bride, ready, even to her veil, and he, the bridegroom, never came—he was dead."

Rosalie called this a Romantic Situation. Emily admitted it, feeling, however, that it was more, though she could not tell Rosalie that. It—it was like the poetry in the book, only poetry would not have left it there!

"O mither, mither, mak my bed
O mak it saft and narrow:
Since my love died for me to-day,
Ise die for him to-morrowe."

"It's about a teacher right here in the High School," Rosalie went on to tell.

Then it was true. "Which one?" asked Emily.

But that Rosalie did not know.

It was like poetry. But then life was all turning to poetry now. One climbed the stairs to the mansard now with winged feet, for Rhetoric is concerned with metaphor and simile, and Rhetoric treats of rhyme. There is a sudden meaning in Learning since it leads to a desired end.

Poetry is everywhere around. The prose light of common day is breaking into prismatic rays. Into the dusty highway of Ancient History all at once sweeps the pageantry of Mythology. Philemon bends above old Baucis at the High School gate, though hitherto they have been sycamores. Olympus is just beyond the clouds. The Elysian Fields lie only the surrender of the will away, if one but droops, with absent eye, head propped on hand, and dreams——

But Emily, all at once, is conscious that Miss Beaton's eyes are on her, at which she moves suddenly and looks up. But this mild-eyed teacher with the sweet, strong smile is but gazing absently down on her the while she talks.

Emily likes Miss Beaton, the teacher of History. Her skirts trail softly and her hair is ruddy where it is not brown; she forgets, and when she rises her handkerchief is always fluttering to the floor. Emily loves to be the one to jump and pick it up. Miss Beaton's handkerchiefs are fine and faintly sweet and softly crumpled, and Emily loves the smile when Miss Beaton's absent gaze comes back and finds her waiting.

But to-day, what is this she is saying? Who is the beautiful youth she is telling about? Adonis? Beloved, did she say, and wounded? Wounded unto death, but loved and never forgotten, and from whose blood sprang the wind-swept petals of anemone——

Miss Beaton's gaze comes back to her schoolroom and she takes up the book. The story is told.

Emily had not known that her eyes had filled—tears come so unlooked-for these days—until the ring on Miss Beaton's hand glistened and the facets of its jewel broke into gleams.

She caught her breath, she sat up suddenly, for she knew—all at once she knew—it was Miss Beaton who had been the bride, and the ring was the sign.

She loved Miss Beaton with a sudden rapture, and henceforth gazed upon her with secret adoration. She made excuses to consult books in Miss Beaton's room, that she might be near her; she dreamed, and the sweetness and the sadness of it centered about Miss Beaton.

She told Rosalie. "Why, of course, I guessed her right at first," said Rosalie; but she said it jealously, for she, too, was secretly adoring Miss Beaton.

Emily had been trying to ask Margaret something, but each time the question stuck in her throat. Now she gathered courage.

It was spring, and the High School populace turned out at recess to promenade the yard. On the third round about the gravel, in the farthest corner where a lilac bush topping the fence from next door lent a sort of screen and privacy, Emily caught Margaret by the arm and held her back. After that there was no retreat; she had to speak.

"How—how do you do it?" she asked.

"What?" asked Margaret.

"Write?" said Emily, holding to Margaret tight—she had never before thus laid bare the secrets of her soul.

"Oh," said Margaret, and her lips parted and her face lighted as she and Emily gazed into each other's eyes, "you just feel it and then you write."

"Took from her Latin Grammar a penciled paper, . . and tore it into bits"

There was a time when Emily would have asked, "Feel what?" "It" as used by Margaret was indefinite, but Emily understood. You just feel it and then you write.

In her study hour Emily took her pencil and, with Latin Grammar as barrier and blind to an outside world, bent over her paper. She did not speak them, those whispers hunting the rhyme: she only felt them, and they spoke.

She did not know, she did not dream that she

"SHE TOOK UP HER VERSE WHERE WILLIAM HAD INTERRUPTED."

"'Up?' said Hattie. 'What's the up for?'"

was finding the use, the purpose for it all, these years of the climb toward knowledge. Some day it would dawn on her that we only garner to give out.

Creare—creatum, she had repeated in class from her Latin Grammar, but she did not understand the meaning then. In the beginning God made, and Man is in the image of God. She had found the answer to her discontent; for to create, to give out, is the law.

She wrote on, head bent, cheek flushed, leaning absorbed above the paper in her book.

On the way home she whispered that which had written itself, while her feet kept time to the rhythm. It was Beautiful and Sad, and it was True:

"The bride and her maidens sat in her bower——"

She nodded to William loitering near the High School gate, and hurried on. She did not want company just now:

"And they 'broidered a snow-white veil,
And their laughter was sweet as the orange flower
That breathed on the soft south gale."

But here William caught up with her. She had thought he would take the hint, but he didn't, going with her to her very gate. But once inside, she drew a long breath. The cherry buds were swelling and the sky was blue. She took up her verse where William had interrupted:

"The bride and her maidens sit in her bower,
And they stitch at a winding-sheet;
And they weep as the breath of the orange flower——"

Emily is so absorbed at the dinner table that Aunt Cordelia is moved to argue about it. She sha'n't go to school if she does not eat her dinner when she gets home. "And that beautiful slice of good roast beef untouched," says Aunt Cordelia.

Emily frowned, being intent on that last line, which is not written yet. She is hunting the rhyme for winding-sheet.

What is this Aunt Cordelia is saying? "Eat—meat——"

How *can* Aunt Cordelia?—it throws one off—it upsets one.

Hattie chanced to be criticising Miss Beaton the next day, saying that she required too little of her classes. "But then she is more concerned getting ready to be married, I reckon," said Hattie.

"Oh," said Emily, "Hattie!" She was shocked, almost hurt, with Hattie. "Don't you know about it?" she went on to explain. "She was going to be married and—he—he never came—he was dead."

"No such thing," said Hattie. "He runs a feed store next my father's office. We've got cards. It's the day after school's out."

"Then — which — " asked Emily falteringly.

"Why, I heard that the first of the year,"

said Hattie. "It was Miss Carmichael that happened to."

Emily went off to herself. She felt bitter and cross and disposed to blame Miss Beaton. She never wanted to see or to hear of Miss Beaton again.

Upstairs she took from her Latin Grammar a penciled paper, interlined and much erased, and tore it into bits—viciously little bits. Then she went and put them in the waste-paper basket.

"You just feel it and then you write," Margaret had said, and Emily was feeling again, and deeply; later she wrote.

It was gloomy, that which wrote itself on the paper, nor did it especially apply to the case in point. "But then," she reminded herself, bitterly recalling the faithlessness of Hattie, of Rosalie, of Miss Beaton, "its True."

She took it to Hattie, from some feeling that she was mixed up in this thing. Hattie closed her Algebra, keeping a finger in the place, while she took the paper and looked at it. She did not seem impressed or otherwise, but read it aloud in a matter-of-fact tone:

> "A flower sprang from the earth one day
> And nodded and blew in a blithesome way,
> And the warm sun filled its cup!
> A careless hand broke it off and threw
> It idly down where it lately grew,
> And the same sun withered it up."

"*Up?*" said Hattie. "What's the *up* for? You don't need it."

"It's—it's for the rhyme," said Emily.

"It's redundancy," said Hattie.

Sancta Humilitas

BY CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS

KEEP, Lord, Thy child in poverty
If wealth must dim his eyes
To the beauties of Thy pictured earth,
To the glory of Thy skies.

And in Thy mercy send defeat
If victory's fruit must be
Indifference to his neighbor's need—
If victory cost him Thee!

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON

BY JOHN D. LONG

Ex-Secretary of the Navy

PRIOR to the Spanish war the names of few, if any, of our naval officers on the active list were well known at large, although some of the oldest of them had, as very young men, done gallant subordinate service in the Civil War. In the naval fraternity, however, many had distinctly high reputations. Among them Sampson (captain in 1898) had there made a marked impression, and was regarded as not only highly proficient in the technical lines of the navy, but as equal to emergency and high command. A poor boy at the Naval Academy, he had graduated first in his class, which means, to one capable of sustaining his prestige, leadership in the future. His range of duties had later been large. He had served in the Civil War. He had been superintendent of the Naval Academy, and also of the Naval Observatory. He had had the usual alternation of sea and shore. He had been a member of very important boards, which laid out the new navy and initiated legislation with regard to its *matériel* and *personnel*. And just before the war with Spain began, he had been for several years at the head of the Bureau of Ordnance—a master of that branch of the service, and to be largely credited with the splendid advance that has been made in the manufacture of guns and explosives and in gunnery practice. The incoming secretary, seeking from all sides information about the navy before he went to Washington in 1897, learned that, whatever differences of opinion there were as to other officers, there was no difference as to Sampson. It may be said that no other man then on the active list of the navy had a higher reputation as an accomplished, efficient, competent all-round naval officer.

His time to go to sea came in the spring of 1897. He had been booked for the command of the "Iowa." The secretary tendered him the Bureau of Navigation, which became vacant in April. He declined this, having been long in bureau work, and preferring outdoor life and duty. Until the spring of 1898 he was senior captain in the North Atlantic Squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral Sicard. The latter, a most deserving officer, was, to his intense regret and that of the Department, found by a medical survey to be physically incapacitated for the command of the squadron. Sampson was at once appointed thereto, and had the war rank of acting admiral. This appointment was made without the slightest suggestion from him or from anybody in his behalf. The mind of the secretary had at once turned to him not only as the next ranking officer in the squadron, but as, in view of his reputation as above outlined, especially fitted for the post. The selection was cordially approved by the President, and, indeed, no other name was then suggested. There will, of course, in such cases always be a question whether some senior should not have been taken. The secretary, subject to the President, is, however, responsible, not to personal preferences, but to the country for the choice, which in this instance was made under the exigencies of the war situation, as was authorized by law. The discretion exercised was exercised solely with a view to the best interests of the public service, and was justified by the result of the blockade of Cuba and the consummation at Santiago. Sampson had been senior captain of the squadron during all its evolutions and practice of the previous year; he possessed the confidence of its officers to a very high degree, and was undoubtedly their preference; he was familiar with its details, and he had had special experience and training in ordnance. To retain him in command was therefore the best thing to do.

The limits of this article do not permit a story of the campaign. That Sampson had nerve and fire was shown by his request to strike at once at Havana, bombarding and, if possible, passing the forts, and taking the city. He was overruled for what still seem to be good reasons. He might have succeeded, in which case the war would have had its quietus and he imperishable renown. But there was the great risk of failure, which, if it had been accompanied with the loss of one or more of our battle-ships—there were then but three, the "Oregon" not having yet arrived—would have been perilously disastrous. One Spanish fleet was forming at home; the other, under Cervera, was on its way hither. Our Atlantic coast was alarmed, and clamoring for protection. General Miles was saying that no troops ought to go to Cuba till our fleet had destroyed the Spanish fleet. For that work we could not spare a single battle-ship,

much less risk the loss of two or three. The Havana forts were heavily armed, and one sure shot might disable a vessel. Then, too, the continental European Governments were evidently in no such sympathy with us as would justify, at that critical time, any undue risk of our sea power. Sampson accepted the Department's action, and gave himself to the task set him.

Few appreciate the burden that was on him. He was in command of all our vessels—more than a hundred—in Cuban waters. He was charged with the blockade of the whole Cuban coast, and with the details of the movements of our ships. His correspondence with his fleet and with the Department was constant. His coöperation with the army, landing its troops with his own boats and men, and keeping in touch with it, was an added duty.

Arriving off Santiago on the first day of June, he assumed command of the Flying Squadron with his own, and the blockade was at once made efficient and perfect. His sinking of the "Merrimac" in the channel has been criticised, and yet had it blocked the channel as intended, the Spanish fleet could never have emerged, and would have become ours without destruction by us. His general order, issued June 2d, provided for the most thorough precautions to prevent Cervera's escape. Under it our fleet line was kept in an enclosing semicircle before the harbor, constantly vigilant. Every night the faithful searchlight guarded against the enemy's escape or torpedo attack. For more than thirty days the order to close in for battle in case of the Spanish outcoming was maintained, and then, in accordance with it, the battle was begun, every movement regulated like clockwork, and the great victory won as contemplated.

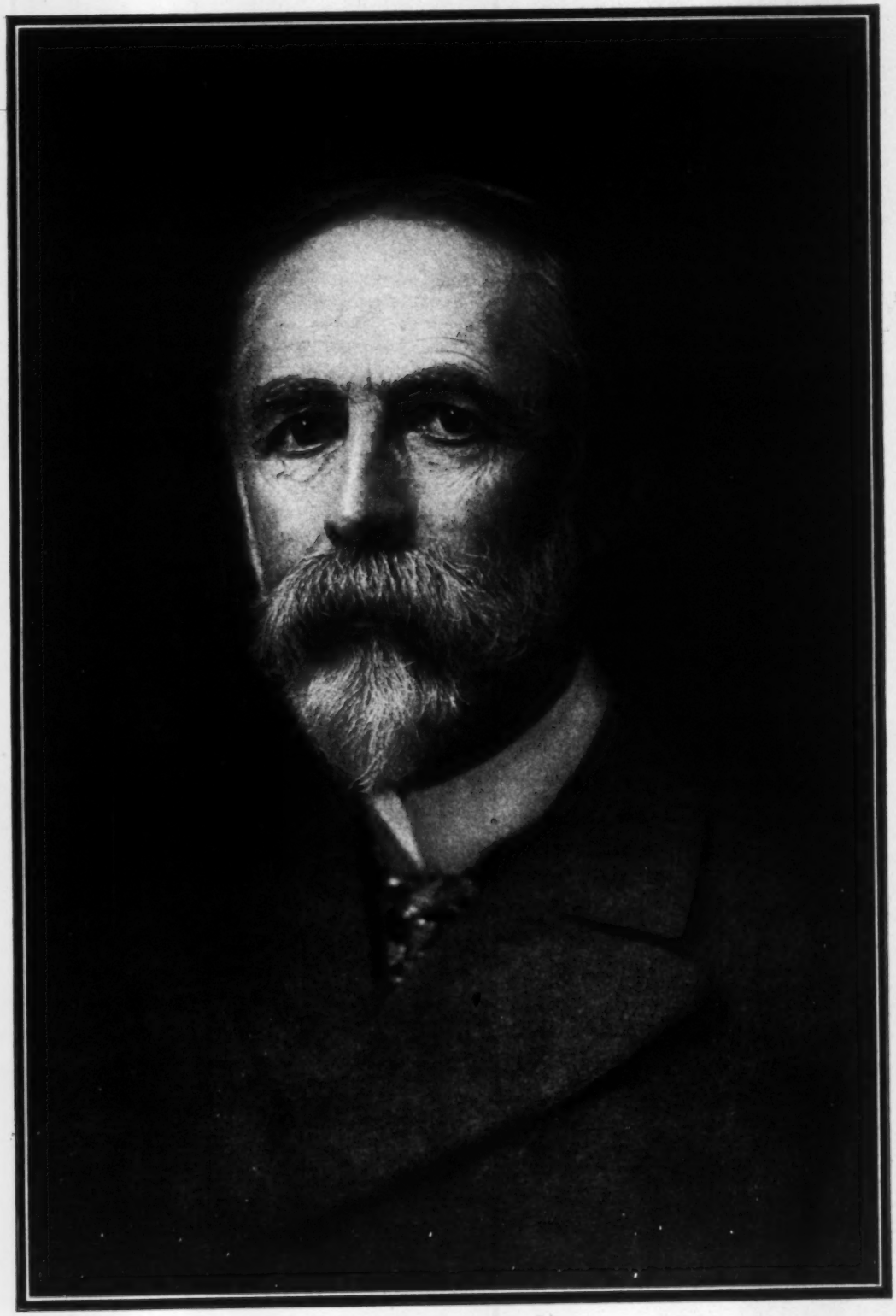
There is no space in this to write of Sampson's later service—on the Cuban Commission right after the war, at the Navy Yard in Boston, or of his waning health and recent death. His great work was as commander-in-chief, faithful, devoted, patriotic, single-eyed to his duty. Surely he gave his life for his country. Physically frail, he spared himself neither by day nor by night. His cares were innumerable. A greater responsibility was on him than on any other naval officer. His plans were consummate, and his desert from his country is inestimable.

And yet, with the exception of the promotion given him by President McKinley, which was not confirmed by the Senate, and was thus made nothing, the Republic at large which he served has paid him no mark of honor and given him no expression of gratitude. He was the victim of a controversy for which he was in no way responsible, and in which he took no part, and yet the rancor of it brought on his head the cruelest abuse and vituperation. These he bore in silence, and with characteristic fortitude. Pity that there was no shield even for his household!

He had been from the first till after the victory was won commander-in-chief in command. He was never out of signal distance of his blockading fleet. He was on duty at the eastern end of the fighting line, and had Cervera gone that way, then by that chance he would have been universally acclaimed the foremost figure. Yet, as it was, the plan of battle was not changed; it was fought under his standing order unbroken. Before its smoke was over he had steamed along the whole battle line, firing as he went. He has been censured for the despatch announcing the victory. He did not write it; but he assumed it, for he never shirked a responsibility which he had permitted. If you will read it you will note that the pronoun "I" is not in it, and also that it is not unlike General Sherman's announcement of the capture of Savannah. It assumes no credit for Sampson, but gives it to the fleet under his command!

Undoubtedly his health, never strong, was impaired by this campaign, and his death hastened. He died not of, but with, a broken heart. History will do him justice, but would that there might have been given to him in his lifetime his country's recognition of his merit and service!

Had he been of another sort, very likely he could have conciliated public opinion, as time will conciliate it. But he had no art—fortunate, perhaps, had it been otherwise—of popularity or of appeal to public favor. He had no felicity in public speech or indiscriminate suavity of captivating address. His whole nature was direct, single, devoted to the present duty. If it was ordnance, he gave his mind to ordnance; if it was his ship, to it; if his fleet, to it. The question never arose with him: What will be the outside comment of praise or blame? What will be the effect on my personal fortunes? It was: What is the thing I ought to do now and here? A simple, straightforward, disinterested man. A soul without fear and without reproach. A spirit gentle and brave, seeking not his own, not easily provoked, thinking no evil. There is no single brilliant scene in his life like that of Paul Jones on the "Bon Homme Richard," or of Farragut lashed to the masthead. His is the heroism of general, comprehensive devel-



REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON

From a photograph by Histed, New York

opment and ability, and of that combination of intellectual and moral forces which fitted him for the shock of battle, and also for the infinite and varied lines of that technical and practical preparation which makes its winning sure—the heroism which gave strength even to his frail physical frame, and beauty to his glowing and expressive eyes. He was the charm of near friends, and especially of the exquisite home, where love dwelt. In the navy itself, where his devoted interests were, he had its unbroken respect and confidence. There has rarely been a more affecting scene than when, at Trenton, at the State's presentation of a sword to him, his fellow-officers, with bursting cheers and tears, gathered around him to give assurance of their faith and pride in him.

His fame rests not on the passing, and oftentimes unsubstantial applause of a day, but on the sure foundations of truth and merit.

SAMPSON'S NAVAL CAREER

An Estimate of his Professional Service and Character

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

AS a matter of mere retrospect, there can be few officers now in the navy whose recollections of the late Admiral Sampson go back as far as my own. Although a few months his junior in age, I belonged to the class at the Naval Academy which was two years ahead of his, and consequently, at the time of his entrance, I was able to regard newcomers with something of that feeling of detached superiority which is apt to characterize the attitude of older collegians toward freshmen. Whatever of distinction between the two exists in the nature of things is, of course, emphasized at a military school, where the want of uniform and difference of carriage betray at a glance any affectation of composure with which a stranger may try to conceal the fact that he is in an unaccustomed position and knows it. At that date—1857—the body of midshipmen, as they were then styled, were organized for purposes of drill and messing on the same basis as the ship's company of a naval vessel of the day, in small groups of sixteen to twenty in number, called gun's crews. To each of these was assigned, in the battery which figured as a ship's deck, a gun of the type then common in the navy, a thirty-two pounder; and at the head of each were two captains, called first and second, taken from the two older classes. I was second captain of the gun to which Sampson was assigned, and my earliest sight of him was toward the end of September, when the whole academy assembled for the first muster of the year, the conspicuous incident of the all-round shakedown with which the annual course began.

It is, perhaps, characteristic of the personality of the man that even then, under all the awkward disadvantage of a novice, he made such an impression upon me that I can at this moment see his face as I did then, and as vividly. Memory plays strange tricks; and her methods of selecting what she is pleased to retain defy systematization, or unqualified approval. The trivial sticks, the important escapes; at least we often so estimate its action. In this case I do not mean in the least to convey the idea that I then recognized, consciously, that the person before me was one of superior intellect or character, marked though Sampson afterwards proved to be in both those respects. Nevertheless, I do find it noticeable, in the light of his subsequent career, that he, and he alone, of all the youths then about me, has left an abiding remembrance. I had a hard wrestle with my recollections a few days ago to recall who was the first captain of that crew. I got him at last; but memory is obstinate in refusing me the names or faces of the men who sat on my right and left hand at mess during the eight following months which made the academic year of study. Sampson alone of the whole group has stuck.

Although I did not then, nor for long afterward, analyze the reason for this arrest of attention, which forced memory to take hold and pigeon-hole a portrait for future reference, I incline to think that it was due to the unusual inquisitive interest he showed in all that was going on. This trait was carried into his subsequent professional life as a whole. It was the necessary complement to his very ex-

ceptional intellectual capacity, without which his natural abilities might have been wasted, as have been those of so many other gifted men in all callings. The average raw boy, in his then position of entrance to the academy, yields passively, and with a certain sense of subjection, to the impulse of those above him. He does what he is told, asks no questions, and gradually learns by familiarity what he has to know and to do. Commonly, too, he acts thus through life. He goes through his round, doing his duty; for, if he learns nothing else, that at least the navy drives thoroughly home, and from that lesson the *personnel* of the service becomes the thoroughly reliable instrument it always has proved on demand. For average results the motive is sufficient. But the desire for personal advancement is stifled by the rule of promotion by seniority; and consequently the only stimulus in peace to exertion beyond the simple line of duty, is the influence of a lively interest in matters professional for their own sake. This creates initiative and sustains energy, thus becoming a productive force for personal improvement, as well as for naval progress. This Sampson had, and to it he owed the advance and eminence which constitute the self-made man. Yet he was entirely without the aggressive self-assertion which is often the unpleasant accompaniment of those who realize that they owe their fortunes to themselves. There was in him an inherent modesty and simplicity, through which there transpired no evidence of consciousness that he had made himself more than others. In all my intercourse with him he never gave any indication of knowing that he was a man of mark; and as he rested contentedly in the sense of duty done, for its own sake and its own interest, so he never sought other approval than his own. He had none of the tricks of the popularity hunter, and he suffered for it.

In the very small beginnings of his introduction to naval life, at our first meeting, Sampson began as he afterwards continued; putting me through a searching series of questions concerning the matters around him. He clearly, if unconsciously, intended not to wait till knowledge came to him of itself, if he could compel it to hasten. I should not call him handsome, as I remember him then, though the elements of the singular good looks that he possessed in early manhood were all there —an unusually fine complexion, delicate regular features, and brown eyes remarkable both in shape and color. The smooth, round face struck me as over small, and the beauty which in his prime was thoroughly masculine, seemed then wanting in strength—a singular misreading. He had just about as much—or as little—carriage and bearing as the ordinary country lad of his age, emphasized by a loose mixed suit, readymade and ill-fitting. He owed, therefore, nothing to adventitious external circumstances. The figure, which soon after broadened and gathered erectness and firmness, gave then an impression of slightness amounting to fragility, which was pathetically recalled to me by the shrunken aspect noticeable after the Spanish war, when prolonged frail health and incipient decay had wasted the vigorous frame I had once known, and set on him the mark of death's approach. I remember also that his manner in questioning was not only interested, but eager, affecting the play of the face; in this differing from the impression usually conveyed by him in mature life, which was one of too great quiescence. This was really an evidence of temperamental calmness, of self-composure, not of indifference, for he was susceptible of strong feeling, and at times exhibited it; but commonly his features, though little open to criticism otherwise, were too statuesque and unemotional.

It will easily be understood that after this the difference of classes between us prevented any growth of intimacy, beyond the occasional and entirely routine association of the drill ground; and there, as silence was the rule for all except necessary orders, acquaintance could scarcely make further way. We saw little or nothing of each other, save in the most casual manner, up to the time of my graduation in 1859. He remained until 1861, the outbreak of the Civil War, when he graduated in due course, the war not having the effect upon his class, which it did on some that followed, of shortening their time at the academy in response to the urgent demand of the service for more young officers. His career throughout was in scholarship most distinguished; giving, withal, that assurance of force of character as well as intellectual capacity which led to his long identification with the academy in after years. First as an assistant, afterwards as the head of one of the scientific departments, ultimately as superintendent, no naval officer has been more broadly associated with it, or made a more marked impression. His continuance there and constant return were, like his other conspicuous employments, one part of the unexpressed tribute, the tribute in act rather than word, which the service paid to his merits. Not that words were wanting, but men spoke them among themselves, rather than to him or to

the public. The professional recognition which followed him, and still follows, was largely silent; but I believe it was, and is, as competent and instructed as it is positive and even enthusiastic.

Of this I am, perhaps, the better judge, in that my own personal knowledge of him is chiefly at second hand, not direct. I am rather a witness to general reputation than an eyewitness of conduct or character. Though I knew him well, and met him often, and so had occasion by experience to corroborate the general estimate, we were rarely associated, and never closely. Intimacy never existed between us, and there was no chance for me thus to form that prepossession of esteem which I had ample occasion to note among those who had seen him in active service. Officers who had been under his command afloat spoke of him with a warmth of admiration and confidence, the sincerity of which was too obvious for doubt. To those who, like myself, learned in this way how he was regarded by the men who had been best situated to observe him, there was little surprise at the eminent characteristics shown by him during the late war; nor had there been antecedently any fear whether the Navy Department was exercising sound judgment and discretion in selecting him for the position he held. His very remarkable fitness for particular duties, which had to be discharged on shore, had kept him decidedly below the average in the amount of what is technically rated as "sea-service"; but that which he did left no apprehension among those who saw him that the habit of the student or administrator had swamped the faculties of the sea officer. He was to add another example to the list of those who have proved by their deeds that the professional capacity of the seaman is at least as much a matter of intelligence as of uninterrupted practice, and that, once acquired, it is very like other habits, easily resumed after intermission, and quickly restored when a little rusty.

Prominent among the aptitudes of the competent commander, however, are certain moral faculties which are not acquired by practice, though they may by it be improved and enlarged; gifts from Nature, who in such matters knows nothing of impartiality. It was upon these traits in Sampson that men seemed instinctively to dwell, and by them chiefly to be impressed. Their estimates were not reached as a matter of analysis, but were received by incidental familiarity and daily observation of the man. As I met his reputation from time to time in conversation with men, in their opinions and anecdotes, as I knew him by what they thought and quoted about him, there formed gradually in my mind a conception of his professional character which the event has proved to be substantially correct. The more naval history and biography are read, the more do they confirm to us the assurance that in successful leaders there are certain essential qualities, the absence of which in a particular man may remain long undetected, like a flaw beneath the surface of metal, but under strain is suddenly revealed, to the disappointment and dismay of those who had hopes of him. No one has phrased this experience better than Lord St. Vincent in the words, "Responsibility is the test of a man's courage." Not that many men who here fail are not brave enough physically; but that, for those who emerge unbroken from this trial, there remains none severer. It is the extreme proof of endurance, active and passive. A frequent and familiar indication of succumbing under it is the inability to sleep, which has been the prelude of many failures.

It was upon this characteristic, and upon the qualities accessory to it, that there was consensus of opinion in Sampson's case. However differing otherwise in details, all agreed in the conclusion that upon him responsibility sat easily; that anxiety did not overrun the due bounds of reasonable, though watchful, precaution; that he could rest with quiet mind in the certainty that all had been done which reason could prescribe, untroubled by fears of improbable, though not impossible, eventualities. To this is closely allied the very essential power to take necessary risk for adequate ends, a thing almost impossible to a man upon whom responsibility weighs unduly. This was finely, though unconsciously, illustrated in his orders for the blockade of Santiago. "The end to be attained justifies the risk of torpedo attack, and that risk must be taken. The escape of the Spanish squadron at this juncture would be a serious blow to our prestige and to a speedy end of the war." To one who has listened, as I have, to one of his gallant captains telling, in laughing earnest, the number of torpedo-boats imagination discovered in one of the early nights of the Havana blockade, these words mean more than they will, perhaps, convey to a layman. It is in this danger, in its anxiety even more than in its actuality—in its moral effect—that the naval profession recognizes one of the greatest difficulties of a modern blockade. A distinguished British admiral has said that he believed but a small proportion of captains could long endure the nightly strain. Sampson assumed it without hesitation, though not

without assiduous precaution, as is shown by the numerous orders issued by him to perfect the methods. The danger was shared by many; the responsibility of the means, which effectually prevented the enemy from coming out by night, and so confusing the movements of our squadron, was his alone.

It is evident that this professional faculty was part of his natural equipment, and it manifested itself in his personal daily life. In conversation, ordinarily, there was nothing more noticeable than a certain impassivity of manner that was readily mistaken for indifference or lack of response. This at times gave offense, particularly in his later years, when bodily weakness imparted lassitude to his speech. But when consulting him on a matter of interest to another, one found that he had carefully followed what was said, giving both thought and sympathy to the discussion, while in matters that primarily concerned himself he was in all outward semblance, and I believe internally, just as quiet and untroubled as about the most trivial external detail. I remember meeting him the day after the monitor "Patapsco" was sunk by a submarine mine off Charleston, a personal experience which would have made many men nervous as well as careful about torpedoes in after life. With her small reserve of buoyancy, a torpedoed monitor went from under the men on deck with something of the suddenness of the drop of a gallows, and Sampson, who was keeping watch on the turret roof, described his experience as stepping from it into the water. Nevertheless, when I saw him, he was as unaffectedly and without effort imperturbed as though nothing remarkable had occurred. Quite consistent with this observation of my own is the account given of him off Santiago by his flag-captain, Chadwick, in an admirably sympathetic sketch contributed after the admiral's death to the New York "Evening Post." "He usually had a chair upon the quarter-deck until about ten in the evening, when he turned in and slept soundly, unless called for something important, until six in the morning. His calm, equable temperament carried him through the night without any of the sleeplessness usually associated with the mental strain of great responsibilities."

In his conduct of a war command, however, there was not to be found any of the lethargy or sluggishness which might, perhaps, be inferred from this unmoved exterior. Mental activity and enterprise suffered nothing, but rather gained, from a composure of spirit which preserved all his other faculties from derangement, insuring the full utilization of the abundant intelligence, extensive professional knowledge, and vivid interest in his work, by which he was characterized. It is true that apathy is the defect of this quality of composure, and in military biography has often been found to accompany it; but Sampson's professional character was here well balanced. It was only in the matter of personal ambition, of self-assertion or self-vindication, that his reticent calmness entailed an inaction, which, though dignified, and preservative of his own self-respect as of the esteem of his comrades, did not save him from suffering keenly when he thought himself unworthily treated. He consulted me on one occasion as to how far it would become him to take action that had been suggested for his benefit. I told him that while I heartily wished him all the good that was at stake, I believed the particular step would be injurious to the navy. He expressed no decision to me then or afterwards, but I thought I read assent in his eyes and I know that he went no farther in the matter.

The opening acts of a war drama, especially after a long period of peace, are necessarily characterized by a considerable tension of feeling among the actors, which seeks natural relief in immediate action. So big a deed as war calls clamorously for something to be done and speedily. Probably few appreciate in this light how great was Dewey's privilege in the opportunity, so consonant to his personal qualities, and of which he so admirably availed himself, overriding all consideration of hazards, to strike at once at the enemy's fleet at its anchorage. Upon Sampson fell the more arduous trial of prolonged expectancy, in unavoidable attendance upon the enemy's movements, which he could only by indirection force or control; submitting to the necessity of not attempting to enter a harbor like Santiago, or risking on mine fields the armored ships which were the nation's most important diplomatic asset at that moment. In this he had no choice. The orders of the Government were positive, though his own opinion coincided with them. No man was more fitted by temperament than he to bear this strain, without disturbance of judgment or inconsiderateness of act. The tension which he felt in common with others manifested itself in sustained energy, rising indeed on necessary occasion to impetuosity, but characterized rather by the continuous and increasing stringency of methods adopted to meet a sortie by the enemy. In the strong professional admiration I have felt for his conduct of operations in every respect, as soon as the appear-

ance of the enemy's fleet had really defined the situation, it has been to me a matter of satisfaction that my judgment differed decisively from his own in two preliminary matters: his wish to attack the sea defenses of Havana, and the expediency of his movement against Porto Rico, undertaken in the hope that on arrival he would find Cervera there. Soon after the war I criticised the latter in the pages of this magazine, which drew from him a warm remonstrance on what he considered an inadequate appreciation of his reasons. Whether he or I was right in this is to me immaterial, compared with the fact that it gives me assurance of my own impartiality in the profound admiration I have felt for all his dispositions and actions, without exception that I can recall, from the time he knew the enemy to be on this side.

The methods of the Santiago blockade are now commonly understood, but their precise military merit has scarcely been adequately appreciated. By them, as appears from the Spanish telegrams published since the war, Sampson compelled the enemy to accept battle on the terms they considered most disadvantageous. Many may remember the classical story of the leader who cried to his opponent, "If you be the great commander men say, why don't you come down and fight me?" and received the pertinent reply, "If you be the general you claim to be, why don't you *make* me come down and fight you?" This summarizes in effect the credit due to Sampson. On June 26th, just a week before the battle, the Spanish authorities at Madrid and Havana had decided that the surrender of the squadron in Santiago, or its destruction there by its own officers, would be more injurious to their cause than its destruction in battle, and they held that, by "choosing a dark night and favorable opportunity while part of the enemy's ships are withdrawn," there was a fair chance of eluding the United States fleet. Cervera replied that to go out "at night was more perilous than in daytime, on account of the hostile ships being closer inshore." After the war, he explained at length, in a letter dated October 7, 1898: "At night the enemy remained in the immediate vicinity of the harbor entrance. They always had one ship less than a mile distant, constantly illuminating the entrance; and as though this were not enough, they had other smaller vessels still nearer, and steamboats (launches) close to the headlands of the entrance. Once in a while the latter would exchange musketry fire with our forces. Under these circumstances it was absolutely impossible to go out at night, because in this narrow channel, illuminated by a dazzling light, we could not have followed the channel. But even supposing we had succeeded in going out, before the first ship was outside we should have been seen and covered from the very first with the concentrated fire of the whole squadron." These details will be found to correspond with Sampson's published orders.

The thoroughness of the blockade after Sampson's arrival determined the detention of Cervera in Santiago till our army arrived. As one of our captains expressed it, it "put the lid on Cervera's coffin." After the army came, the same measure determined the destruction of the squadron if it attempted to escape; for it decided the time and conditions under which the battle would be fought, when on July 1st, the further land defense being considered practically hopeless, a peremptory order to sail was given to Cervera. The forcing of the enemy to action under these disadvantageous conditions was the great decisive feature of the campaign from start to finish.

The skill with which advantage was taken of all the possibilities of the situation was characteristic of Sampson's deliberate painstaking energy. No less characteristic, indicative of the sustained purpose which rises of its own force to impetuosity, when impetuosity is needed, was his urgent repeated telegram to the Department for its sanction to go to Santiago with only two ships, dropping the slower but powerful battleship "Indiana," when news was received that Commodore Schley felt it necessary to bring back his squadron to Key West for coal. For once he betrayed impatience at the apparent delay of the Department, although it replied the same day. It was a flash of the fire that burned within him unremittingly, but with regulated fervor; a token of the entire absorption in his duties which was the groundwork of his professional character. Disregardful of all but the necessity of success, he was heedless of personal danger, and daring in professional risk. The mastery which the service had over his interest and affections, united to entire self-mastery in temper and under responsibility, insured his eminence as an officer, which history will unquestionably recognize and affirm.

SIX MONTHS AMONG BRIGANDS

III

THE MOTHER AND HER BABY

BY ELLEN M. STONE

DAYS had deepened into weeks, and weeks into months, since the 4th of September, the day after our capture, when I had informed the brigands of the delicate condition in which my fellow-captive, Mrs. Tsilka, was found. When they first asked me my opinion as to the length of time which might elapse before the ransom could be paid, I told them that on account of Mrs. Tsilka it would be impossible that we could remain with them more than three months. They then thought that the term of our captivity would be far shorter than that, as they afterwards confessed to us, deceiving themselves with the idea that the money would be forthcoming immediately, within not more than twenty or thirty days.

During November, as negotiations were dragging their slow lengths along, and there seemed no prospect of our speedy release, although we were always hoping for it, Mrs. Tsilka began to be troubled because she could make no preparations for the little one whose coming was drawing near. I took it upon myself to inform the brigands of the state of things, and in very plain language told one of them of the exigencies of the situation. His face looked anxious, even troubled. I fancy it is not an easy thing for brigands to know where to turn to find materials for a baby's wardrobe. He looked so stern that my heart almost quailed, but the exigency was imperative. I told him we must have some kind of white woolen cloth—flannel if they could find it—and some thin white cotton cloth for the little dresses. He heaved a deep sigh, and finally said: "Well, make a list of the most indispensable things, and we will see what we can do about getting them."

They were moving frequently from one place to another at night, as they had done from the first. Once we found ourselves shut into some place partly underground, from the ceiling of which, between the slats, looked down at us a long, lean rat. At first he was at a distance, but as the brigands left us, after completing their task of arranging our couch of dried leaves and hay, the rat came cautiously nearer, until he looked down upon us from a broad crevice just over our heads. An inch of candle, stuck upon a log, gave all the light which we had in the dingy place, but it lasted long enough for me to snatch up a stick, with which I was rejoiced to find that I could reach the ceiling. Thus armed, I lay down by Mrs. Tsilka's side. For a time I kept watch, occasionally striking the slats a blow from the stick to remind our visitor that we were awake and on guard. Mrs. Tsilka, with a woman's natural antipathy to rodents, was quite nervous, but finally sleep overcame even her fears. We saw no more of the rat, however.

Once in a great while we asked the guard who happened to be with us if it were not possible to find from somewhere water and conveniences to do a little indispensable washing. If they found it practicable, the water would be forthcoming some time during the day, together with some wooden trough or kettle in which we might wash out a few pieces. We had each but one towel. The number of our handkerchiefs was very limited. We had but one change of undergarments, our one pair of stockings pieced out by two pairs of men's black cotton socks, which the brigands had provided for us. It was not every day that we could have the luxury of washing even our faces, because of scarcity of water. We must have water to drink. We could more easily go with unwashed faces and hands. Hence it was not so strange that our one piece of toilet soap, provided by the brigands, lasted us fully three months.

At length there came a day when a bundle was given to us. No shopper at home more eagerly opens her packages after an expedition to the stores than we that package of cloth. There was the white woolen cloth and the thin white cotton cloth. The former was the coarsest I ever saw, and the latter was only the thin, cheap cheese-cloth which the brigands used for the cleaning of their guns. There were also spools of cotton for our sewing. Mrs. Tsilka was willing to make the best of what was brought to her, and merely remarking that that coarse flannel would grow softer with washing, she took the shears and speedily cut out several blankets, the little

pinning-blankets, and one tiny shirt. From the cheese-cloth she cut three little dresses, two little caps, and as many shirts, and a headkerchief both for herself and for me. Now our work was ready for us. With zest we seated ourselves close by the window, to take advantage of all the light there was. Oh the blessedness of work! The hours had seemed to us interminable before. After our morning devotions we had occupied ourselves in talking together, and sleeping to gain strength for a possible journey at night. Our meals were not varied enough in viands, nor sumptuous enough in the serving, to consume much time. Sometimes when one of the head men came in, and inquired how we were passing the time, we would say, "Oh, we're sitting and talking, and talking and sitting." But now all was changed. We were occupied quietly and happily. We could even lift cheerful faces when one of the brigands asked us what we were doing.

The hours and days sped away more swiftly; and all too soon we had finished binding the blankets with crossway bands of plain cotton cloth, and had made the little dresses and pinning-blankets. Still there was no word of release.

We had been transferred to a sheepfold on the hillside. Macedonia is a pastoral country. As the season advances the shepherds lead their flocks of sheep and goats from the plains to the more abundant verdure on surrounding hills, and later, as the herbage becomes scanty there, they ascend still higher upon the mountains. As the cold of winter approaches, these Wallachian shepherds retrace their steps, leaving many a sheepfold and shepherd's hut unoccupied upon the mountains and hillsides. It was in one of these sheepfolds that we now found ourselves. The brigands were all about us. One corner was reserved for us. From somewhere they had found straw, which they spread down upon the hard ground, and hung a screen of boughs and leaves before us. We could look freely into the open yard. The weather was now cold, and our fingers were often too chilled to allow us to work; but when the sun had warmed the air we opened the package which was becoming so precious to Mrs. Tsilka's heart, for it contained the humble wardrobe which we were preparing for her baby. At least we could see now, and we feather-stitched wherever we could find any excuse for feather-stitching, and hemstitched wherever we could put in a tuck or hem. This was all the work we had, and we made the most of it. One of the coarse blankets even bears a row of embroidery done with simple white cotton thread, upon which Mrs. Tsilka, in her passion for work, occupied several otherwise tedious hours. No young mother in happier surroundings takes more pride in the daintily lined and perfumed drawer in which she lays the beautiful wardrobe for her little child, than did this brave-hearted woman as she undid the square of coarse hempen cloth which contained her little one's outfit. Her loving fingers often folded and rearranged the little garments which, in our rude surroundings, actually seemed soft and dainty. We varied our work with investigations in the saddle bags, to see if haply there remained any apples or pears, with which the brigands occasionally supplied us. We were fortunate, indeed, to have so many of them, and some varieties were very nice.

When my companion was overborne, as she sometimes was, with her sorrowful memories and her longings for her dear ones, especially in anticipation of her coming trial, I more than suspected that the brigands sometimes got up some sort of a show of athletics or manœuvers or a game to divert her attention from herself, for they were greatly disconcerted when she was more than usually sad, and evidently distressed if she gave way to tears. Their superstitious fears were strong upon them, lest some harm should come to her or to her little child. To avert the threatened curse they took many precautions, which greatly alleviated our condition as captives.

The time had long since passed for the expected arrival of our tiny guest. Mrs. Tsilka sometimes impatiently longed for her little one, to break up the monotony of our lives, and furnish us occupation and amusement. I could not share with her this eagerness, from fear of the possible complications which might arise. How could we provide for the needs of a baby? How could we protect it from the cold on our travels during the wintry nights? Would the brigands have patience with the baby when it should cry? No, I could not agree with her, but hoped and prayed that the day might come for our release before its birth. I pleaded with the brigands to release Mrs. Tsilka, if it were possible for them to find some place to which to send her; if not to her home, or to some place where her mother might be with her, at least to some house in which she could have the ministries of women, and some of the comforts of a home. I announced to them my willingness to remain alone with them until I could be ransomed, if they would only have mercy on her; but they, as well as we, were nightly expecting word from their messenger concerning the

results of the negotiations for our ransom. So they procrastinated and procrastinated.

Meantime some change came over their plans, as we judged from their movements, though they vouchsafed no information. They compelled us to take long journeys night after night, and Mrs. Tsilka, as well as I, was ten hours in the saddle the night preceding her baby's birth. These nightly journeys occasioned her untold sufferings. On the last night, when the path became too steep to permit us to ride up, we were compelled to dismount and climb. A man on each side assisted each of us, and one behind Mrs. Tsilka tried to give her additional help. Overcome by her weakness and pain, she moaned out to them, "Leave me here to die. I cannot go any farther." Moved to pity by her extreme agony, the brigands encouraged her by saying, "Only a few steps more," and supported her far more tenderly than they had ever dreamed they could support a captive. The end of the ten hours' journey found us hidden in an isolated hut, almost entirely monopolized by two huge wine casks. Just under the one opposite the doorway, between it and the glowing open fire built upon the earth floor, were spread the straw and leaves for our bed. Upon this we sank down exhausted, and were soon in a deep sleep. It seemed to me not long after when I was roused by Mrs. Tsilka moving about, quite contrary to her usual custom after the fatigues of such a night's journey. She said that she was so restless and in so much pain that it was impossible to sleep. There was little sleep for either of us during that day. Perhaps one of the guards suspected what was about to happen, even before I did, for he came to me and talked very seriously about the desirability of our continuing the journey the next night, and hoped that Mrs. Tsilka would understand how extremely necessary it was that we should go on at least one night more. I told him that he knew perfectly well how willing Mrs. Tsilka had proved herself to do all that was possible. She had said to them most pathetically one day, "I shall go as far as I can, and when I cannot travel longer you must leave me, if you cannot stop." As the day wore away it became at last clear to Mrs. Tsilka that she could not go on that night, and about ten o'clock (Turkish), or four in the afternoon, I communicated this fact to the brigand. He looked serious in the extreme, and even concerned, I thought; but simply said, "If she cannot go, we must find some other way," and went away to confer with the members of the band, who were somewhere else.

Meanwhile we made what preparations were possible to us. Only one guard, and he one of the youngest of the band, remained by the fire. He sat with his face between his hands, sobered by the momentousness of the hour, until I bade him go out and guard us from the outside.

A little before eight o'clock in the evening, in the light of the fire and a smoking kerosene lamp, a tiny maiden joined our band of captives. As I took her in my hands and looked into the wee face, a great wave of love filled my soul, and I said to the mother, "I congratulate you with all my heart. You have a 'blessed baby girl'!" She thanked me, while a sweet content filled her pallid features. In that chilly, draughty place, there was need of speed, lest our newly arrived guest should find this world too harsh in its reception to her. I passed her over to the old woman whom the brigands had found somewhere, and brought some distance to be with us during that hour of trial. With no bathing, without being rubbed even with vaseline, which had been procured for the emergency from one of the brigands who was provided with it to lubricate his weapons, our baby was wrapped in its blankets and laid by its mother's side to rest. Mrs. Tsilka, as a trained hospital nurse, had known just what to do, and had told me, her wholly inexperienced attendant, just what should be done at every point. She had said, "I am not afraid."

It was time to announce the advent to that brigand keeping guard outside the door. What a change had come over his face and manner as he reëntered the hut! The deep depression had given way to relief, if not positive joy. His movements were quick and alert. I said he might go and tell the rest of the band that all was well. He took a large gourd, went to the cask which was so nearly overhanging Mrs. Tsilka, and drew a generous portion of wine. Then he went out, still maintaining that strange brigand silence, to carry the glad tidings to his companions. He had taken the wine that they might drink to the health of the mother and her little daughter.

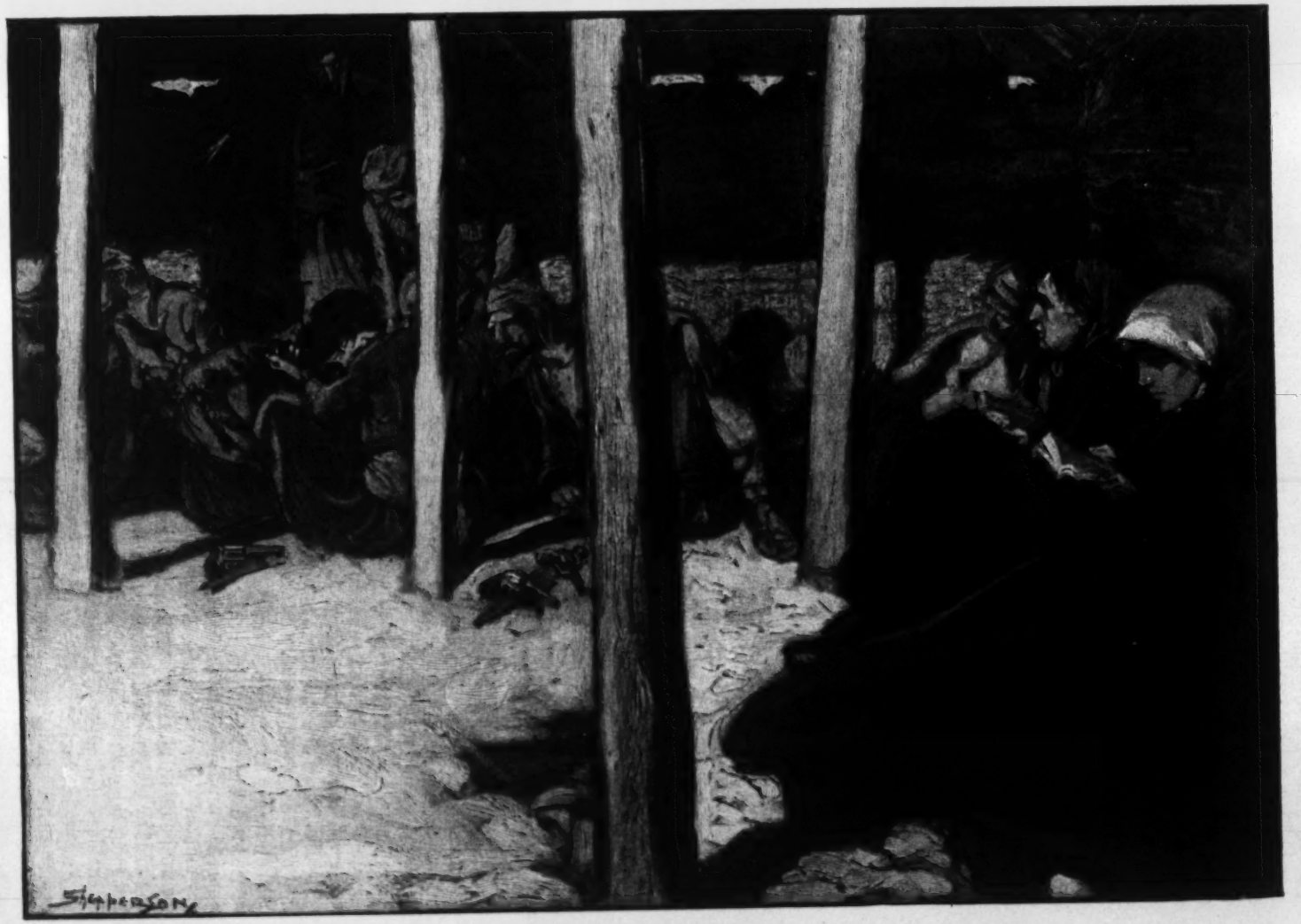
Quiet reigned in the hut. The baby voice whose lusty cry had proved that the little lungs were strong and well was hushed. The eyes which had opened so brightly and looked upon its strange surroundings in this world were closed, and our little one and her mother rested. The old woman, sitting by the fire, was a picturesque feature of the scene. About her head was wound a white kerchief, and her thin, delicate features were brought out in strong relief by the firelight. Her village costume suggested that she might belong to a family of wandering Wallachian shepherds;

but we never knew who she was, or where the brigands had found her. We had not asked for such assistance, nor supposed that they could or would provide it if we had asked for it. Although she knew only the superstitious customs which prevail among ignorant, isolated peoples, it was a comfort to have an older woman, a mother, with us. She wrapped the little form in its swaddling clothes, and attended to the necessary work which followed. She hung a kettle of water over the fire, into which we put barley to boil, to provide barley water for the mother. In anticipation of the event which had now taken place, we had been obliged to ask our captors to provide us some special articles of food, such as the mother would need for nourishment. They had looked awed and solemnized, realizing the gravity of the hour which threatened them, and had promised to do what they could. They made good their word, and had provided for us barley, prunes, sugar, and tea, and later found for us some potatoes, and more frequently than before a chicken, from which we could make broth.

MISS STONE AND MRS. TSILKA'S BABY

When our barley water was ready so far as we could prepare it with no milk to add to it, we gave it to our invalid. The baby, too, soon let us know that she had come into the world hungry. What should we do? Her cries would not be stilled; so with the mother's consent we tied a bit of cotton into a thin cloth, and, dipping it into the barley water, put it into the tiny mouth. The baby took hold of it with the greatest eagerness, testifying to her appreciation of it by very audible smacking. From her first meal this was a characteristic of our little maiden, and many a laugh we had over baby's smack, which always gave notice of her satisfaction when being nursed, or when any one who might be holding her put a finger in her mouth to keep her quiet at any critical time. "Don't you know where baby got her smack?" said Mrs. Tsilka to me one day. "Don't you remember how audibly some of the men used to fall upon their food?" "Oh, yes," I answered her. "We used to say 'It sounds like pigs eating at their troughs.'" "That's how baby got her smack," said Mrs. Tsilka.

When their hunger was satisfied, and the mother and baby were composed to sleep, and two brigands had resumed their watch by the fire, and the old woman was nodding in her place before it, I laid myself down in a tiny space under the cask, for my place on the back side of the pallet of straw must now be given to baby. All was quiet. At some time during the night my eyes opened, to see that that brigand chief had taken up the baby, and sat holding it in his strong arms, his head nodding over it with uncontrollable weariness. The mother, too, had not failed to be aware of his action, and had watched him sitting there. As she saw with what tenderness he



Drawn by Claude Shepperson

IN A SHEEPFOLD

held that little form, her fears lest the brigands would be cruel to her baby began to be allayed, and her heart was comforted.

Sabbath morning dawned bright and beautiful. We begged the men to allow the door to stand open a little, that Mrs. Tsilka might look out and be cheered by a glimpse of the bright blue sky. She delighted to watch the contrast between the sere, brown leaves of the forest and the brilliant blue. When lost in sleep during the night she had dreamed that windows were open behind her. There were no windows in the hut, but the spaces between the thatched roof overhead and the stone wall upon which its supports rested, gave abundant opportunity for fresh air and mountain breezes to enter the apartment. How thankful she was for the fresh air, and for our comparative freedom from the guards. The day passed quietly and happily. No longer was time to hang heavily upon our hands. The monotony of our lives was broken up by the needs of the mother and her baby; indeed, the days were hardly long enough. We stewed some prunes and put a chicken to boil. The holy hours passed with a Sabbath quiet in our souls.

Toward evening a request was brought from the rest of the band that they might come to congratulate the mother, and see the baby. Mrs. Tsilka gave a happy consent to their request. We arrayed baby in her little best, which consisted only in putting about her, outside her swaddling clothes, the white crocheted woolen Afghan for which they had somewhere found us some yarn. After it was quite dark the men came filing in. They were in their full dress—their weapons all in place, their hands and faces remarkably clean. I held the baby in my arms. Each man passed straight by the fire, which burned brightly, and, standing by the mother, lying there in its light, proffered to her his congratulations. He then congratulated the old woman, sitting by the log which kept the sparks from lighting the straw pallet upon which Mrs. Tsilka lay. Then each congratulated me, and looked into the tiny face of the baby, murmuring some word of blessing, as is their custom. It was a scene worthy an artist's skill. During the day I had asked Mrs. Tsilka if she had a name for baby. "Oh, yes," she said, "I have decided upon that. She shall be called Elena. That is my mother's name and yours. She shall be named for you both, and in English I will call her Eleanor." Hence the men were introduced to baby Elenchie, for we must have her name in the diminutive form for so tiny a girl. They began to talk in a light, even merry, strain. The relief from the superstitious fears which had so long oppressed them was very great. The care which they had taken of Mrs. Tsilka had not been in vain. "Now," they said, "we must provide an outfit for the baby." One must make her a pair of little moccasins; another a cloak, such as they wore; another, a brigand's suit; still another, a cap; one must compose a song in honor of the occasion; and still another must set it to music. Their talk had its desired effect, for the mother's fears took flight, and she lay and smiled, happy in the consciousness that something had awakened in the heart of even the hardest of our captors, and that her little one would be guarded safely by them. The brigand who was holding baby passed her back to me, and I gave her, rather half-heartedly, I confess, into the outstretched arms of Chaoosh. How afraid we had been of this terrible-looking, black-bearded brigand the first time he had been set as a guard over us. He might have been a Turkish deserter, for he wore their dark blue red-corded uniform, and a fez surmounted his thick black hair. He it was who had more than once terrified us. One night, when we were descending a steep hill on foot, through a forest, but a little time before, when all were maintaining the strictest silence, he had suddenly and without orders discharged his musket. Every one sank, overcome with terror, into the shadow of the nearest tree, and waited to learn what would happen. Was it a sudden attack from some enemy? Soon the guard who had been assisting me in the descent said lightly, to allay our fears, "Oh, it's only our Chaoosh!" Other brigands appeared upon the scene, vociferating as vehemently as they dared, and expressing their disgust by spitting, as they said, "That Chaoosh! That Chaoosh!" Chaoosh had seen a strange man leading strange horses, and without consulting his comrades had fired. There were no bounds to their indignation, but time was too precious to be wasted even upon vituperations. The captives were mounted upon the horses, and the line moved on as rapidly as possible, to get out of that region of danger. Here must have been one of our marvelous deliverances, for no attack from any source followed that untimely announcement of our whereabouts.

At another time, when there had been an alarm about the hut in which we were confined, far up on a mountain side, other members of the guard had contented themselves with looking out of the foot-square window which gave light to our apartment; but when Chaoosh looked out, he pressed his gun upon the glass until it gave way, that he might look out more clearly. Faithful as a dog to any

trust which might be committed to him, he yet showed himself rash and without judgment, and many a time we feared what he might do to us. His were the hands which were now outstretched to take Baby Elenchie. Grasping her in them both, he seated himself at once before the fire, Turk fashion, and rocked her back and forth. Then he proceeded in his quick, imperative way, to give me a lecture on the proper care of a baby. Of course I had uncovered the little face to let them see her. "You must not do so," he said; "you will cause her death of cold. You must do so and so," emphasizing his remark by folding her blankets, as well as her Afghan, over her face. "You have not grown up with babies, as I have," he added, as he gave her back, with many another injunction as to the care which I must take of her.

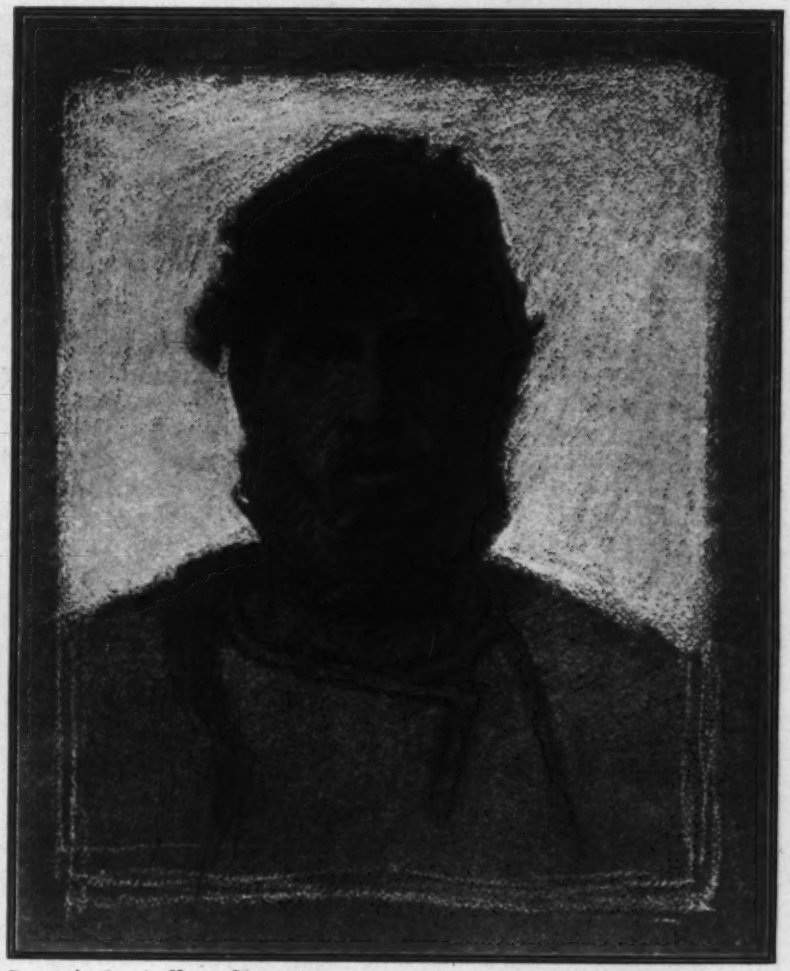
Having wished the mother many happy years, and the baby a long life, they then took their departure and went back to their own quarters, wherever those may have been. Mrs. Tsilka and I sat long that evening talking over the marvelous goodness of God in softening the hearts of those cruel brigands to treat thus tenderly the little child born in captivity among them. The joy which filled the mother's heart aided in her recovery, and baby seemed from the first disposed to make the best of her surroundings. She was a hardy mountain maiden.

The next day the brigands said it was impossible to remain where we were; we must go on the next night. "Can Mrs. Tsilka ride her horse?" inquired the man then in charge. "Of course not," I answered him. He persisted that it was imperative for us to journey that night. "Then can you make a stretcher on which Mrs. Tsilka may be carried," I inquired, and indicated that our blanket might be attached to boughs, one on either end, and thus a stretcher be improvised. He looked thoughtful, and went away to consult with his companions. Later he returned, and said they had decided what to do. A stretcher was impracticable, because of the narrowness of the path in many places. They would make a box in which Mrs. Tsilka might sit. "But," I objected, "she cannot sit; she must recline." The serious look on his face showed that my point added to their difficulties, but I was inexorable. "You have cared so long for Mrs. Tsilka, and she and her little one are doing well. You do not wish her to be injured now," I continued. He yielded the point, and went out again to attend to preparations. Toward evening a box was brought into our hut, which was sadly suggestive in its shape. After dark there were arrivals. The animals had been brought for the night's journey. We were in readiness, in accordance with the command of the brigands. The old woman had prepared the little one as warmly as possible for her exposure to the night winds and cold. I had taken the precaution to tie bits of sugar into a thin cloth, to provide against the crying of the baby from hunger.

Three of the brigands, from among the younger of them, lifted Mrs. Tsilka, lying on her straw pallet, and laid her in that box which had been prepared for her. All of us who stood around felt the tremendous responsibility which the men were taking in moving her that cold night. She looked up into the faces of the men as they laid her in the box, and said, "Now say 'The Lord forgive her!'" as is the custom in the East when one dead is laid in the casket. The men could not bear this. One burst out, "Don't say that," while the tears stood in his eyes; and he was a stern man, not used to the manifestations of any tender feeling. Meanwhile a conference went on at the door, outside and inside. We wondered what occasioned the delay. The baby would be getting hungry. The mother lay patiently waiting in her box, and still they talked and talked. By and by it appeared that none of the animals brought for the journey was strong enough to carry the heavy load of Mrs. Tsilka in her box strapped upon one side of the pack-saddle, with a correspondingly heavy load upon the other side. Then came a proposition that I should go with one of those horses, while Mrs. Tsilka and Baby Elenchi should remain behind. Dismayed at the bare suggestion that they should be left alone in their weakness and need to the tender mercies of those men, I answered determinedly, "I will not be separated from Mrs. Tsilka." They did not insist upon the demand, and after further consultation said we might remain there that night. It appeared that the brigands had decided that if they were too hard pressed by their pursuers, so that they could not move Mrs. Tsilka, they would disguise her as a village woman, with her baby, and fly with me to some more secure spot.

The next day passed swiftly in our varied duties for the comfort of the mother and child. Toward night that same leader, in a purposely offensive way, commanded me peremptorily to gather everything and be ready again for a journey. The youngest among the brigands, who was guarding me at that time, seemed to understand the harshness of the words, and unobtrusively, but sympathetically, helped to gather our belongings. There was real com-

fort to us both as we understood his mute helpfulness. Some of the men had been drinking too much of the wine from that great cask over Mrs. Tsilka. It is quite possible that whiskey also may have been brought to them from somewhere during the day, and this may have been the reason for the heartlessness of that man in charge. We always felt great solicitude when we saw them drinking, especially before we were to set out for a night's expedition, for though rarely positively drunk, some were only too manifestly affected by the liquor.



Drawn by Corwin Knapp Linson A BRIGAND

Again the baby was prepared for her journey, wrapped as warmly as our limited supply of clothing would allow. Mrs. Tsilka was dressed and once more laid in her box. This time the animals provided were deemed strong enough for the start. Mrs. Tsilka was lifted carefully, and borne out of the hut, and after a good deal of delay was at last securely strapped to one side of a pack-saddle. Then everything available was loaded on to the other side. Cloaks were thrown over, and still the load was too light to balance. Then they tied on great logs of wood, until the load was evened. Now it was my turn to mount, and then the *sadilkah*, in which village women carry their little children, was tied around my neck and shoulders, and to me was committed the precious baby. As the line started off, the head man drew my horse to the first place, saying, "*Kismetchie nahpred*" (the luck-child ahead). The four hours which our guards had said would be the length of our travels that night were drawn out to more than double that number. None who participated in it can ever forget it. The poor animal which carried the double load required to be helped by details of the brigands, who put their strong shoulders under the box on the one side and under the motley collection of baggage on the other. They were all thoroughly tired out before they reached their journey's end. The road proved to be a terrible one; in many places such a steep and narrow path that the men must necessarily fall behind; in others, huge boulders blocked the way, and Mrs. Tsilka would be jarred by the grazing of the box along their sides, momentarily expecting the overturn of the saddle. Nor was it easier for me with the baby. It was hard enough for us to balance ourselves alone upon the saddle, but with baby monopolizing one arm, and leaving but one free with which to balance upon the saddle, the task became an extremely difficult one. Men were detailed to guard the baby and me upon each side, and one to try to support my back from behind, when the steep ascent would have thrown me backwards from the saddle. The guard leading

the horse would fall back in cautious tones, commanding "Have a care here," or "Guard well there," and his comrades tried faithfully to do his bidding. The tiny traveler slept during the first hours, but hunger awakened her, and she cried lustily. How thankful we were that in one section of the way, where absolute silence was commanded, no sound came from her! When she began to nestle about and give forth little sounds which preceded her crying, the cold perspiration burst forth all over me. Had we passed that region of danger? What would become of us if baby should cry? Her wail soon burst upon the air. It was no small task in the darkness to find amid its wrappings, partly sheltered under the brigand's cloak which covered me, the wee face and put the bits of sugar into the wailing mouth. However, she took it gladly, and, tiny as she was, smacked her satisfaction over it. By and by she slept again. But the relief from the sugar was only temporary in that keen night air, and her cries became more frequent. We were all well-nigh desperate, when a halt was ordered. Mrs. Tsilka's mother-heart could not endure to hear the wailing cry, and somehow she managed to strain herself out of the cords which bound her, into a sitting posture, and took her little one to her breast. The long night wore away, and after numberless stops and renewals of the journey, we finally came, toward morning, to the place where we were permitted to rest.

The apartment into which we were led was larger than the hut which we had left. Here, too, we had the comfort of a wood fire on the hearth. A lamp helped to relieve the blackness which always prevailed there, for the windows were boarded and nailed up, and day and night were alike to us. Here we had great reason for fear lest Mrs. Tsilka should be seriously ill, for the cold and jarring to which she was exposed in that untimely journey caused her great suffering for several days. The little one seemed to have taken no harm beyond a disordered stomach, which caused her mamma to decide unalterably that baby should be fed no more with sugar. She decided also that baby must take some castor oil, if the brigands could find any for her. Strange to say, a bottle of that medicine was forthcoming after a time, and the wee mite of humanity took her first and only dose of medicine in captivity; she took it like the heroine she is, and smacked over it, too, as if it were very satisfying. Among the new tasks which baby brought to us was the daily care of her napkins. The supply which the brigands had provided was very limited, and necessitated daily renewing. Of course they must be dried somewhere. They could not be put out of doors in the sunlight without danger of betraying the presence of the brigands at that point; they could not be dried by moonlight; they must be dried before the fire, and always in season for the gathering of everything into the saddle bags in case a night's journey should be ordered. It was an interesting sight, and an edifying one, to see one and another of the brigands, who happened to be on guard over us, sitting by the fire and assisting in the process of drying. Thus our days wore away in busy ministries to the mother and her little one. We were always waiting for news, and always hoping for some good word. We waited in vain until Sabbath morning, January 12th, when a great joy came to us. It was not the news for which we waited so anxiously; but a brigand had arrived during the night, who brought to us again a letter. With what joy we read those words which gave us, for the second time in more than four months, assurance that loving hearts remembered us, and were still working and praying for our release. That same night three of our captors left us to go to meet the committee which had been appointed by the American Embassy at Constantinople to negotiate for our ransom. He who had held baby during the first night of her life, and in whose care we had somehow come to feel ourselves to be, was now to leave us in the hands of those less well known to us, and of some of whom we were constantly afraid. There was no help for it, and we trusted God still to keep us safely in the hands of our new guardians.

The nights were now bitterly cold. High winds prevailed, and more than once we remonstrated for baby's sake, as well as for her mother's, when we were ordered to be ready to move. They never were deterred from carrying out their plans, however cold the night, however wildly the wind blew or the snow flew. They knew, as we could not, the dangers which threatened them inexorably, but they never took us into their confidence. In the falling snow we traveled with Elenchie, and when her cries became too insistent her mother's horse would be turned away from the wind that she might nurse her. One night we were stopped on a lonely hillside by a rough shed filled with straw. Into a hollow in the straw we were put. A lighted candle stuck upon a beam flickered in the wind, endangering the straw. It was so cold and draughty that the mother could not endure patiently the exposure of her precious child to such danger. She burst into

uncontrollable weeping. "My baby will die here, with no fire!" "How can I change her with no way to warm her tiny feet or her fresh napkins?" The guard soon learned of her distress, and set himself to see if he could find any better accommodations. Not long after he came back, manifestly relieved. "There is a place where you can have a fire. Come with me," he said.

It was evidently some shepherd's or herdsman's hut on the lonely hillside. There was just room within for our little party, though two guards felt obliged to cramp themselves up in one corner to keep watch over us, and for their own warmth. If one of them lay down the other must sit up. There was actually no other room, save for an earthen jug, which stood in the corner by Mrs. Tsilka's head. This was filled before light, to furnish our supply of water for the day. Not only were we strictly confined within the hut, and not even permitted to have the door opened a little way to admit light, but we were not allowed to have a fire all the day long. Here we had our only experience of being without food. There was barely enough for Mrs. Tsilka, and that of the poorest quality. All the day I tasted nothing, but at nightfall a kettle containing a hot stew, none too palatable, was brought to the guards, and they shared it with us. At another hut where we halted some days later a brigand had noticed that there was a calf among the animals, and ordered that it should be tied up during the day. At nightfall its mother was milked, but she proved intractable, and in an unhappy moment kicked over the vessel containing the milk.

Mrs. Tsilka was very ingenious in devising ways to secure a bath for her baby whenever our place of confinement was not too draughty and cold to allow it. When she asked for some warm water and something which might answer as a tub for the little one, the men could be depended upon to comply with her wishes if it were possible. At the same time we found opportunity to attend to baby's laundry work, and freshen some articles from our own scanty wardrobe. We were thus furnished, also, with bathing facilities for ourselves, which we did not hesitate to improve. Sometimes, however, the brigands seemed to be either in a position too exposed to permit a frequent sending for water, or at too great a remove from the stream which supplied it, to allow us to have what we wished.

The weeks of our captivity wore on, dangers threatened us daily and nightly, not only from without, but from within. Many and many a time we were commanded to hush even our own voices lest some strange person who had appeared near the brigands' hiding-place should hear us, and betray them and us. Even baby was not allowed to cry at some such times. From within, we suffered from the intolerable smoke of the fire in some of the huts to which we were taken night after night, which caused general discomfort not only to us grown people, but to baby, effectually preventing her from sleeping. In sheer desperation we were sometimes obliged to wrap the little one as warmly as possible, and take her out into the night air, that her little nerves, as well as ours, might be quieted. But occasionally she wailed, and was restless during the entire night.

Dangers of other sorts also menaced us. Once we were suddenly aroused from slumber by a great commotion. The man who had been on guard outside in the dark came in to be the inside guard for the next hour. He should have removed the cartridge from his musket at the door, but somehow failed to do so, and while handling his gun, sitting before the blazing fire, he somehow exploded it, and the bullet went crashing through a board over our heads. Instantly everybody was awake. What was it? Mrs. Tsilka was roused from deep sleep, under the impression that the Turkish troops, whom we supposed were always pursuing the brigands, had found them out and were making their attack. Of course the man confessed his careless oversight.

In these glimpses of the way in which those tender baby fingers played upon the heart-strings of the men who held her, as well as her mother and friend, in captivity, during the more than seven weeks in which she lived among them, we plainly saw God's merciful plan for the alleviation of our otherwise well-nigh insupportable bondage, and we thanked Him that "E'en in the darkest spot of earth, some love is found."

[*This paper of Miss Stone's will be followed in the August number by Mrs. Tsilka's own account of the baby. Miss Stone's narrative will be resumed and concluded in September.*]

MRS. SHANKLIN'S AMBITIONS

BY R. E. YOUNG

Illustrated by H. M. Walcott

EDWARD SHANKLIN sat in his kitchen-door and looked moodily at the chickens cluttering and cackling below him. He and his wife were disagreeing, and he had reached that age in life where it upsets a man to disagree with his wife. He leaned over to the pan of empty pods beside him, picked out a handful and slung them far beyond the quarrelsome chickens. They scuttled after them greedily.

"There you go," said Mr. Shanklin acrimoniously, "tearing off after something you don't want, don't like, and that may give you the gaps any way."

"If it's me you are talking at, Edward," said Mrs. Shanklin instantly, though her head was half in the oven, "I do want it, will like it, and I'm not afraid of the gaps. That's the whole trouble with you, Edward; you are afraid; if 'tisn't the gaps it's something else." Mrs. Shanklin banged the oven door and rose to an upright position. She came over to the open door and looked out beyond the chickens. The wheat fields rimpled up to the hills, and the hills rolled back, high and green, into the blue of a Missouri sky. The day was so young that from hills and fields alike the peace of the night had scarce lifted. The noise of black Jeff's ax seemed unable to shake or hurry the stillness; the kuhchunk-kuhchunk-kuhchunk vibrated away from the ax bravely enough, but it could do no more than pop up to the quiet and split back from it in a defeated echo. In the smoke-house Hester was bending over the week's washing. The steam from the tubs swirled up about her, and made of her a black wraith that was part of the morning's mystery. Intermingled with the sloshing and scrubbing from her tubs came her voice—it, too, impressed with the quiet, but wrung from her in hushed gusts of praise:

"Zion's hills, my Gawd! my Gawd!
Oh my—Oh my—Oh my——"

There was promise of a brilliantly warm day in the air, which quivered with an electric intensity. The very beauty of some Missouri days has been known to quicken even quiet pulses uncomfortably. Mrs. Shanklin did not have a quiet pulse, and standing in the doorway, she interlaced her bony fingers vehemently.

"'Tisn't only because I'm so tired of it out here, or because of the inconveniences, or because of anything so much, as it's because of Elizabeth." Her voice began to shake with feeling. "I wish you would tell me, Edward Shanklin, I just wish you would tell me what you yourself count on for Elizabeth if we stay on out here. Isn't she to have any pleasure, any schooling, any girl friends—any young men friends?"

Mr. Shanklin put one of the succulent pods in his mouth and chewed it reflectively. It always seemed to him unnecessary and disturbing to go rooting into the future the way his wife did. He was ready to admit that Elizabeth must be educated, and that she must have pleasure and friends, but when his wife began to project the Shanklin household out of its old habits toward these consummations for Elizabeth, that minute he became woefully unhappy.

"What's to hinder Elizabeth from having friends out here?" he asked at last, with a dogged twist of his head that pointed to and made much of the beauties and the comforts of the farm.

"What's to hinder?" mocked his wife. "Do you suppose for one minute, Edward, that Penangton boys are coming out here to see

Elizabeth, and going to take her in to town to parties when there's fifty girls handier?"

"I drove out of town to see you, Mary," suggested Mr. Shanklin reminiscently.

"Kentucky a'n't Missouri, and Missouri roads a'n't Kentucky roads.—Oh, you go on and talk me down, Edward." Mrs. Shanklin's voice rose to a nervous wail, thin and taut. "Talk me down. I know your father and mother lived here before you. I know they dug the well and built the smoke-house, and I know how fond your mother was of the spring-house, and I know you think what was good enough for your father and mother ought to be good enough for us. Well, I'm just plain to say it a'n't good enough. I want Elizabeth should have better." She turned from the door and sat down in the chair by the kitchen table with her hands still knotted together. She had had so many times in her life to watch what her husband said in order to twist it into another reason for moving into town, or for getting a piano for Elizabeth, or for building an L, that she had got a bird-like alertness: she seemed always just ready to peck. It was also a habit of hers not to sit back in her chair comfortably, so that she never looked as though she had just sat down, but always as though she were just going to get up. She did not take her eyes off her husband as she sat there, and he kept his steadfastly on the chickens. She could not help thinking as she looked at him of how many times she had watched her plans and ambitions flutter up to his side and get their wings clipped, plan after plan, ambition after ambition. A sharp twinge of bitterness seized hold of her as she remembered what effect his timidity and lethargy had had, not only on him, but on her.

"It isn't only that you are so timid about planning yourself, Edward, it's that you make everybody else timid. If 'tweren't for you I'd have had many a thing over and done long since, and all the good of it ours; but let a thing so much as fly my lips, bat it to ground you will. If we weren't able to move to town and give Elizabeth a chance I'd feel different; but we are able"—she took in the spring-house, and the smoke-house, and the well as she finished, and her slim, sharp face contracted still more—"and we got to go," she said.

Mr. Shanklin took down his pipe from the window and went slowly through the back yard toward the spring-house. Whenever in his life-history he got to places he couldn't see around he went to the spring-house and sat down on the big rock outside the door. It seemed to him that he got a better view from there. The first thing that always happened to him as he sat down on the rock was for his eyes to fill up. They did to-day. He could see so plainly the tall, grave woman who had taken a housewifely pleasure in her duties about the spring-house, and who had often congratulated herself upon having such a good place for the milk. Mary had insisted upon having an ice chest in order to keep the milk at the house, and though the water from the spring still purled and frilled in the same old way, he missed the sight of the rows of quaker-brown crocks. It was to him a terrible thing, this that Mary proposed. He could not lift his sorrowful eyes from his seat by the spring-house without encountering some well-known and well-loved object, something that he had been used to all his life, and that it would be all but impossible to get along without. The water in the spring-house set itself to the tune of memory, and as it became overburdened with the music of the past, Mr. Shanklin could not endure to sit there any longer, and got up and went to the Lower Pasture to superintend Black Jeff. The farther he moved away from the house the more determined became the lines of his face. At the milk gap he was shaking his head slowly. He turned and looked back. His wife was waving the table-cloth out of the doorway. From that distance she seemed to fill a small and insignificant place in the picture. The larger part of the picture was taken up by the smoke-house, the spring-house, the barn, the buggy-house. They nestled, warm and substantial, at the feet of the old house. Mr. Shanklin's face settled into a stubborn, unreasoning immobility which did not break up through all the work of the morning.

Up at the house Mrs. Shanklin got the peas into a pan of cold water, the rice washed and put to soak, and the bread out of the oven with the wiry despatch particularly characteristic of her on wash-day, when Hester's hands were in the suds. Hester's voice swelled with joy as the sun mounted higher and higher, until at last it smote upon Mrs. Shanklin's ears with an abandon of ecstasy, complete and glorified—

"Zion's hills, they skip like lambs,
My Gawd! My Gawd!"

The unconscious frenzy of the wild halleluia notes struck a responsive chord in the breast of the small woman in the kitchen. She stopped once or twice in the midst of her work to press a thin finger against her mouth. She seemed to be trying hard to push herself back into some corner of silence—

"Zion's hills, they skip and shout,
My Gawd!"

"My God! My God!" cried Mary Shanklin at last, breaking away from the warning finger. She caught her face in her hands. "I won't stand it any longer. I won't. I have stood it so long. Pigs and cows—milk and cream—eggs and butter—hog-killing time and harvest. I'd rather Elizabeth would be dead than wed to it."

"My Gawd! My Gawd!" bawled Hester, her great voice silvering with growing grace. Mrs. Shanklin got into a corner of the kitchen out of sight. The few tears that came were so hot they scorched. Great breath-snatching sobs shook her.

When Mr. Shanklin came up to the house for dinner he could not help noticing his wife's face. It had a curiously bruised and mottled look. She did not have anything to say, nor did he; and Elizabeth, who understood them, sat between them with some subdued embarrassment. After dinner was over Mr. Shanklin went to the back porch to smoke there, in full view of the spring-house, and fortify himself by regarding it. Mrs. Shanklin called in Hester and Jefferson, and turned the kitchen over to the former with relief. The day fairly swirled with the heat at this noonday hour, and her head had begun to ache. As she left the kitchen her eyes rested for a moment with surreptitious envy on the two darkies, who were already installed before the cornbread and shoulder with beaming content.

"Just to be satisfied like that!" said Mary Shanklin to herself. "Well, what we have out here is just about enough to satisfy people like that." She went across the porch and into the sitting-room to lie down. "Cows and pigs—milk and cream—hog-killing time and harvest"—the words went scurrying through her head as she passed her husband—"butter and eggs, swill and fodder." Her head was in such a whirl she could hardly reach the sofa. Later on she was dimly conscious that some one came in and closed the shutters and put a wet towel on her head. It was not Elizabeth. Then she slept.

She awoke with a sensation of having slept a long time, and a conviction that it must be nearly night. The room seemed pitch dark. She could hear overhead the sound of hurrying feet and the banging of shutters. Her headache was quite gone, and she got up and stepped to the porch briskly.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" she called as she got to the outer door.

"Yes'm," came Elizabeth's voice from the upper story. "There's going to be a storm, mamma, and we are shutting up."

From the porch Mrs. Shanklin could see the storm gathering. Through the dining-room door the clock on the mantel pointed to half-past four. She remembered that distinctly, and it was well she did, as she was asked about the hour a thousand times afterward. She hurried on into the dining-room and drew the shutters in there.

"Don't forget the windows in the spare room, Elizabeth," she called up the stairway. "Is your pa up there, Elizabeth? Where's Hester and Jeff?"

Elizabeth and Mr. Shanklin came to the head of the stairs.

"Jeff and Hester are in the cabin," said Mr. Shanklin. "Better call them to the house. Clouds look mighty ugly out west here. Cyclone, maybe." His voice sounded as though he had forgotten about the morning, and Mrs. Shanklin found herself secretly glad that he had. She went back to the porch and looked around the horizon again. The whole sky to the east was an evil, vaporous yellow that dropped low to earthward, withering and blighting like sulphuric fumes. In the yellow glare the leaves on the trees looked ghastly, afraid for their lives. To the west the clouds were banded in an ominous cohort, black, still, sulky. Mrs. Shanklin could hear the horses in the barn pawing restlessly, and now and then a wailing whinny cut across the rank, burdened air. She saw Hester and Jeff come to the door of the cabin, and she put her hands to her mouth to shout to them to run for it to the shelter of the house. The darkies, however, waited for no bidding, but tore across the yard and burst into the kitchen, their eyes dilated with fear.

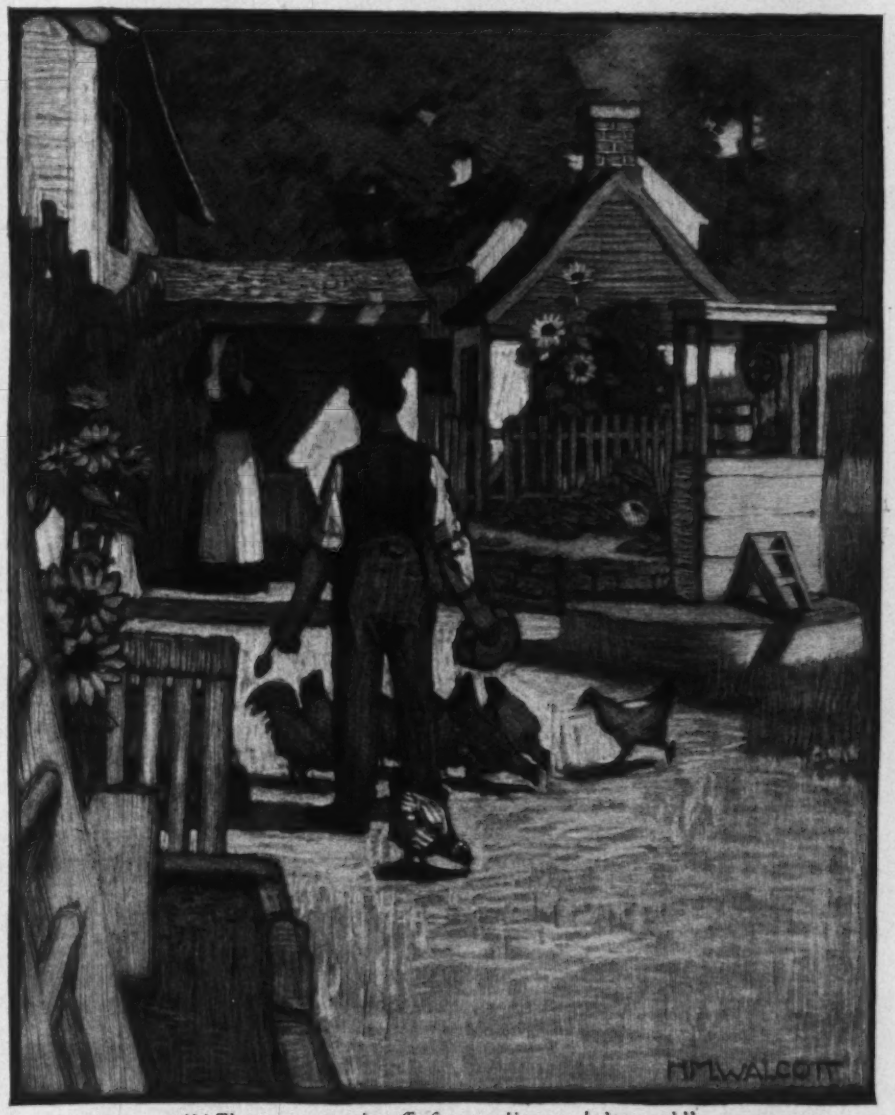
"We cert'n'y are gwine be blew into kingdom come, Miss Mary," said Jeff. "Better come way f'm dat do'. Lightnen mighty li'ble to fetch you a lick dar."

Hester had sunk into a chair, and the great voice, which had rolled and soared so bravely in the sunshine, shrilled out now in a hysterical falsetto as the disasters of the hills skipping like lambs bore in home.

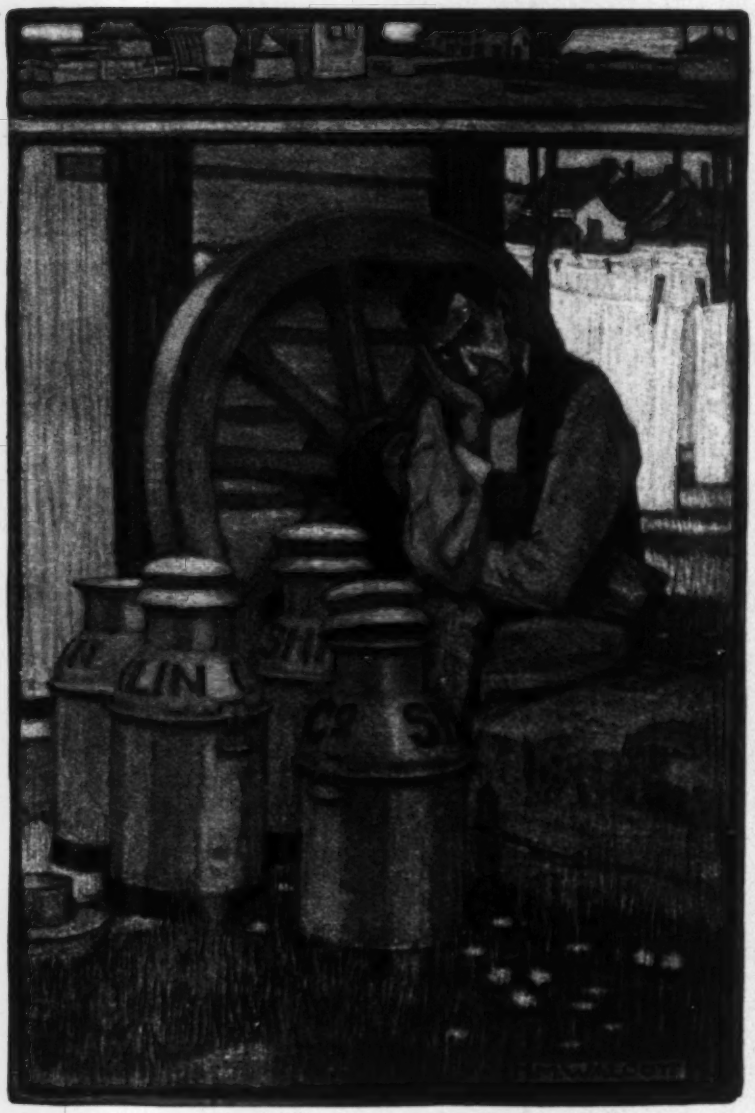
"Zion's hills they skip— Oh, Lawd, hab mercy! Look at dem treeses on Bunker Hill, Miss Mary! Look—look dar, will you?"

A strange thing was happening. The clouds in the west were for one moment convulsed by a great heaving and splitting, and then straight out of their ranks, like some mighty projectile shot from some mightier cannon, came the funnel-cloud—swift, sure, deadly. Mrs. Shanklin's scream was swallowed up in the weird yell of the negress and the stentorian roar of Black Jeff. There was a sucking trough of wind, and while they crouched back

to the door the storm bullet clove its path through the back yard with the unreckoning, inexplicable deviltry of its kind. During the wild minutes of that wind orgie the air was thick with outbuildings, with live stock, with fences, with fowls and creeping things. It was as though the farm had been picked up and reset in the clouds. As Mrs. Shanklin watched, awe-struck, she became conscious that the elements of the air had somehow taken side with her, and, noting that her husband had joined her and was watching over her shoulder, she felt guilty and treacherous. They saw the smoke-house wrenched to pieces, plank by plank, as it seemed; they saw a horse that had dashed into the stable-yard picked up bodily and laid across a five-barred fence which led into the Lower Pasture; and then they saw two small, shed-like buildings whisked up on the wings of the wind and go sky-hooting into the air. Crash followed upon crash as trees and great branches of trees fell groaning to the ground. The hoot-calls of the owls in Hickory Wood rang out in unceasing protest. Then came a strange flashing as the wind swell swept on over the hill into Hickory Wood. The rain started in torrents, and the cyclone was over in so far as the Shanklin farm was concerned. Mrs. Shanklin looked again at the dining-room clock. It was thirty-three minutes after four. "All that ruin in three minutes!" she said.



"'There you go, tearing off after something you don't want'"



"The first thing that always happened to him as he sat down on the rock was for his eyes to fill up"

"The Lawd answers the prayers of his chillen," said Hester sententiously. "The house a'n't ben tetched."

It was true. The cyclone had swirled around the house, and had left it totally unharmed, not so much as a chimney being toppled. But alas for the buildings which had sat for so many years on the broad lap of the back yard! In the late evening Mr. and Mrs. Shanklin and Elizabeth walked about the wreck-strewn place. Mr. Shanklin's grief was so deep and entire that it impressed itself solemnly upon his wife and Elizabeth. They wandered in and out among the litter like a funeral cortège. In one corner lay the boards and rafters of the smoke-house, on the other side a bare black hole yawned where the well-shed had stood, and a stream of foaming water gushed from the rocks in the spot where the spring-house had been. Of the spring-house itself there was not a trace.

"The barn's all right, papa, and the cabin's here," said Elizabeth, with a thought of lightening the look on her father's face. "We can soon get things to rights again."

"It will never be the same place again, never," said Mr. Shanklin with heart-broken conviction. "I don't care how soon we go in to town, Mary."

Mrs. Shanklin moved up and took hold of her husband's arm. She felt very sorry for him.

Though Elizabeth Shanklin was flattered by her mother's ambitions for her, she was frightened by them, and despite the shy response they awakened in her she would have been much more at peace if she could have forgotten them. She was not allowed to forget them. During those first years after the Shanklins moved into town Mr. Shanklin used all her abilities to push Elizabeth. Being an able woman in her way, it was easy for her to rise to the opportunities with which it seemed to her Penangton fairly bristled. The town was an academy town, full every winter with young men and women who came up from farms, and down from Kansas City, and across from St. Louis, to do their "preps" there, and some of whom afterward went out from Penangton and wrote their names in bold letters across a page of the nation's history. Maybe at Jefferson City first, and later on in Washington. Maybe on a St. Louis paper first, and later in New York. It did not seem to Elizabeth's mother a whit too much to expect to realize out of these surroundings an ultimate marriage for Elizabeth which would bring to blos-

som all the high hopes and intense longings which her life long had stirred her, a farmer's wife, so futilely and so unbearably.

She entered Elizabeth at Penangton Academy the first year they were in Penangton, when Elizabeth was just fifteen. There was nothing in the ancient history of the Shanklins or of her own family, the Southwicks, to justify an expectation that Elizabeth would or could distinguish herself at the Academy; but Mrs. Shanklin secretly prayed that she might, and openly urged her forward. And Elizabeth under the urging really did very well that first year, but in June they had to take her to Hot Springs on a cot. She recuperated rapidly enough, however, as soon as the strain of study was removed, and Mrs. Shanklin brought her back to Penangton in ample time to enter her for the September term. It was then that Dr. Peterson spoke.

"Course you can send her to school if you want," he said in the give or take way that he had. "I a'n't saying but what you can, but you might as well put her in the cellar and snuff her out thataway. It'll be quicker, and it won't hurt her so much—nor so long." He pinched up a frazzle from the edge of his cuff.

"I guess I might as well put a stop to Elizabeth's schooling as for nervous prostration to put a stop to it, Mrs. Shanklin," he said, as though he felt justified in saying it.

"Well, you mean she better not go to school for a year?" There was something like supplication in Mrs. Shanklin's voice.

"I mean she better never go to school again," said the doctor tersely.

Mary Shanklin was a good mother according to her lights, and Elizabeth was not entered at the Academy in September. Just how much it cost Mrs. Shanklin to see Elizabeth reduced to the rank and file of girls who stop school when they have learned to read and write it would be hard to estimate. Like many another mother she had hoped her daughter could do what she herself had never succeeded in doing, and it was as hard to give up the hope as though she had heavily endowed Elizabeth for this very achievement. Elizabeth's young face was still rather pale, however; so Mrs. Shanklin kept the disappointment conscientiously to herself, the rather that Elizabeth certainly did not look much grieved over the doctor's decision.

The next two years were, on the whole, pleasant years for the Shanklins. Mrs. Shanklin had Elizabeth take up music, and although it was rather hard to stand the practice, when Elizabeth got so she could play "Silvery Waves" even Mr. Shanklin felt in a measure recompensed. It was pleasant to sit on the front porch and hear the piano notes float out. One evening while she was playing, and her father and mother were listening outside, Elizabeth heard her own name mentioned. Her wrists were not strong, so that she never made a great deal of noise at the piano, and now she let the notes trail off very pianissimo. Her father, as usual, seemed to be protesting

AFTER THE CYCLONE

against something that her mother had brought up.

"Oh, she don't want any beaus yet, Mary," he was saying. "She's too young. Let's keep her to ourselves for a while longer."

Then her mother said, "Trouble is, if we don't get her started out while she's young we can't get her started when she's old. She ought to be making friends with the young men like the other girls of her age. We got to think of her future. We don't want her to be an old maid."

Elizabeth hoped her father would have something else to say on his side, but he seemed to have been temporarily shut up by the axiomatic force of his wife's argument. The force of her mother's argument made Elizabeth tremble. At eighteen Elizabeth had had her romances like many another quiet girl before her—romances locked tightly in her own heart and sweet as the rose of chivalry. What her mother said seemed somehow like a rap on a door which had never been unlocked, but behind which stretched long picture galleries full of knightly forms and faces. A soft murmur seemed to run through the Sir Knights at the rap, they stirred ever so gently, and all their plumes fell a-nodding.

"She's so timid, Mary—" Mr. Shanklin had at last found his side of the fence again. "She's so timid that I don't believe she ever will take to men much. I don't for my life see how you are going to get her started out with these boys. Maybe you know; I don't."

From the picture galleries to Penangton, from the knights to the young men of the Academy, was a long journey. Elizabeth's father had unwittingly turned the key on the door of her romances, and the knights stepped disconsolately back into their frames. The little maid whom they had thus deserted felt very much shaken and afraid, as she hearkened on to her father and mother, and her hands rested quite idly on the piano keys.

"You leave me to manage, Edward," said Mrs. Shanklin. "I'll get her started."

Whether the assured determination of her mother roused some latent force of homologous kind in Elizabeth, or whether Mrs. Shanklin had at last set Elizabeth's face toward something inherently impossible, certain it is that Mary Shanklin had never in her life undertaken a task so utterly difficult as that of getting Elizabeth started. She tried to neglect nothing that would be of any advantage. She got Elizabeth some new dresses, and she kept her out on the front porch a great deal. It was her idea to have Elizabeth go to the front gate and hang over it in a careless sort of way about six o'clock evenings, this being the hour at which the Academy boys and other Penangton young men went home to supper. Not a great deal was accomplished in this way, however, because as soon as Elizabeth saw a young man coming she got around behind the syringa bush and hid until he had passed by. A game of cross-purposes seemed finally to be in operation between mother and daughter. Everything that Mrs. Shanklin counted upon as a lever for Elizabeth, for one reason or another proved ineffectual.

It was a full year before Mrs. Shanklin fully understood the significance of Elizabeth's opposition, but when she did understand it she concluded that she would as well overcome it by one blow as by any long-continued process. The flat fact of opposition was sickening to Mary Shanklin after all her effort. It had been bad enough to have so many difficulties in the way of the race, but to have Elizabeth set in her own mind against even entering the race was too much.

It was at this time that Mr. Shanklin, who had always been a well-liked man in his community, became the incumbent of the county clerk's office. He fell forthwith into the custom, honored of his predecessors, of leaving the office pretty much to his deputy. This gave him time to go out to the farm in the afternoon and get back before dark. It had been such an easy matter for him to get the clerk's office, and the emoluments of the office were such a pleasant matter, that Mr. Shanklin had found himself unable to regret the farm as much as he had expected to. Besides, he had to admit that it was more convenient to live in town. He had the farm profitably rented, and what with the rent and his office, he was enjoying a season of prosperity that he had not known in the country. He was very cheerful, and his back had got up out of the farm-life stoop. He took Elizabeth with him to the country nearly every day, and they had a great deal of enjoyment out of the ride there and back. Mary Shanklin would seldom go. One October evening the Shanklins, father and daughter, were jogging down Weaver road to the farm, when it suddenly came upon Edward Shanklin that he had for a great many years opposed a move that had in the end proved to be in every way to his advantage. He became conscious of a little glow toward his wife. He turned to Elizabeth:

"Are you sorry we a'n't living out here now, Elizabeth?" he asked in a slow, humorous tone.

Elizabeth thought a good while before she answered. "I don't think I am. I like it in

town better." She stopped and thought things over in her careful way. "At least I will if mamma doesn't give me that party," she said.

"Is your ma going to give you a party?" asked Mr. Shanklin in a troubled voice.

"She says she is," answered Elizabeth with more trouble in hers.

If Elizabeth had surprised her mother somewhat that year, she had surprised her father still more. She surprised him most of all when she now said further, "But I don't think I'll go to it."

Before he made bold to answer, Mr. Shanklin looked around at his daughter covertly. With her mouth shut down that way and her body nervously forward on the buggy seat, there was a peculiar, heretofore unremarked, resemblance to her mother. She did not look very happy. Mr. Shanklin's eyes passed from her face back to the fields. He was distinctly impressed with the fact that there was going to be a mix-up of some kind that he would like to keep out of, and yet that he, as a father and a husband, ought to be in. Then he answered Elizabeth in this wise:

"I'm thinking I'll sow the Lower Pasture in wheat next year." Elizabeth sat on stockily. "Your mother thinks it would be better." In the pause that followed, Edward Shanklin gathered all his forces for a liberal concession. "She generally knows, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth's small, thin mouth parted a very little. She did not say anything, but her teeth looked like a little marble wall of stubbornness. Her father found himself wholly unable to proceed. His idea had been to suggest that she put herself in her mother's hands, that she would come out better that way. He had even expected to go on to say that he had done it, and had come out better, an admission he wasn't yet ready to make to his wife, but which he felt he might make to Elizabeth. But he changed his plan radically before that small, white wall, and flicked a fly from the horse and said that flies almost got the best of horses sometimes.

The next morning Mr. Shanklin became further acquainted with the "mix-up." He never bothered to get to his office very early, but sat on the back porch and smoked or whittled for a time. Mrs. Shanklin and Elizabeth were usually in the dining-room at that hour, rubbing the silver or counting the spoons and forks, and they could talk out the window to him. To-day they seemed to be talking to themselves on the inside, somewhat to his exclusion.

"It was her idea to have Elizabeth go to the front gate and hang over it in a careless sort of way"

"We can have five kinds of layer cake besides the angel food, Elizabeth." There was something insistent and even strategic in Mrs. Shanklin's voice. "We can have — let's see — we can have the chocolate — nearly everybody likes chocolate — and caramel and cocoanut —" He saw that Mrs. Shanklin looked up from the sideboard where she had the forks, and cast a reconnoitering glance at Elizabeth, who had the spoons at the table. "Do you think jam cake would be better than lemon, Elizabeth?" she asked incisively.

There was so much frank finality in Mrs. Shanklin's way of putting the matter, so much that meant to walk over so much else, and the reply was so long in coming, that Mr. Shanklin uncrossed his legs restlessly.

"One's as good as another, I guess," Elizabeth said at last. The pent-up tone, something in the slim, contracted face, its habitual lack of animation enhanced now by pallor, the stiffness of its habit, bore in the fact of her daugh-

ter's limitations to Mary Shanklin with sudden, unwonted directness. An extreme fear of fate ran through her as she turned back to the forks with chagrin and disappointment on her face.

"You might take a little more interest, Elizabeth," was all she said.

There was a quiver in the room, the quick-laden moment before an outbreak, and then Elizabeth began to talk pantingly.

"Oh, I suppose I might, mamma. But I don't. I hate it. That's all. I don't want any party. I don't want to go out in society. I don't want to meet young men. I don't want to marry." She had put the spoons down, and was talking now from the folds of her apron. "You made me go to school until you nearly killed me. *You* never did anything much at school, and papa never did, but you expected me to, just the same. You made me take music when I haven't any talent for music, and knew the teacher was laughing at me all the time, and now I suppose you won't rest until you've pushed me into parties when I hate them. I'm not that kind of a girl, and I can't help it. I never will be. Yet you've got to make me miserable because you want me to be that kind. You—you've made me miserable all my life——"

Elizabeth's tears had come so rarely in her life that they were impressive. Besides, for Mary Shanklin they were washing away the very foundations of those castles in the air to which she had flown for comfort through all these years. It was a sorry sight to see them go, their instability a sorry truth to come drifting home on the high tide of Elizabeth's tears. Yet something more ancestral and vital even than her ambitions came in on the tide, and it was the mother in Mary Shanklin who finally spoke.

"Well, never mind, Elizabeth," she said without a quaver; "if you don't want the party, there won't be any. I'm not so anxious for you to be miserable as you think. I want you to be happy at any cost—at any cost."

The cost was so strongly and touchingly depicted on Mrs. Shanklin's face that Mr. Shanklin, who during Elizabeth's outburst had crossed his legs again, now uncrossed them quickly, and got up and went into the sitting-room to get his linen ulster and make off to town. Before he left he came around quietly to the dining-room again. Elizabeth had gone upstairs.

"Don't you mind, Mary," he said; "she will take to it later on."

His wife's eyes clung to his pathetically. "No. No, she won't. She's nineteen now, Edward. It isn't in her. I made a mistake." They stood and looked at each other. She could hardly see him for the flotsam and jetsam strewn about her. How they had washed out of the years once Elizabeth had opened the sluice gates! And how the future years stretched away bleak and barren, without expectation and without intention! She failed at the weary vista, and picked up the linen duster before her and put her face in it and cried.

Her husband came and stood close by her. "See here, Mary," he said, "you did a good thing getting us into town. Elizabeth and I were talking about it yesterday. We both like it."

His wife hushed her sobs in surprise. Then she dried her eyes and said, with a long, indrawn, quivering sigh, as she shook and straightened the duster for him to put on: "It doesn't make any difference that I can see; but 'tisn't every man would own up, I allow you that, Edward."

FIGHTING LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY DR. HENRY C. ROWLAND

"Let us remember, living here in sheltered homes far from the sound and the trials of war, not only their sufferings, but their temptations, their provocations, their trials."—From a speech by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

Dr. Rowland, during two periods of service in the Philippines as Acting Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army, was offered unusual opportunities for studying the physical and mental conditions of the American soldier in the Philippine service. Sailing in the hospital ship "Relief," in 1899, he saw shore service in the Walled City at Manila, afterwards returning to San Francisco, the ship carrying two hundred and sixty-five sick and wounded soldiers. Returning to the Philippines in the transport "Grant," he was assigned to field and hospital service at Calamba and Dagupan, later making an extended cruise in the "Relief" to the southern islands—Negros, Panay, Samar, Leyte, Mindanao, Sulu, and others, receiving sick and wounded soldiers from the various garrisons. This cruise was followed by others to the north of Luzon, so that he saw patients from garrisons scattered all the way from Jolo to Aparri; that is, the whole length of the archipelago. As the greater part of his time was spent among the patients in the wards both on ship and on shore, and as his work brought him into the most intimate personal contact—the relation of doctor and patient—with men representing all the different types of the American soldier, he was able to obtain an excellent understanding of the real sentiment of the soldier, and to discover a reasonable explanation for many conditions which the stay-at-home American does not understand. He returned to the United States the second time on the transport "Sumner," in charge of the insane patients sent aboard by the different shore hospitals, a majority of the cases being melancholia following chronic nostalgia. A study of these cases, following former observations of their earlier stages in the field and in the hospital, served to emphasize the impressions conveyed in his article.

A PRIMARY consideration of the tales of cruelty proceeding from the Philippines must naturally first evoke the query, "Are they true?" "Is it actually the case that commissioned officers of the United States Army have summarily ordered the execution of natives without trial; have ordered the torture of others; and that these orders have been unquestioningly obeyed by noncoms. and privates?" If so, how can it be explained? How can the average American citizen of education and enlightened civilization, who, on the way to his office, reads in a creditable newspaper an account of these atrocities committed by other American citizens of very possibly his own type and associations; how can this well-ordered, well-regulated, modern-minded individual conceive such horrors?

He cannot.

For him to try to deduce from his own observation and experiences the psychic reversion or avatism by which, in a few weeks' time, a civilized individual can hark back to a primitive state of savagery, would be as difficult as it would for him to follow the chemical diatheses by which a few minutes' incineration of his physical self might cause it to be resolved into its original elements.

To presume that these reports of atrocities are wholly or partially untrue, would be to eliminate the necessity of this argument, for the sake of which we will grant the following:

(1) That United States commissioned officers have ordered the execution without trial of natives; (2) that United States commissioned officers have ordered the torture of natives; and (3) that these orders have been carried out without protest, by subordinates; *i.e.*, non-commissioned officers and private soldiers.

It is easy to understand a monomania of blood-thirstiness existing in the individual as the result of heat, fever, exposure, and other climatic conditions. History is full of such cases. The difficult task for us is the conception of an obedient fulfillment of cruel and savage orders by exactly such men as we see about us every day. If our troops were bound by such infrangible ties of discipline as characterize the rank and file of certain continental armies, whose soldiers have sucked in a martial atmosphere from infancy, and to whom the obedience of an order is as much of an unconscious reflex as the act of closing the eyes at the report of a gun, the matter would be clearer.

This, however, is by no means the case. The average American soldier is a comparatively recent production, and although in an all-round military capacity we refuse to admit the existence of his superior, it is true that a blind, implicit obedience to orders is not his highest qualification. On receiving an order,

his first instinct is to analyze its reason, not with any idea of questioning it, but in order that he may carry it out with the greatest individual intelligence. He presupposes that the order is a proper one, but if by any chance it was not, he would be very apt to discover the fact at once.

He is supposed to think. It is required of him. The result is that where three orders would be necessary to obtain a certain result with a platoon of Russian peasants, the American soldier would require but one; that one suggesting to his mind the other two. When he is advancing in open order or on the skirmish line he is often trusted to fight his own fight in his own way; that is, he is expected to use his head. We know of one regiment, which, during its service in Luzon, was able to take entire charge of the repairing and running of the Manila and Dagupan Railroad. In the ranks were to be found experienced civil and mechanical engineers, train-crews, linemen, telegraphic operators, train despatchers, switchmen; in fact, all of the component parts of a complete railroad system. The start of one of these trains was a cure for nostalgia. The engine-driver in the customary blue jean overalls and leather artisan's cap would lean from the window of the diminutive cab; the fireman would loll back with the bell-rope in his hand, and some wit from the ranks, who was playing the *rôle* of conductor, with 200 rounds swung from his waist and a revolver in the place of a ticket punch, would wave his arm and cry, "All aboard for the Northern Limited, stopping at Malolos and Calumpit, junction of the railroad and the dirt road!"

When a man of this sort is ordered to shoot at some one, he is apt to know that it is not a saluting charge! If he was ordered to shoot his brother, or a "bunkie," we fear that he would not act with the lofty, martial self-sacrifice to duty chronicled in history. The chances are that he would shoot high, or perhaps toss his piece into the culprit's hands with an admonition to "hike for the woods"!

A knowledge of these conditions forces us to admit that in the case of the trialless, wholesale executions of which we read, the orders to kill are carried out by the men, not in blind obedience, but because such orders seem to them good. The factors in the production of such a state of mind cannot be distinguished at a range of 12,000 miles. An intelligent comprehension of them demands either a personal experience or an accurate reproduction. Reading in his morning paper of the torture and wholesale extermination of helpless Filipinos, the average New Yorker or Philadelphian thinks at once of the Tom, Dick, or Harry whom he happens to know in the Philippines, and is assured that if only all of the men were of the type of this particular acquaintance there would be no such disgraceful blots on the pages of our nation's recent history!

Now, as a matter of fact, it is just some such Tom, Dick, or Harry who has done these things. Let us try to follow the military career of these three types, and see if we can throw some light upon the casuistry producing such results.

Tom is an intelligent young Irish-American born in New York City. His father is a subcontractor, fairly prosperous and respected. Tom has a good public-school education, and has held a position as shipping clerk in a wholesale house, but has lost it through being a trifle wild in his habits. This has brought down the ire of his parent. They have quarreled, and Tom, in pique and despondency, has enlisted in the United States Regular Infantry.

Dick has been "raised" in Gainesville, Georgia. He is a high-spirited boy, and the fireside reminiscences of Civil War veterans have roused his martial ardor. A quarrel with his sweetheart leaves him with the conviction that he is destined for a hero's death—or proud return.

Harry is a clerk in his uncle's store, the only one in a middle Western village. He has watched the trainloads of troops rushing through on their way to the Pacific Coast, and being Anglo-Saxon, and therefore adventurous, he has been unable to resist the temptation of following them.

Tom, Dick, and Harry meet in the Presidio at San Francisco. There they are physically reëxamined, and assigned to the same company of the same regiment.

Tom was once a "boss" of one of his father's gangs of men, and has a natural capacity for sub-leadership; that is, for inducing other men to carry out the orders of some one in authority. This faculty, with the tactics learned in a militia regiment to which he had once belonged, soon secures for him the rank of "lance corporal."

The regiment embarks on one of the big transports, and as the Farallones slowly merge into the haze below the sky-line, the trio experience the first real pangs of homesickness, which are not alleviated by the month's voyage to Manila.

On landing in Luzon the regiment is sent immediately to the front. At this time almost any direction is the front, and they have not

far to go. At first the excitement of the firing-line, and their interest in strange, new surroundings, sweep away the nostalgia. Later, when the glamor of the novelty has worn off, it returns again, but in the sub-acute and chronic form which is much more insidious. With it they run the usual gamut of heat, fever, dhobie itch, and dysentery, but they are a hardy trio, and all of these elements are but factors in the tempering process. At the end of their first year they find themselves practically immune from petty tropical disorders, but deep down under the chromic tan and the lean, sinewy muscles the sluggish ulcer of discontent gnaws at their hearts.

When the regimental surgeon writes "Nostalgia" as the diagnosis of a patient, he is apt to hesitate for a moment to decide whether the more fitting term might not be "Malingering." At any rate, patients with the former malady do not receive any extra amount of care and attention. Yet this condition, this chronic homesickness, is one of the most dangerous disorders which we have to treat. It represents the solution from which may crystallize insanity. It is the more dangerous in that it is so often unsuspected, and will smolder along until it finally bursts into a flame of suicidal, or homicidal, mania. It accounts for more dementia than sun or fever.

Tom, Dick, and Harry see cases of this kind* before they have been long in the islands. They were sent to garrison a town on the Laguna de Bay. The place had already been twice taken by American troops, but their regiment took it a third time, and then occupied it. It is not the capture of a place that endangers a regiment; it is the subsequent inertia of garrison duty. The excitement of campaigning had by this time entirely worn off. Even the prospect of a fight failed to give them the former thrills. They were forced to rotate in a very limited orbit, as there were only two companies of them, and the insurgents were entrenched all about the place.

When a man is herded with a body of other men for a while, he begins, to a certain extent, to lose his individuality. When there is not one single familiar feature in all of his environment, this loss of a former identity is much enhanced. He begins to cease to think of himself as Jones or Brown or some one else, of such and such a place. He is simply a unit of a certain whole, and the discharge of his duties in this capacity grows more and more automatic. He is no longer influenced by the conditions under which he was born and bred. He ceases to be governed by his former code of ethics. There is nothing around him to remind him that he is himself. His principles unconsciously adjust themselves to surrounding conditions and circumstances. What young Mr. Brown, of Greenfield, Illinois, might have done if offered an indignity by any one, has nothing to do with what Sergeant Brown, —th United States Infantry, might do if, when half-sick and thoroughly disgusted at the end of a long day's march, he is fired on by a native from a Nipa hut.

One day while on guard duty a second sergeant of one of the companies was suddenly seized with an acute dementia. The worst feature of his case lay in the fact that at the time his belt was full of ammunition, and his Krag-Jörgensen was in his hands. He had strayed a few yards from the outposts, "shack," when suddenly and without the slightest warning he threw up his piece and opened a hot, though deliberate fire upon his comrades. The others, recognizing the situation, promptly took to cover. The cover was full of Filipinos, but that was an unimportant item: the Filipinos were poor shots, the sergeant known to be a fine one.

Seeing no one in sight, the madman started for the enemy's trenches at a slow run, and as he ran he howled. The last that was seen of him was as he disappeared in an intervening clump of bamboos. Two days later he returned unharmed, with but five rounds left in his belt. The dementia had passed, leaving him confused and a trifle depressed. Why he was not killed was never definitely learned. His comrades told the surgeon that for several weeks he had been moody and uncommunicative. Once or twice he had remarked that unless they went on a "hike" before long he would lose his mind. His diagnosis was entered in the hospital records as "acute mania," and there being no return of the disorder, he was in due time recorded as "recovered."

A few days later a corporal suddenly leaped from the window of a Nipa hut where he was quartered, and without the slightest discoverable cause, sprang upon a passing native, threw him to the ground, and began to beat him unmercifully. It took ten men to take the soldier to the hospital, where for two hours he raved, suffering apparently from the delusion that he was in action. The surgeon did not give him any sedative, wishing to observe the case. This man had formerly belonged to the signal corps, and in his delirium he sent and received messages, and went through all the technicalities of an advance under fire.

* The following cases cited were personally observed by the author.

Before long he became quiet and slept all night. The following morning he had no recollection of the incident, but was very depressed, rather ashamed of his being in hospital, and requested to be returned to duty as he "felt all right." This man bore an excellent reputation, was popular with his officers and comrades, and had never been known to drink or in any way badly comport himself.

There were two other men in the company who were known to be suffering from chronic nostalgia. The resulting depression of spirits had made them negligent of their duties to the extent of being several times reprimanded, and once or twice sent to the guard-house. Soon there developed the profound conviction that every one was leagued against them. This in one case produced a morbid mental condition that resulted in an attempted suicide by jumping into the river. The other was found by an officer and a squad of men deliberately attempting the murder of a native. It was impossible to discover any motive for the act. One of these men returned to San Francisco under the care of the author, the other was lost sight of. The man who was sent home made a perfect recovery before the Golden Gate was reached.

There was another case of a commissioned officer whose health was such that he was ordered by the commanding medical officer to remain in hospital. This order produced a state of irritation in the patient entirely disproportionate to the cause. Upon his attempting to leave the officers' ward he was forcibly detained, at which his rage knew no bounds, even reaching the point of his loudly threatening to kill the medical officer upon the next opportunity that offered. The recovery of this patient was, as far as we know, complete. Indeed, he could hardly have been described as demented at any time. He was really no more insane than is the man who becomes wildly infuriated at some inanimate object, after the manner of a child who attacks a door against which it has knocked its head.

Quantities of such cases might be cited, all going to prove conclusively that under certain unaccustomed conditions it is possible for men to behave in a manner entirely foreign to all prehabitual impulse as the result of unusual influences upon which they have no gauge. This would, of course, only apply to those whose lives have formerly run in more or less of a groove or track, and usually upon scheduled time. When a machine of this sort gets derailed the wheels continue to revolve, and the result is apt to be disastrous to surrounding objects as well as to the machine.

Tom, Dick, and Harry observe these things with sympathy. Although they have never run off their own track, they are able to understand how it would feel. They do not know the meaning of the word "psychology"; a dissertation on nervous physiology would be lost upon them; nevertheless they are clearly able to follow the cause and effect. Often when on outpost duty through the long, soft, mysterious tropic night, they have felt the gnawing pain of a heartaching homesickness, though they would not have described it as such, so faint and dim has the thought of home become. One by one their letters have ceased to arrive. The last transport brought no tidings, and at their lack, the cold chill of disappointment has proved as hardening as a pail of water on glowing steel. They have long since ceased to look upon friendly natives with a kindly toleration; no longer do they play with the brown babies and chat with the soft-eyed mothers in the market-place. They have found comrades who had grown to trust these furtive islanders, cold and stark, hacked and dismembered in the bananas. They look aslant at the "Amigos" who wish them a smiling, guttural greeting as they pass. A native's life assumes in their eyes an equal value to that of a sheep-killing collie. The sight of a trench full of dead insurgents awakens no more feeling than the wreck of a cattle train. They ponder among themselves, and decide that the only chance of pacification lies in a wholesale cataclysm; an inundation of human blood that will purge the islands of treachery.

So it is with their hard-faced company commander, who has fought his men on both sides of the same trenches. When he plans an advance, the slippery foe rise and scatter like a covey of partridges, to return later and stealthily cut up the outposts. A town or village is taken; let it be three days abandoned, and it is all to do again. No base is necessary for this guerilla foe who mobilize by a smoke on the mountain side, and can make a long day's march upon a handful of bananas and a gourd of ditch water. The captain despairs of accomplishing his work upon any preconceived system of tactics. His enemy refuse either to fight or to surrender. The Filipino soldier is only to be trusted when a Krag has crashed through his vitals. The officers can see ahead of them neither victory nor defeat. They begin to regard the insurrectos as vermin only to be ridded by extermination. They are rats who refuse either to leave the house or to enter the traps. Partial relief comes at last when the batallion is ordered to the

southern islands, and here we see them in still another setting. This is the picture:

The scene, a mountainous island in the Sulu Sea. Palms fringe a gleaming beach in a broad belt of glistening green. Above it, higher on the slope, is a stretch of sun-scorched meadowland. Over this a dark green wall, before which rise the bald trunks of mighty trees, marking the fringe of the forest.

A column of men winds out of the long cool avenue of cocoa palms, pauses a moment, and strikes across the furnace of open meadow beyond which lies the forest. In single file they take the native wood-cutters' winding path, which lies twisting and turning up the incline where the merciless rays of the afternoon sun beat vertically, to be thrown quivering back in shimmering heat waves that mask the outline of the dark green wall beyond. Here and there they dip into a gully where a month ago a spring had been; now dry and parched. The flaming rays have seared the vivid green till it blends with the desiccated meadow grass.

Heat! Heat! Heat! Hot noises, hot smells, dry hot baking vegetation that rustles crisply against their thighs. In the impalpable powder beneath their feet creep creatures stifling to see; lizards breathing dust, insects whose lurid glow is like an ember. Hot smells of dust and scorched weeds burn their throats and nostrils. Over their head comes the droning hum of insects that sounds like an overdose of quinine, and might be. From a dead tree a bell-bug strikes his clear, ringing note.

The contents of canteens are filtered through their hides in the first 500 yards; after that they slake their thirst with thoughts of the cool springs in the woods above. Faster they climb, with the nervous energy which protests more against the thought of up-hill work than at the hill itself. They go through the heat like salamanders, their tough, wiry muscles carrying them along reflexly. They have learned to numb their minds; to avoid translating the effects of discomforts until the cause lies behind. They breathe the dust without a murmur, sweep up the slope, and with a sigh of relief, plunge into the cool dark shadows where never a wanton ray of sunlight strikes the dark, damp mold. An order is given; with one accord canteens and haversacks are unslung, and they throw themselves dog-like and panting, full length upon the fresh green moss. None is tired, none is sick. This is part of their pay—God knows slight enough!—and they take it as they take the heat. These are the survival of the fittest; the volunteer-regulars, the hardy remnants of half a score of regiments tempered to the last degree of martial tropic fitness.

The spring is found and canteens filled; then up they come fresh as flowers after a shower, tough as the lianas that catch their ankles. A sing-song order, and they are under way again, twisting and turning, in and out, trampling the ferns that never before have felt the tread of a white man's foot. Somewhere in front of them lies the sea; somewhere behind them skirting its shores is the other company; between them insurrectos who have broken their faith. Their path is the winding track of the native wood-cutters until they strike the big teak timber; then they make their own. Their guide is the raw-boned company commander, whose grim features following the great law of nature that blends the creature with its environment, are as rough, furrowed, and sun-baked as the arid plains from which he comes. His compass is in his head; the compass of the gull and prairie wolf. Their objective point is the far shore of the island, where the sparkling waves of the Sulu Sea beat on a gleaming sand.

Up they go, saving their breath to drive the rod, while overhead the noisy forest population chatters and screams with loud expressions of wonder and contempt. The tuneful note of a bell-bird comes tolling worshipfully with note subdued through the deep, dark forest aisles.

Great trumpet-shaped orchids, whose vivid colors pierce the shadows like a flame, swing lazily to the breath of the forest. Insects sparkle in the ferns like jewels, and luscious poisonous fruit half hidden tempts them seductively.

Late in the day they dip into a ravine and cross a cascade where the water, strange to say, is clear and cold. Here they camp.

While it is still light, two privates stray away; curious, investigating, comparing Filipino ferns with Pennsylvanian; teak with hemlock timber; admiring greatly. They poke and peer, cut open a nut, whittle a stick, and wonder at the play of colors in the grain, and finally they find upon a small bush a handsome fruit, and because it much resembles a persimmon, they promptly eat. Then within easy earshot of the company they stretch out upon the moss and sleep, nor dream of the furtive, stealthy steps that encircle them as they lie.

The day comes crawling crimsonly down the lofty Pampyan boles accompanied by a maddening chorus of chirping and song, as the tropic woods awake. A blaze of yellow light,

and it is broad day. The sleeping company rises stiffly; pipes are lit, and the drowsy mess cooks kindle tiny fires here and there. Coffee is quickly over, and at roll-call two of the company are missing.

Unanswered shoutings reëcho in eerie calls from the shadowy gorge below. Louder cries are mocked in the high whispers over their heads. A purposeless noise in an awesome place vibrates the nerves that carry fear, so the clamor is stopped, and hurrying squads are sent to beat the near-by thickets. The brother of one of the missing men, and an old chum of the other are in the party that finds them—finds *part* of them—headless, weltering in a pool of blood beneath a fern tree. There are other things about them that are strange, things that are missing, for aborigines are queer collectors.

The men of the searching squad look at them for a moment in silence, a silence observant of every detail. One curses softly, another bursts into tears, not of sorrow and sympathy, but the tears that are displaced by an underlying load of homesickness and past fever. Another man longs to grasp an object that is lying near, and dance and shriek and rave. The corporal says no word, but soon he shakes his head and smiles, a smile to jar the reason of those that see.

Suddenly he whips his revolver from the holster and fires straight into the air. A man questions the act, and says that it is contrary to orders, for the evening before smokes were sighted.

"D——n the orders. I want the others to see!"

The others come—and see. The hard-faced captain gives some sharp-toned orders, and the mutilated corpses are quickly interred where they lie. At the conclusion a man has a chill, and after the chill he raves. Two men carry him bound to a stretcher until he is able to walk again.

They cross the divide that rises between them and the sea beyond, then down they go, following the watercourse which tumbles in their line of march. Fresh water leads to salt; their destination is the sea, and the beach is easier to travel than tangled forest. Besides, they have a horror of the place, and because there is so much room for noise they travel in silence and whispers. Men who laugh at the spit of a Mauser, leap at the hoarse croak of a Toucan. Swarthy cheeks that defied the slanting rays of the tropic sun, blanch at the rustle of a jungle monkey.

They trip on slippery boulders and coast down slanting rocks upon their heels. Their eyes are all about them, watching for the Unknown.

Down they go, slipping and falling, bruising their bodies on roots and stones, stung by insects and poisonous plants, choking with thirst (for they have left the stream), and haunted by the shadows now creeping in from the west. Then suddenly they plunge from the tangle into a beaten path and see far below them a vista of sparkling waves.

The head of the column halts while the stragglers come in. Down the slope beneath them a smoke rises straight into the breathless air. They see it without heed, for the town below is friendly, and it is at the earnest supplication of its Presidente that they have come.

On they swing in column of fours, strongly but in silence, for their spirits are as low as the sun that is dropping in the sea beneath. At the bottom of the hill the path turns sharply and winds between cane and bananas. Here the captain calls another halt, while his keen and restless eye roves searchingly over the thicket in the line of march.

Far ahead some roofs of Nipa thatch grow golden in the sunset. Above them towers the spire of a cathedral, from whose high belfry no angelus is heard. Quiet is on every hand, but they will find it busy in the market-place. Still, something is lacking, something is in excess. It is the feeling of oppression in the air—the low barometric unrest that affects the nerves of the skilful mariner before the glass begins to fall.

A sharp, quick order, and the company is divided. Another order, and the first platoon halts, while a squad quickly deploys as skirmishers in advance of the column.

The cultivated fields are passed, then the road dips through a thicket before coming out upon the town. Here the jungle advances impenetrably, thick as a fog, darker than the forest, for the light that they have just left.

The last squad has entered, when a rustling arises from the creepers on both sides—the rustling of an anaconda as it uncoils; the rustling of the king cobra, as, with sibilant hiss, it raises its head to strike. It smites first the ears of the captain.

"*Lie down!*"

Many have obeyed before they hear the order. The jungle spouts flame. There follow parabolic flashes of light and the glint of spear and barong, kris and bolo, as the thicket swarms with life; a foul, festering life, such as only a tropic sun can spawn.

Nimbly the slant-eyed prowlers slip through the bamboo stalks, and heavy knife in hand leap agilely into the road to complete the

massacre begun, never thinking that one of the weary-footed foe can have withstood the shock of the unexpected onslaught.

The corporal, who is bunkie to the murdered man of the night before, laughs for the second time that day as he parries a bolo thrust, wrenches the weapon from the claw-like hand that wields it, and sends it crashing through the dome-shaped skull. He laughs again as he picks a long spear from the ground, and digs it into the bowels of a native who has thrust a Remington against his breast. He is still laughing as the piece goes off, and blows his heart out.

A child to-day is the same as a child of three thousand years ago; yet see the difference in the man. That is to say, a civilized, educated man lives three thousand years in thirty. Truly we are very old!

Yet sometimes we hark back along the trail until we reach a point that coincides with our environment—a point where the treatment of a primitive condition will not be warped by a misapplied modernism.

So it is with the company. Each man thinks of the headless corpses on the mountain side; each man is living in the glamor of late impression. They have seen savage sights; they have eaten the food of savages; they have thought savage thoughts; the cries of savages are ringing in their brains. In all their surroundings there is not one single object to remind them that they belong to an era of civilization. Their lust of slaughter is reflected from the faces of those around them. They crave slaughter more than food and sleep.

Homesickness and fever, sun and treachery, have broken down their few centuries of civilization.

The fight is over. A score of dead men lie grotesquely as they fell. A score of prisoners stand sullenly, surrounded by their captors. The captain gazes on them moodily and tugs his long mustache. The men, panting and dripping sweat and blood, watch the captives as terriers surround a rat-trap. A beardless boy with the bar of a lieutenant pinned to the collar of his flannel shirt steps to his commanding officer.

"What shall we do with them?" he asks, nodding to the scowling group of natives.

The captain looks at his dead and wounded. New lines seem to furrow his care-worn face.

"Bring them along. Make them carry the dead and wounded."

The column is again in motion, slower than before. In silence they enter the silent village, now deserted. They reach the marketplace.

"Halt!"

"Line those niggers up against that wall."

Scowling and sullen, muttering and watchful of a chance, the bolomen are jostled into place.

"Fall in!"

The weary men shuffle to their places.

"In two ranks! Form compan-i-e! March!"

"Front rank—kneel!"

"Load!"

The boyish lieutenant turns to his captain. Both men's faces are pale beneath their tan.

"Are you going to shoot them, sir? Will it——"

"Oh, my God—what's the use—what else is there to do?"

One of the wounded men upon a bamboo stretcher groans, grips his abdomen, shrieks, and drops back dead.

A change comes over the face of the lieutenant. He falls back to his place.

"Load!" The order is superfluous.

"Aim! Pick the man facing you!"

"Fire!"

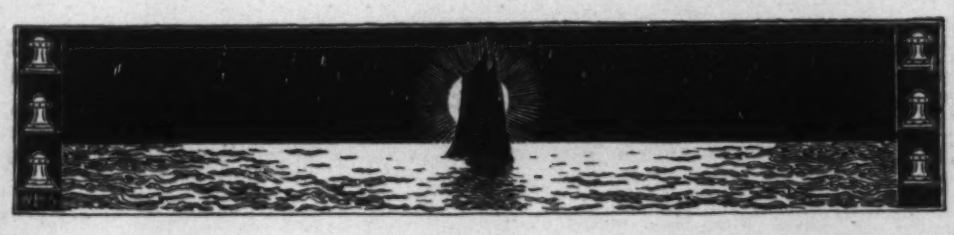
A roar reëchoes from the mountain side. The brown line wavers and wilts, groveling in the dust. Three men of the prisoners scramble to their knees.

Tom, now a sergeant, walks to the first, and places the muzzle of his revolver to his head.

"This is for Dick!" A sharp report. He walks to the second.

"This is for Harry!" The scream of the victim mingles with the crash. The third man leaps to his feet. The pistol covers him.

"This is for *me!*"



IN THE MARRIED QUARTERS

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING

Illustrated by W. Glackens

MR. BROOKTON RIVERS watched the spark at the end of his cigar as he held the short stub between his thumb and forefinger. It was going out. While he had had that cigar to smoke his mind had been at rest, for he knew that he was going to sit in that particular angle in the piazza until he finished it, which would be about half-past eight. After that—what?

He threw away the cigar end, and leaned meditatively forward to catch a glimpse of the moon as it rose over the patch of straggling woods next to the Queen Anne cottage opposite him. It showed a deserted piazza, and a man and his wife and two small children walking past it. The man walked with the heavy, shuffling steps of a laborer, and the woman, in a white shirt-waist and a dragging skirt, held one child by the hand, while the other, in tiny trousers, toddled bow-leggedly behind. As they vanished down the street, two silent men on bicycles sped past, their little lamps twinkling in the shadows; then half a dozen more, laughing and calling to each other; then a swiftly driven buggy that sent the dust flying up on the vines that were already laden with it. The prevailing smell of the humid night was of damp weeds. It was also very hot.

There were no lights in the house opposite, nor in the one next to it, nor in the one next to that; nor were there any, as he knew without seeing, in either of the houses next to his own. From farther down the street came the sound of a jangling piano, obstructed intermittently by the loud, unvaried barking of a melancholy dog. From nearer by the persistent wail of a very young infant, protesting already against existence in such a hot world, became more and more unbearable each instant. Mr. Rivers absent-mindedly killed three feasting mosquitoes at a blow, and rose to his feet with determination. He could stay here no longer. Should he go out, or retire to his room in the doubtful comfort of extreme *négligé*, and read?

It will, of course, be evident to the meanest suburban intelligence that the month was August, and that Mrs. Rivers was away, as were most of her immediate neighbors, enjoying a holiday by either mountains or seashore. Rivers could see in imagination how glorious this moonlight became as the waves rolled into its path and broke there on the wet sands into a delicious rush and swirl of silvery sparkling foam. He could smell the very perfume of the sea, and feel the cold breath that the water exhales with one's face close down by it, no matter how warm the night. It had been a pretty bad day in town. He was glad, very glad, that Elizabeth had the change; she needed it. He had said this stoutly to himself many times in the last six weeks, and knew that it was true. She had protested against going, and only yielded at last for the children's sake and in wifely obedience to lawful masculine authority. He had insisted on sleeping in the house alone, in defiance of her pleading, alleging an affinity for his own bed, his own belongings, and an individual bath-tub. A woman came once a week to sweep and straighten up the house. He had repeatedly declared there would be really nothing to do after business hours but to go around and enjoy himself. He had made her almost envious of these prospective joys. He would take little trips to Manhattan Beach with "the boys," and go to Bronxville to see Tom Westfield, as he had been meaning to for five years, and visit the roof-garden with the Danas, who were on from St. Louis, and take dinner at the Café Ruritania. On the between nights he would visit the neighbors. All these things he had done, more or less disappointingly; but what should he do to-night?

"I beg your pardon, Rivers, but have you any paregoric in the house? We've got to get something to quiet the baby."

A tall, thin, wearied-looking young man had come up the steps hidden by the vines in which dwellers in a mosquito country are wont to picturesquely embower themselves, defiant of results.

"Why, how are you, Parker?" said Rivers cordially. "Paregoric is it that you want? Come inside and we'll have a look for it, old man." He led the way, scratching matches as he went, to relieve the darkness, and dropping them on the floor as they went out, and finally lighting the gas in the butler's pantry.

"My wife keeps the medicines on the top shelf here, to be out of the way of the children," he explained. "I don't know about the paregoric, though. I seem to remember that she didn't believe much in using it for babies."

"We've had a fight with the nurse about it," said the other man, gnawing at a very light mustache as he leaned against the door, "but, great Scott, Rivers, we've got to do something. *I* would have murdered anybody whose child cried like this one. We've been complained of as it is. That's paregoric, isn't it?"

"Watched the spark at the end of his cigar"

"It was; but the bottle's empty," said Rivers, who was standing on the rung of a chair, holding out a vial now and then from an inner recess, to read the name on it. "That's another empty bottle—and here's *another* empty bottle—and this is—another. Bottle of sewing machine oil. Prescription for neuralgia, 178,902—empty. Bottle of glycerine—confound the thing, the cork was out of it; get my handkerchief for me out of my pocket, will you? Prescription for hair tonic—empty bottle. Another empty prescription bottle. Dregs of cough medicine. What in thunder does Bess want with all these empty bottles? I'm awfully sorry, Parker; but we don't seem to have the stuff you want—or any other, for that matter."

"Never mind," said Parker, "I'll ride down to the village and get some. I'd have gone there first, but the tire of my wheel wants blowing up."

"I'd lend you my wheel, but it's at the shop," called Rivers, as he disappeared out of the door.

"'What in thunder does Bess want with all these empty bottles?'"

He put the bottles back, upsetting as he did so a package of some white powder, out of which ran three cockroaches. As he stooped to gather it up again in the paper he disturbed a half-eaten peach which he remembered leaving there the night before, and a small colony of ants that had made their dwelling in it scuttled cheerily around. He uttered an exclamation of disgust, and shut the door of the butler's pantry upon them. The whole house seemed given up to a plague of insects, utterly unknown in the reign of its careful mistress. In spite of window screens, small, stinging mosquitoes whizzed out from everything he touched; spiders hung down from webs in the ceiling, and a moth had flown from his closet that very morning. He kept the blinds and windows closed while he was away all day; he had begun by leaving them open, but a slanting shower had made havoc in his absence, and also flooded the cellar through the open cellar door. It had not dried up since, and he was sure that there were fleas down there.

There was a deadly hot damp and silence in the dining-room and parlor as he came through them, and the same unnatural atmosphere in the rooms above, as he drearily invaded them for a clean collar. Every place was shut up and in order; the tops of the dressing-tables, even, were bare, save for the clean towel laid over each. His own room was in an ugly, disheveled confu-

sion, and though his windows were open, no air came through the wire screens. He opened a closet door inadvertently, and the sight of a pink kimono of his wife's and the hats of the two little boys hanging up neatly beside it emphasized his solitude. His latent idea of spending the rest of the evening at home was gone from him; he felt that he could not get out of this accursed house quick enough, although he had not made up his mind where to go. He did not feel up to cheering the sick man in the next street, or equal to a gentle literary conversation with the two elderly ladies beyond, who had known his mother. He wanted to go somewhere where he could smoke, and have some pleasing, light drink for refreshment, and be cheered and amused himself.

The Callenders! If he only had his wheel—it was nine o'clock now, and the place was away over on the other side of the town. Never mind, he would go, and chance their being at home and out of bed when he got there. Anything to get away from this loathsome place, although coming back to it again seemed suddenly an impossible horror. He wondered if he were getting ill. The night before——

"A pink kimono of his wife's"

As he walked, the shadows of the moonlight lengthened his long legs and their dragging strides. His face, with its short, brown beard, and the hollows under his dark eyes, was bent forward. He figured out anew the income there would be from his insurance money, and how it might be supplemented for Bess and the children. Clearly, he would have to earn more before he died. And oh, the burden, the burden, the burden was his! The thought leaped out like a visible thing. Her sweet presence, her curling hair, her dimples, her loving feminine inconsequence, with the innocent, laughing faces of the little boys overlaid the daily care for him; but, with these appointed Lighteners of Life away, it loomed up into a hideously exaggerated specter that seemed to have always had its hand upon his fearsome heart, and only pressed a little closer upon him now in this hot, windless night. Even his wilted collar partook of the tragic. He might as well have kept on the first one.

"Hello! Hello! Where are you going? This is the place." A shout of laughter accompanied the words. "Come up, brother; we've been waiting for you!"

He looked up, to see that he was in front of the Callenders' house, and that the piazza, a large square end of which was screened off into a room, held a company in jovial mood, under moonlight as bright as day. The women were in white, with half-bare necks and arms, rocking and fanning themselves, and the men in tennis shirts and belts, two of them smoking pipes, and the other a cigar. A tray, holding a large crystal bowl and glasses, stood on a bamboo table at one side, half shielded by jars of palms whose spiked shadows carpeted the floor and projected themselves across the white dress and arms of Mrs. Callender, while she held the door open with one hand, and half welcomed, half dragged him in with the other, amid a chorus of voices.

"Come in, come in; you're one of us."

"If you let a mosquito in— Take that chair by Mrs. Weir if you feel up to it; she wants to be entertained."

"I feel up to anything—now," said Rivers, taking with alacrity the seat allotted to him, after shaking hands with pretty Mrs. Waring, who lived next door, and her cousin, Mrs. Weir. "Same old crowd, I see."

The laughter broke out anew as his wondering eyes took tally of the group, and he said, "Where's Callender? And Weir? What's the joke?"

"Oh, don't ask for any woman's husband, or any man's wife," said Mrs. Callender despairingly, with her graceful figure reclining back in the low chair. "Can't you see that we're all detached?" Her charming smile suddenly broke forth. "It's really too absurd."

"No!" said Rivers, a light dawning on him.

"Nichols, you don't mean that you are on the waiting list, too?"

Mr. Nichols, a large man with a grizzled head, nodded and helped himself to the contents of the suggestive bowl. "The missus and the kids went off last week; I'm detained for a while longer. As for Callender, he got a summons from the company, and he's half way to Chicago by this time—I hope. I came over on purpose to tell his last words to his wife, who didn't want them."

"Ned had already brought them," said Mrs. Callender, turning to the tall, dark man of the cigar—Mr. Attwood, who was her brother. "It's such a mercy that he happened to come on, or I'd have been here all alone."

"Looks like it," said Mr. Porter, a stout, fair gentleman with a cool gray eye, a bald head, and a gurgling laugh. "What do you think, Rivers; these girls here"—he waved his hand—"had been counting on seeing the whole lot of us to-night, and brewed that lemonade on purpose."

"Every one has come now but the Martindales," said Mrs. Weir, a little woman with loosely piled dark hair, and a gentle, winning voice, occasionally diversified with a surprising shriek of laughter.

"The Martindales! Why, they only returned this evening; I met them on the boat," said Rivers.

"Yes, we know that; but one of them will be over here just the same," said Mrs. Callender, placidly. "They'll want to see what we're doing. Do, somebody, pay a little attention to Mrs. Waring; she hasn't said a word for half an hour. I believe she's hoping that Henry'll be too homesick to stay away."

"'*If you let a mosquito in*—'"

"Not quite," said Mrs. Waring, with a little tremble of her lower lip.

"Nice, kind little woman you are," said Porter severely. "Want to enjoy yourself thinking how unhappy Waring is. Well, I'm *glad* he went, and I hope he'll stay until he's well. If any man needed a change he did."

"He would have taken me with him if I could have left the children," murmured Mrs. Waring.

"Yes; the children win every time," said Porter with easy philosophy. "You think you're important, my brothers, until you're confronted with your own offspring, and then you're not in it."

"I don't see," said Mr. Nichols, filling his pipe again, "why a man's family should stay in town and broil because he has to. It wouldn't be any satisfaction to *me;* I know that. My little girls write to me every day."

"I remember," said Rivers, leaning forward; "once when Bess and I took a trip together, we had to come home just when the fishing was at its height, because she imagined what it would be like if a menagerie broke loose and a tiger got at little Brook when he was asleep in his crib. She said she knew it was perfectly absurd, but she couldn't stand it a moment longer. So we came home."

He laughed tenderly at the reminiscence, as in the presence of something known of old—something to be smiled at, and yet reverenced. The fierce maternal impulses of his wife were divine to Rivers. He loved her the more for her foolishness; it seemed fitting, and all he could expect, that the children should be her passion, as she was his. If he had once dreamed that it would be otherwise, he knew better now. Women were to be taken care of and loved for their very limitations, even if one bore a little sense of loss and soreness forever in one's own heart. What could they know?

"Why don't you take a vacation, Mr. Rivers?" asked Mrs. Weir later, as the others had fallen into general conversation. "You look as if *you* needed it. Mr. Nichols says it was dreadful in town to-day—forty-seven heat prostrations."

"Oh, I can't get off," said Rivers, with unconscious weariness in his voice. "It makes an awful lot of difference when you're running the business yourself. If I were working for somebody else I'd take my little two weeks, the way my own clerks do, without caring a hang what became of the concern in my absence. I thought I was going to get up to Maine over the Fourth, and after all I couldn't leave in time. It's quite a journey, you know. Bess and the boys were as disappointed as I was," he added conscientiously. "But they're getting along finely. Sam and Jack are learning to swim, she says—pretty good for little shavers of five and six! They're as brown as Indians. She says"—he began to laugh as he repeated confidentially some anecdotes of their prowess, to which Mrs. Weir, apparently, listened with the deeply interested attention that is balm to the family exile, only asking him after a while, irrelevantly, as he pushed back the hair from his forehead:

"How did you get that ugly cut on your temple?"

"'*I don't mind telling you*'"

and the other men laughed with him; but the women, even Mrs. Callender, who had no children, were serious, and Mrs. Weir said, as if speaking for the rest:

"Yes; one does feel that way sometimes."

The men looked at each other, and nodded,

Even in the moonlight she could see his face flush.

"Oh, come, Rivers," said Attwood, who was passing; "make up some story, for the credit of mankind."

"Then you might as well have the truth, I

"An excited conclave by the open refrigerator

suppose," said Rivers, laughing, yet embarrassed. "It's really nothing, though. I felt dizzy and queer when I went to bed last night. I suppose it was just the heat, and I have had a good deal to carry in a business way lately. I found myself at daylight this morning lying on the floor, with my head by the edge of the bureau, and I don't know in the least how I got there; I have a faint memory that I started to go for some water. I'm all right to-day, though; it hasn't bothered me a bit."

"No; of course not," said Mrs. Weir encouragingly. "And you don't mind staying alone?" she dropped her voice.

"Oh, no; not at all. Only—I don't mind telling *you*"—he looked at her with strange eyes—"I *hate* the house! It's got all the plagues of Egypt in it. And all the hours I've spent alone there are shut up in it too. I know just how it's going to be when I open that front door and walk in."

"Stay here to-night," said Mrs. Weir smoothly. "Stay here with Mr. Attwood; Mrs. Callender will be delighted to have you."

"Oh, I can't, possibly," said Rivers with decision. "I didn't even lock the front door when I came away. I only remembered it a moment ago. And I won't really mind a bit after I'm once back there. It's only the plunge. You're awfully good to me, Mrs. Weir," he added gratefully; but he wanted his wife—he did not want to be confidential with any one but her. No matter what enjoyment he had in this brief hour, it was bound to fail him at the end. One of the dearest pleasures of married life is the going home together after the outside pleasuring is over.

As they all trooped into the dining-room for the crabs and salad Mrs. Callender told of as in the ice-box, the figure of Elizabeth in her pink kimono seemed to weave in and out among the others; but in another moment he was laughing and talking uproariously with the men, while the women, on Mrs. Callender's assertion that the servants were in bed, tucked up their gowns and descended the cellar stairs for the provisions, refusing all masculine assistance.

"I think it's an eternal shame," said Mrs. Callender, as the three held an excited conclave in cellared seclusion by the open refrigerator. "It's just as Celeste says. He's ill—any one can see it. Why, he starts whenever he's spoken to. He told Mr. Callender the other day that he'd been horribly worried about business. He's a nervous kind of fellow, and he takes everything too hard. He ought not to be left alone in this way."

"I think somebody ought to write to *her*," said Mrs. Waring solemnly, resting the dish of salad on the top of the ice-box. "I think it's perfectly heartless of her to go on enjoying herself when he's ill."

"She doesn't know it," interrupted Mrs. Callender with rare justice.

"That's what I say; somebody ought to *tell* her. She never seems to think about anything but herself, though—or the children, or clothes. If I thought that Henry—but I'd never leave him this way—never. *I* wouldn't have a bit of comfort. He's so devoted to his home, just like Mr. Rivers."

"Do you know, I have a dreadful feeling that something is going to happen to him to-night.'

"If you had heard him talk"— said Mrs. Weir with tragic impressiveness.

The women looked at each other silently.

"Seemed to be all red hair and smiles"

"Are we to have anything to eat to-night, or are you girls going to converse until morning?" came the steady tones of Porter from the head of the stairs. "It's after eleven now."

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Callender, hastily completing her preparations. "Yes! we're coming. You can send Ned down now to crack some more ice, and then we'll be ready."

But she turned to say: "I think some one *ought* to go home with him."

"This is what I call comfort," said Porter as they sat hilariously around the Flemish oak table, eating the cool viands and drinking anew from the iced bowl, a lacy square of white linen and a glass vase of scarlet nasturtiums gracing the center of the board. "Clear, clear comfort! I feel at peace with all mankind—even with Attwood, who believes in an imperial policy."

"Hush," said Mrs. Callender. "Who is that on the piazza?"

The door opened, a head was thrust in, and a shout arose.

"Martindale! Martindale, by all that's holy! Come in; we're expecting you."

"That's mighty good of you," said the intruder, who seemed to be all red hair and smiles. "All the same, you don't seem to have left me much of anything to eat." He drew up a chair to the table and sat down.

"Where's your wife?" asked Mrs. Weir.

"Oh, she had a headache this evening. I went out for a ride, and when I came back I saw you were on deck over here, so I thought I'd look in and see what was up." He stopped, oblivious of the renewed laughter, and stared at Rivers. "Why, when did *you* get here? I saw a light in your house ten minutes ago. I nearly dropped in on you."

"A light in *my* house!" exclaimed Rivers. He rose, and the others instinctively rose also, with startled glances at each other.

"Perhaps your family has come home," suggested Mrs. Waring.

Rivers shook his head. "No; I had a letter from Bess to-day, saying she had taken the rooms for two weeks more. It might have been Parker; but I don't think so. Are you sure you saw a light?"

"On the lower floor," asseverated Martindale. "Was the door locked when you came out?"

"No."

"All right," said Attwood briskly. "Porter and I'll go back with you, Rivers. No; we don't need you, Nichols, you're tired. Come up-stairs and choose from Callender's arsenal."

"Each of those women begged me secretly not to let *him* get shot," whispered Porter to his companion, as they set off at a jog trot down the street, Rivers a little ahead. "I suppose they could sing our requiems with pleasure."

"I know. They pounded it into me too. They've got some kind of an idea between 'em that he's coming to harm. Anything for an excitement. We'll get ahead of him when we're a little nearer to the house."

It looked very dark and still as they reached it. The moon had set, and the patch of straggling woods stretched out weird and formless. The piano, the infant, the yelping dog, had given place to an oppressive silence, save for the dismal chirping of insects and the shuddering of a train of coal cars, as it backed far off down the track.

"A round, white arm, half clad in the loose sleeve of a pink kimono"

"There is no light now," said Porter. The three were drawn up in a line

outside the house, and, even while he spoke, the gas flared up bright in the second story. The edge of a shadow wavered toward the back of the room; then it came forward and disappeared. The next moment the shade of the front window was partly drawn up, and

"'*No, my Betsy, I do not mind*'"

pulled down again by a round, white arm, half clad in the loose sleeve of a pink kimono.

Rivers sat in the big wicker chair, with his arms around his little wife. Her head, with its light curls, lay on his shoulder, and both of her hands held one of his large ones as she talked.

"You are sure you do not mind my coming in this way?"

"No. No, my Betsy, I do not mind." He touched his lips to her forehead, and smoothed the folds of her pink gown with the strong, unnecessarily firm touch of a man. "But where are the boys?"

"I left them with Alice"—Alice was her sister—"for another week. I couldn't bring them back in this hot weather."

"Left them with Alice!"

"Yes; don't talk about it." She colored nervously, and then went on: "I know they're all right, but if I think about it too much I'll get silly—as I did about you. But of course it's really different with them, for they have some one to look after them, and Alice will telegraph every day."

"How did you get silly about me?"

She clasped and unclasped his hand. "I don't know. Yes, I do. It was worse than the time I thought of little Brook and the tiger. I kept imagining and imagining dreadful things. Last night I thought you were—dead. I saw you fallen on the floor." Her voice dropped to a note of horror, and her eyes grew dark as they stared at him. "Where did you get that cut on your forehead? Were you ill last night? *Did* you have a fall?"

He nodded, gazing steadily at her.

"I'm all right now."

"Oh," she said, with a long, shivering breath, and hid her face on his shoulder. Presently she fell to kissing his hand, holding it tight when he strove to draw it away. Then she went on in a smothered tone, with a little pause between each sentence:

"I got here at ten o'clock. I thought you'd *never* come home. Of course I *knew* you were at the Callenders'. I went to work and cleared up the butler's pantry, or I couldn't have *slept* here! The house is in a dreadful condition."

"Yes. Don't you care."

"I don't. I'll have an army here cleaning to-morrow. But, oh, Brookton"— she broke off suddenly—"don't send me away again!" There was a new, passionate ring in her voice. "*Never* send me away again. I've been wild, wild, *wild* for you! Promise never to send me away again. Let me stay with you always—whatever happens—like this—until we die!" A sob caught her by the throat.

The strong and tender clasp of his arms answered her. Her trembling ceased. After a silence he said gently:

"I'm going down-stairs now to lock up."

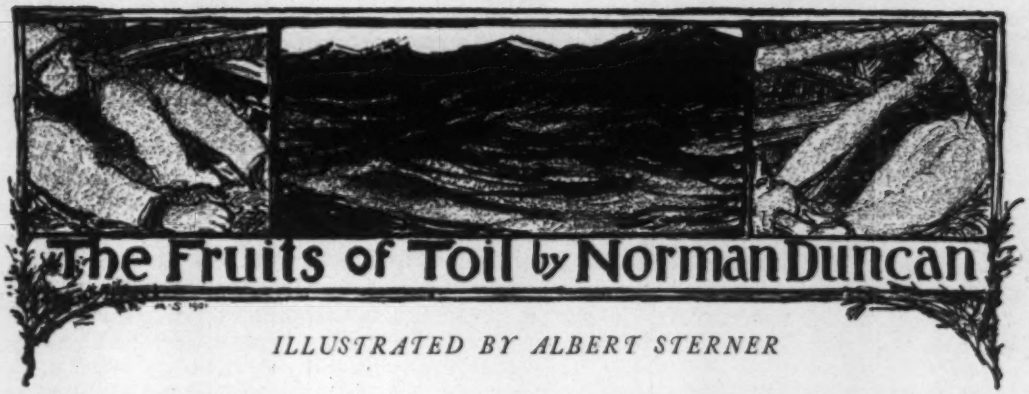
She rose, flushing under his smiling eyes as he held her off at arm's-length to say:

"It seems to me you've reached a high pitch of romance after seven years, Mrs. Rivers!"

"Ah, don't, don't," she deprecated. She raised her drooping head and flashed a reckless glance at him, half mirthful, half tragic.

"Oh, it's dreadful to care so much for *any* man! Goodness knows what I'll get to in seven years more!"

"And He set his right foot upon the sea and his left foot upon the earth and cried with a loud voice as when a lion roareth; and when he had cried seven thunders uttered their voices"



The Fruits of Toil by Norman Duncan

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT STERNER

NOW the wilderness, savage and remote, yields to the strength of men. A generation strips it of tree and rock, a generation tames it and tills it, a generation passes into the evening shadows as into rest in a garden, and thereafter the children of that place possess it in peace and plenty, through succeeding generations, without end, and shall to the end of the world. But the sea is tameless; as it was in the beginning, it is now, and shall ever be—mighty, savage, dread, infinitely treacherous and hateful, yielding only that which is wrested from it, snarling, raging, snatching lives, spoiling souls of their graces. The tiller of the soil sows in peace, and in a yellow, hazy peace he reaps; he passes his hand over a field, and, lo, in good season he gathers a harvest, for the earth rejoices to serve him. The deep is not thus subdued; the toiler of the sea—the Newfoundlander of the upper shore—is born to conflict, ceaseless and deadly, and, in the dawn of all the days, he puts forth anew to wage it, as his father did, and his father's father, and as his children must, and his children's children, to the last of them; nor from day to day can he foresee the issue, nor from season to season foretell the worth of the spoil, which is what chance allows. Thus laboriously, precariously, he slips through life: he follows hope through the toilsome years; and past summers are a black regret and bitterness to him, but summers to come are all rosy with new promise.

Long ago, when young Luke Dart, the Boot Bay trader, was ambitious for shore patronage, he said to Solomon Stride, of Ragged Harbor, a punt fisherman: "Solomon, b'y, an' you be willin', I'll trust you with twine for a cod trap. An' you trade with me, b'y, I'll trade with you, come good times or bad." Solomon was young and lusty, a mighty youth in bone and seasoned muscle, lunged like a blast furnace, courageous and finely sanguine. Said he: "An' you trust me with twine for a trap, skipper, I'll deal fair by you, come good times or bad. I'll pay for un, skipper, with the first fish I cotches." Said Luke Dart: "When I trust, b'y, I trust. You pays for un when you can." It was a compact; so, at the end of the season, Solomon builded a cottage under the Man-o'-War, Broad Cove way, and married a maid of the place. In five months of that winter he made the trap, every net of it, leader and all, with his own hands, that he might know that the work was good, to the last knot and splice. In the spring, he put up the stage and the flake, and made the skiff; which done, he waited for a sign of fish. When the tempered days came, he hung the net on the horse, where it could be seen from the threshold of the cottage. In the evenings he sat with Priscilla on the bench at the door, and dreamed great dreams, while the red sun went down in the sea, and the shadows crept out of the wilderness.

"Woman, dear," said this young Solomon Stride, with a slap of his great thigh, "'twill be a gran' season for fish this year."

"Sure, b'y," said Priscilla, tenderly; "'twill be a gran' season for fish."

"Ay," Solomon sighed, "'twill that—this year."

The gloaming shadows gathered over the harbor water, and hung, sullenly, between the great rocks, rising all roundabout.

"'Tis handy t' three hundred an' fifty dollars I owes Luke Dart for the twine," mused Solomon.

"'Tis a hape o' money t' owe," said Priscilla.

"Hut!" growled Solomon, deep in his chest. "'Tis like nothin'."

"'Tis not much," said Priscilla, smiling, "when you has a trap."

Dusk and a clammy mist chased the glory from the hills; the rocks turned black, and a

wind, black and cold, swept out of the wilderness and ran to sea.

"Us'll pay un all up this year," said Solomon. "Oh," he added loftily, "'twill be easy. 'Tis t' be a gran' season!"

"Sure!" said she, echoing his confidence.

Night filled the cloudy heavens overhead. It drove the flush of pink in upon the sun, and, following fast and overwhelmingly, thrust the flaring red and gold over the rim of the sea; and it was dark.

"Us'll pay un for a trap, dear," chuckled Solomon, "an' have enough left over t' buy a——"

"Oh," she cried, with an ecstatic gasp, "a sewin' machane!"

"Iss," he roared. "Sure, girl!"

But, in the beginning of that season, when the first fish ran in for the caplin and the nets were set out, the ice was still hanging off shore, drifting vagrantly with the wind; and there came a gale in the night, springing from the northeast—a great, vicious wind, which gathered the ice in a pack and drove it swiftly in upon the land. Solomon Stride put off in a punt, in a sea tossing and white, to loose the trap from its moorings. Three times, while the pack swept nearer, crunching and horribly groaning, as though lashed to cruel speed by the gale, the wind beat him back through the tickle; and, upon the fourth essay, when his strength was breaking, the ice ran over the place where the trap was, and chased the punt into the harbor, frothing upon its flank. When, three days thereafter, a west wind carried the ice to sea, Solomon dragged the trap from the bottom. Great holes were bruised in the nets, head rope and span line were ground to pulp, the anchors were lost. Thirty-seven days and nights it took to make the nets whole again, and in that time the great spring run of cod passed by. So, in the next spring, Solomon was deeper in the debt of sympathetic Luke Dart—for the new twine and for the winter's food he had eaten; but, of an evening, when he sat on the bench with Priscilla, he looked through the gloaming shadows gathered over the harbor water and hanging between the great rocks, to the golden summer approaching, and dreamed gloriously of the fish he would catch in his trap.

"Priscilla, dear," said Solomon Stride, slapping his iron thigh, "they be a fine sign o' fish down the coast. 'Twill be a gran' season, I'm thinkin'."

"Sure, b'y," Priscilla agreed; "'twill be a gran' cotch o' fish you'll have this year."

Dusk and the mist touched the hills, and, in the dreamful silence, their glory faded; the rocks turned black, and the wind from the wilderness ruffled the water beyond the flake.

"Us'll pay Luke Dart this year, I tells you," said Solomon, like a boastful boy. "Us'll pay un twice over."

"'Twill be fine t' have the machane," said she, with shining eyes.

"An' the calico t' use un on," said he.

And so, while the night spread overhead, these two simple folk feasted upon all the sweets of life; and all that they desired they possessed, as fast as fancy could form wishes, just as though the bench were a bit of magic furniture, to bring dreams true—until the night, advancing, thrust the red and gold of the sunset clouds over the rim of the sea, and it was dark.

"Leave us goa in," said Priscilla.

"This year," said Solomon, rising, "I be goain' t' cotch three hundred quintals o' fish. Sure, I be—this year."

"'Twill be fine," said she.

It chanced in that year that the fish failed utterly; hence, in the winter following, Ragged Harbor fell upon days of distress; and three old women and one old man starved to death—and five children, of whom one was the infant son of Solomon Stride. Neither in that season, nor in any one of the thirteen years coming after, did this man catch three hundred quintals of cod in his trap. In pure might of body—in plenitude and quality of strength—in the full, eager power of brawn—he was great as the men of any time, a towering glory to the whole race, here hidden; but he could not catch three hundred quintals of cod. In spirit—in patience, hope, courage, and the fine will for toil—he was great; but, good season or bad, he could not catch three hundred quintals of cod. He met night, cold, fog, wind, and the fury of waves, in their craft, in their swift assault, in their slow, crushing descent; but all the cod he could wrest from the sea, being given into the hands of Luke Dart, an honest man, yielded only sufficient provision for food and clothing for himself and Priscilla—only enough to keep their bodies warm and still the crying of their stomachs. Thus, while the nets of the trap rotted, and Solomon came near to middle age, the debt swung from seven hundred dollars to seven, and back to seventy-three, which it was on an evening in spring, when he sat with Priscilla on the sunken bench at the door, and dreamed great dreams, as he watched the shadows gather over the harbor water and sullenly hang between the great rocks, rising all roundabout.

"I wonder, b'y," said Priscilla, "if 'twill be a good season—this year."

"Oh, sure!" exclaimed Solomon. "Sure!"

"D'ye think it, b'y?" wistfully.

"Woman," said he impressively, "us'll cotch a hape o' fish in the trap this year. They be millions o' fish t' the say," he went on excitedly; "millions o' fish t' the say. They be there, woman. 'Tis oan'y for us t' take un out. I be goain' t' wark hard this year."

"You be a great warker, Solomon," said she; "my, but you be!"

Priscilla smiled, and Solomon smiled; and it was as though all the labor and peril of the season were past, and the stage were full to the roof with salt cod. In the happiness of this dream, they smiled again, and turned their eyes to the hills, from which the glory of purple and yellow was departing to make way for the misty dusk.

"Skipper Luke Dart says t' me," said Solomon, "that 'tis the luxuries that keeps folk poor."

Priscilla said nothing at all.

"They be nine dollars agin me in seven years for crame o' tartar," said Solomon. "Think o' that!"

"My," said she, "but 'tis a lot! But we be used to un now, Solomon, an' we can't get along without un."

"Sure," said he, "'tis good we're not poor like some folk."

Night drove the flush of pink in upon the sun and followed the red and gold of the horizon over the rim of the sea.

"'Tis growin' cold," said she.

"Leave us goa in," said he.

In thirty years after that time, Solomon Stride put to sea ten thousand times. Ten thousand times he passed through the tickle rocks to the free, heaving deep for salmon and cod, thereto compelled by the inland waste, which contributes nothing to the sustenance of the men of that coast. Hunger, lurking in the shadows of days to come, inexorably drove him into the chances of the conflict. Perforce he matched himself ten thousand times against the restless might of the sea, immeasurable and unrestrained, surviving the gamut of its moods because he was great in strength, fearlessness, and cunning. He weathered four hundred gales, from the gray gusts which come down between Quid Nunc and the Man-o'-War, leaping upon the fleet, to the summer tempests, swift and black, and the first blizzards of winter. He was wrecked off the Mull, off the Three Poor Sisters, on the Pancake Rock, and again off the Mull. Seven times he was swept to sea by the off-shore wind. Eighteen times he was frozen to the seat of his punt; and of these, eight times his feet were frozen, and thrice his festered right hand. All this he suffered, and more, of which I may set down six separate periods of starvation, in which thirty-eight men, women, and children died—all this, with all of toil, cold, despair, loneliness, hunger, peril, and disappointment therein contained. And so he came down to old age—with a bent back, shrunken arms, and filmy eyes—old Solomon Stride, now prey for the young sea. But, of an evening in spring, he sat with Priscilla on the bench at the door, and talked hopefully of the fish he would catch from his punt.

"Priscilla, dear," said he, rubbing his hand over his weazened thigh, "I be thinkin' us punt fishermen'll have a——"

Priscilla was not attending; she was looking into the shadows above the harbor water, dreaming deeply of a mystery of the Book, which had long puzzled her; so, in silence, Solomon, too, watched the shadows rise and sullenly hang between the great rocks.

"Solomon, b'y," she whispered, "I wonder what the seven thunders uttered."

"'Tis quare, that—what the seven thunders uttered," said Solomon. "My, woman, but 'tis!"

"'An' he set his right foot upon the sea,'" she repeated, staring over the graying water to the clouds which flamed gloriously at the edge of the world, "'an' his left foot on the earth——'"

"'An' cried with a loud voice,'" said he, whispering in awe, "'as when a lion roareth; an' when he had cried, *seven thunders uttered their voices*.'"

"'Seven thunders uttered their voices,'" said she; "'an' when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write, an' I heard a voice from heaven sayin' unto me, Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, an' write them not.'" *

The wind from the wilderness, cold and black, covered the hills with mist; the dusk fell, and the glory faded from the heights.

"Oh, Solomon," she said, clasping her hands, "I wonder what the seven thunders uttered! Think you, b'y, 'twas the kind o' sins that can't be forgiven?"

"'Tis the seven mysteries!"

"I wonder what they be," said she.

"Sh-h-h, dear," he said, patting her gray head; "thinkin' on they things 'll capsize you an' you don't look out."

The night had driven all the color from the sky; it had descended upon the red and gold of the cloudy west, and covered them. It was cold and dark.

* The Revelation of St. John the Divine, chap. x., 2-4.

"'An' seven thunders uttered their voices,'" she said dreamily.

"Sh-h-h, dear!" said he. "Leave us goa in."

Twenty-one years longer old Solomon Stride fished out of Ragged Harbor. He put to sea five thousand times more, weathered two hundred more gales, survived five more famines—all in the toil for salmon and cod. He was a punt fisherman again, was old Solomon; for the nets of the trap had rotted, had been renewed six times, strand by strand, and had rotted, at last, beyond repair. What with the weather he dared not pit his failing strength against, the return of fish to Luke Dart fell off from year to year; but, as Solomon said to Luke, "livin' expenses kep' up wonderful," notwithstanding.

"I be so used t' luxuries," he went on, running his hand through his long gray hair, "that 'twould be hard t' come down t' common livin'. Sure, 'tis sugar I wants t' me tea—not black-strap. 'Tis what I l'arned," he added proudly, "when I were a trap fisherman."

"'Tis all right, Solomon;" said Luke. "Many's the quintal o' fish you traded with me."

"Sure," Solomon chuckled; "'twould take a year t' count un."

In course of time it came to the end of Solomon's last season—those days of it when, as the folk of the coast say, the sea is hungry for lives—and the man was eighty-one years old, and the debt to Luke Dart had crept up to $230.80. The off-shore wind, rising suddenly, with a blizzard in its train, caught him alone on the Grappling Hook grounds. He was old, very old—old and feeble and dull; the cold numbed him; the snow blinded him; the wind made sport of the strength of his arms. He was carried out to sea, rowing doggedly, thinking all the time that he was drawing near the harbor tickle; for it did not occur to him then that the last of eight hundred gales could be too great for him. He was carried out from the sea where the strength of his youth had been spent to the Deep, which had been a mystery to him all his days. That night he passed on a pan of ice, where he burned his boat, splinter by splinter, to keep warm. At dawn he lay down to die. The snow ceased, the wind changed; the ice was carried to Ragged Harbor. Eleazar Manuel spied the body of Solomon from the lookout, and put out and brought him in—revived him and took him home to Priscilla. Through the winter the old man doddered about the harbor, dying of consumption. When the tempered days came—the days of balmy sunshine and cold evening winds—he came quickly to the pass of glittering visions, which, for such as die of the lung trouble, come at the end of life.

In the spring, when the "Lucky Star," three days out from Boot Bay, put into Ragged Harbor to trade for the first catch, old Skipper Luke Dart was aboard, making his last voyage to the Shore; for he was very old, and longed once more to see the rocks of all that coast before he made ready to die. When he came ashore, Eleazar Manuel told him that Solomon Stride lay dying at home; so the skipper went to the cottage under the Man-o'-War to say good-by to his old customer and friend—and there found him, propped up in bed, staring at the sea.

"Skipper Luke," Solomon quavered in deep excitement, "be you just come in, b'y?"

"Iss—but an hour gone."

"What be the big craft hangin' off shoare? Eh—what be she, b'y?"

There had been no craft in sight when the "Lucky Star" beat in. "Were she a fore-and-after, Solomon?" said Luke, evasively.

"Sure, noa, b'y!" cried Solomon. "She were a square-rigged craft, with all sail set—a great, gran' craft—a quare craft, b'y—like she were made o' glass, canvas an' hull an' all; an' she had shinin' ropes, an' she were shinin' all over. Sure, they be a star t' the tip o' her bowsprit, b'y, an' a star t' the peak o' her mainmast—seven stars they be, in all. Oh, she were a gran' sight!"

"Hem-m!" said Luke, stroking his beard. "She've not come in yet."

"A gran' craft!" said Solomon.

"'Tis accordin'," said Luke, "t' whether you be sot on oak bottoms or glass ones."

"She were bound down north t' the Labrador," Solomon went on quickly, "an' when she made the grapplin' hook grounds she come about an' headed for the tickle, with her sails squared. Sure she ran right over the Pancake, b'y, like he weren't there at all, an'—How's the wind, b'y?"

"Dead off shore from the tickle."

Solomon stared at Luke. "She were comin' straight in agin the wind," he said, hoarsely.

"Maybe, skipper," he went on with a little laugh, "she do be the ship for souls. They be many things strong men knows nothin' about. What think you?"

"Ay—maybe; maybe she be."

"Maybe—maybe—she do be invisible t' mortal eyes. Maybe, skipper, you hasn't seed her; maybe 'tis that my eyes do be opened t' such sights. Maybe she've turned in—for me."

The men turned their faces to the window again, and gazed long and intently at the sea, which a storm cloud had turned black. Solomon dozed for a moment, and when he awoke, Luke Dart was still staring dreamily out to sea.

"Skipper Luke," said Solomon, with a smile as of one in an enviable situation, "'tis fine t' have nothin' agin you on the books when you comes t' die."

"Sure, b'y," said Luke, hesitating not at all, though he knew to a cent what was on the books against Solomon's name, "'tis fine t' be free o' debt."

"Ah," said Solomon, the smile broadening gloriously, "'tis fine, I tells you! 'Twas the three hundred quintal I cotched last season that paid un all up. 'Twas a gran' cotch—last year. Ah," he sighed, "'twas a gran' cotch o' fish."

"Iss—you be free o' debt now, b'y."

"What be the balance t' my credit, skipper? Sure I forget."

"Hem-m," the skipper coughed, pausing to form a guess which might be within Solomon's dream; then he ventured: "Fifty dollars?"

"Iss," said Solomon, "fifty an' moare, skipper. Sure, you has forgot the eighty cents."

"Fifty-eighty," said the skipper positively. "'Tis that. I call un t' mind now. 'Tis fifty-eighty—iss, sure. Did you get a receipt for un, Solomon?"

"I doan't mind me now."

"Um-m-m—well," said the skipper, "I'll send un t' the woman the night—an order on the 'Lucky Star.'"

"Fifty-eighty for the woman!" said Solomon. "'Twill kape her off the Gov'ment for three years, an' she be savin'. 'Tis fine—that!"

When the skipper had gone, Priscilla crept in, and sat at the head of the bed, holding Solomon's hand; and they were silent for a long time, while the evening approached.

"I be goain' t' die the night, dear," said Solomon at last.

"Iss, b'y," she answered; "you be goain' t' die."

Solomon was feverish now; and, thereafter, when he talked, his utterance was thick and fast.

"'Tis not hard," said Solomon. "Sh-h-h," he whispered, as though about to impart a secret. "The ship that's hangin' off shoare, waitin' for me soul, do be a fine craft—with shinin' canvas an' ropes. Sh-h! She do be 'tother side o' Mad Mull now—waitin'."

Priscilla trembled, for Solomon had come to the time of visions—when the words of the dying are the words of prophets, and contain revelations. What of the utterings of the seven thunders?

"Sure the Lard he've blessed us, Priscilla," said Solomon, rational again. "'Goodness an' marcy has followed us all the days o' our lives. Our cup runneth over.'"

"Praise the Lard," said Priscilla.

"Sure," Solomon went on, smiling like a little child, "we've had but eleven famines, an' we've had the means o' grace pretty reg'lar, which is what they hasn't t' Round 'Arbor. We've had one little baby for a little while. Iss—one de-ear little baby, Priscilla; an' there's them that's had none o' their own, at all. Sure we've had enough t' eat when they wasn't a famine—an' bakin' powder, an' raisins, an' all they things, an' sugar, an' rale good tea. An' you had a merino dress, an' I had a suit o' rale tweed—come straight from England. We hasn't seed a railroad train, dear, but we've seed a steamer, an' we've heard tell o' the quare things they be t' St. John's. Ah, the Lard he've favored us above our deserts. He've been good t' us, Priscilla. But, oh, you hasn't had the sewin' machane, an' you hasn't had the peach stone t' plant in the garden. 'Tis my fault, dear—'tis not the Lard's. I should 'a' got you the peach stone from St. John's, you did want un so much—oh, so much! 'Tis that I be sorry for, now, dear; but 'tis all over, an' I can't help it. It wouldn't 'a' growed anyway, I know it wouldn't; but you thought it would, an' I wisht I'd got un for you."

"'Tis nothin', Solomon," she sobbed. "Sure, I was joakin' all the time. 'Twouldn't 'a' growed."

"Ah," he cried, radiant, "was you joakin'?"

"Sure," she said.

"We've not been poor, Priscilla," said he, continuing—"an' they be many folk that's poor. I be past me labor now," he went on, talking with rising effort, for it was at the sinking of the sun, "an' 'tis time for me t' die. 'Tis time—for I be past me labor."

Priscilla held his hand a long time after that—a long, silent time, in which the soul of the man struggled to release itself, until it was held but by a thread.

"Solomon!"

The old man seemed not to hear.

"Solomon, b'y!" she cried

"Iss?" faintly.

She leaned over him to whisper in his ear, "Does you see the gates o' heaven?" she said. "Oh, does you?"

"Sure, dear; heaven do be——"

Solomon had not strength enough to complete the sentence.

"B'y! B'y!"

He opened his eyes and turned them to her face. There was the gleam of a tender smile in them.

"The seven thunders," she said. "The utterin's of the seven thunders—what was they, b'y?"

"'An' the seven thunders uttered their voices,'" he mumbled, "'an'——'"

She waited, rigid, listening, to hear the rest; but no words came to her ears.

"Does you hear me, b'y?" she said.

"'An' seven—thunders—uttered their voices,'" he gasped, "'an' the seven thunders—said—said——'"

The light failed; all the light and golden glory went out of the sky, for the first cloud of a tempest had curtained the sun.

"'An' said——'" she prompted.

"'An' uttered—an' said—an' said——'"

"Oh, what?" she moaned.

Now, in that night, when the body of old Solomon Stride, a worn-out hulk, aged and wrecked in the toil of the deep, fell into the hands of Death, the sea, like a lusty youth, raged furiously in those parts. The ribs of many schooners, slimy and rotten, and the white bones of men in the off-shore depths, know of its strength in that hour—of its black, hard wrath, in gust and wave and breaker. Eternal in might and malignance is the sea! It groweth not old with the men who toil from its coasts. Generation upon the heels of generation, infinitely arising, go forth in hope against it, continuing for a space, and returning spent to the dust. They age and crumble and vanish, each in its turn, and the wretchedness of the first is the wretchedness of the last. Ay, the sea has measured the strength of the dust in old graves, and, in this day, contends with the sons of dust, whose sons will follow to the fight for an hundred generations, and thereafter, until harvests may be gathered from rocks. As it is written, the life of a man is a shadow, swiftly passing, and the days of his strength are less; but the sea shall endure in the might of youth to the wreck of the world.

Until You Came

BY HERMINIE TEMPLETON

CHILL twilight hovered o'er the world,
The earth and sea and sky were gray,
The banners of the Spring were furled
Above the prison of the day.
The wood birds had not learned to sing,
The poppies had no wave nor flame,
There was no grace in anything,
No stir of joy; and then—you came.

Was it your step the bleak dawn heard?
Lo! Rivers leaped to greet the sun;
From out the South a sweet wind stirred,
And roses blossomed—every one.
Sweet sang the lark! The hills flashed green,
And sails swelled white upon the mere;
Glad reapers swung their sickles keen,
The world awoke—for you were here.

THE TWO VANREVELS

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I–III

A runaway white kitten is the cause of Miss Betty Carewe's first meeting (on the morning after her home-coming to Rouen, Indiana, from the Convent school) with young Tom Vanrevel, already sorely smitten from a glimpse he had caught of her as she drove into town the evening before. An introduction is, however, averted by the gentleman's companion, Miss Fanchon Bareaud, the affianced of Mr. Crailey Gray, Vanrevel's law partner. The cause of Miss Bareaud's unceremonious parting of the two is her recollection of old Mr. Carewe's public threat to shoot Vanrevel should he ever be caught trespassing on Carewe property. Between the two men, the rich old widower and the young lawyer, there has been a long-standing quarrel, partly personal and partly on account of differences of opinion concerning Mexico and Abolition.

Miss Betty's next meeting with a strange gentleman comes one night shortly after, in the garden, in the shape of an apparition of her great-uncle, a French dandy, or "Incroyable" of the Directory. The apparition, however, explains himself as nothing more terrible than a masquer on his way to a ball. Here again further declarations are cut short, this time by Miss Carewe's indignant disappearance into the house.

At Miss Betty's début (the grand ball given by her father), where she is compelled to silence no less than seven declarations, neither Mr. Vanrevel nor Mr. Crailey Gray is present. From her father's curt and uncomplimentary account of these gentlemen after the guests have gone, and particularly from her own recollection of Miss Bareaud's strange and apparently jealous behavior in Mr. Vanrevel's company, Miss Betty draws her own conclusions, and it is plain that Mr. Crailey Gray figures in her thoughts as Tom Vanrevel, and Tom Vanrevel as Crailey Gray.

CHAPTER IV

"But spare your country's flag"

IF it be true that love is the great incentive to the useless arts, the number of gentlemen who became poets for the sake of Miss Betty Carewe need not be considered extraordinary. Of all that was written of her dancing, Tom Vanrevel's lines, "I Danced With Her Beneath the Lights" (which he certainly had not done when he wrote them), were, perhaps, next to Crailey Gray's in merit, though Tom burned his rhymes after reading them to Crailey. Other troubadours were not so modest, and the "Rouen Journal" found no lack of tuneful offering, that spring, generously printing all of it, even at that period when it became epidemic. The public had little difficulty in recognizing the work of Mr. Francis Chenoweth in a "Sonnet" (of twenty-three lines), which appeared in the issue following Miss Carewe's *début*. Mr. Chenoweth wrote that while dancing the mazourka, the sweetest feelings of his soul in a celestial stream bore him away beyond control in a seraphic dream; and he untruthfully stated that at the same time he saw her wipe the silent tear, omitting, however, to venture any explanation of the cause of her emotion. Old General Trumble boldly signed *his* poem in full. It was called "An Ode upon Miss C——'s Waltzing," and it began:

> "When Bettina found fair Rouen's shore,
> And her aged father to us bore
> Her from the cloister neat,
> She waltzed upon the ballroom floor,
> And lightly twirled upon her feet."

Mr. Carewe was righteously indignant, and refused to acknowledge the General's salutation at their next meeting. Trumble was fifteen years older than he.

As Crailey Gray never danced with Miss Carewe, it is somewhat singular that she should have been the inspiration of his swinging verses in waltz measure. "Heart-Strings on a Violin," the sense of which was that when a violin had played for her dancing, the instrument should be shattered as wine-glasses are after a great toast. However, no one except the author himself knew that Betty was the subject, for Crailey certainly did not men-

tion it to Miss Bareaud, nor to his best friend, Vanrevel.

It was rather a strange comradeship between these two young men; their tastes led them often in such opposite directions. They had rooms together over their offices in the "Madrillon Block" on Main Street, and the lights shone late from their windows every night in the year. Sometimes that would mean only that the two friends were talking, for they never reached a silent intimacy, but, even after several years of companionship, were rarely seen together when not in interested, often eager, conversation, so that people wondered what in the world they still found to say to each other. But many a night the late-shining light meant that Tom sat alone, with a brief or a book, or wooed the lorn hours with his magical guitar. For he never went to bed until the other came home. And if daylight came without Crailey, Vanrevel would go out, yawning mightily, to look for him; and when there was no finding him, Tom would come back, sleepless, to the day's work.

Crailey was called "peculiar"; and he explained, with a kind of jovial helplessness, that he was always prepared for the unexpected in himself, nor did such a view detract from his picturesqueness to his own perusal of himself; though it was not only to himself that he was interesting. To the vision of the lookers-on in Rouen—quiet souls who hovered along the walls at merrymakings, and cheerfully counted themselves spectators at the play—Crailey Gray held the center of the stage and was the chief comedian of the place. Wit, poet, and scapegrace, the small society often seemed the mere background set for his performances, spectacles which he, also, enjoyed, and from the best seat in the house; for he was not content as the actor, but must be the prince in the box as well.

His friendship for Tom Vanrevel was, in a degree, that of the vine for the oak. He was full of levities at Tom's expense, which the other bore with a grin of sympathetic comprehension, or, at long intervals, returned upon Crailey with devastating effect. Vanrevel was the one steadying thing in his life, and, at the same time, the only one of the young men upon whom he did not have an almost mesmeric influence. In good truth, Crailey was the ringleader in all the devilries of the town. Many a youth swore to avoid the roisterer's company for all time, and, within two hours of the vow, found himself, flagon in hand, engaged in a bout that would last the night, with Mr. Gray out-bumpering the hardiest at the head of the table. And the next morning, the fevered, scarlet-eyed perjurer might creep shaking to his wretched tasks, only to behold the cause of all his folly and headache, tripping merrily along the street, smiling, clean-shaven, and fresh as a dew-born primrose, with, perchance, two or three of the prettiest girls in town at his elbow to greet his sallies with approving laughter.

Crailey had so long been in the habit of following every impulse, no matter how mad, that he enjoyed an almost perfect immunity from condemnation, and, whatever his deeds, Rouen had learned to say, with a chuckle, that it was "only Crailey Gray again." But his followers were not so privileged. Thus, when Mr. Gray, who, in his libations sometimes developed the humor of an urchin, went to the Pound at three in the morning of New Year's Day, hung sleigh-bells about the necks of the cattle and drove them up and down the street, himself hideously blowing a bass horn from the back of a big brown steer, those roused from slumber ceased to rage and accepted the exploit as a rare joke on learning that it was "only Crailey Gray"; but the unfortunate young Chenoweth was heavily frowned upon and properly upbraided because he had followed in the wake of the bovine procession, mildly attempting to play upon a flageolet.

Crailey never denied a folly nor defended an escapade. The latter was always done for him, because he talked of his "shameful frivolities" (so he was wont, smilingly, to call them) over cups of tea in the afternoons with old ladies, lamenting, in his musical voice, the lack of women relatives to guide him. He was charmingly attentive to the elderly, as well as to the younger, women, not from policy, but because his manner was uncontrollably chivalrous; and, ever a gallant listener, were the speaker young, old, great, or humble, he never forgot to catch the last words of a sentence, and seldom suffered for a reply, even when he had drowsed through a question. Moreover, no one ever heard him speak a sullen word, nor saw him wear a brow of depression. The single creed to which he was constant was that of good cheer; he was the very apostle of gayety, preaching it in parlor and bar; and made merry friends with battered tramps and homeless dogs in the streets at night.

Now and then he would spend several days in the offices of Gray & Vanrevel, Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law, wearing an air of plaintive virtue; though he did not far overstate the case when he said, "Tom does all

the work, and gives me all the money not to bother him when he's getting up a case."

The working member of the firm got up cases to notable effect, and few lawyers in the State enjoyed having Tom Vanrevel on the other side. There was nothing about him of the floridity prevalent at that time; he withered "oratory" before the court; he was the foe of jury pathos; and, despising noise and the habitual voice-dip at the end of a sentence, was, nevertheless, at times an almost fearfully effective orator. And, by degrees, the firm of Gray & Vanrevel, young as it was, and in spite of the idle apprentice, had grown to be the most prosperous in the district. For this eminence, Crailey was never accused of assuming any of the credit. Nor did he ever miss an opportunity of making known how much he owed to his partner. What he owed, in brief, was everything. How well Vanrevel worked was demonstrated every day, but how hard he worked, only Crailey knew. The latter had grown to depend upon him even for his political beliefs, and lightly followed his partner even so far as Abolitionism; though that was to risk unpopularity, bitter hatred, and worse. Fortunately, on certain occasions, Vanrevel had made himself (if not his creed) respected, at least so far that there was no longer danger of mob-violence for an Abolitionist in Rouen. He was a cool-headed young man ordinarily, and possessed of an elusive forcefulness not to be trifled with, though he was a quiet man, and had what they called a "fine manner." And, not in the latter, but in his dress, there was an echo of the Beau, which afforded Mr. Gray a point of attack for satire. There was a touch of the dandy about him; he had a large and versatile wardrobe, and his clothes always fit him not only in fashioning, but in color; even women saw how nobly they were made.

These two young men were members of a cheerful band who feasted, laughed, wrangled over politics, danced, made love, and sang terrible chords on summer evenings, together, as young men will. Will Cummings, editor of the "Rouen Journal," was one of these; a tall, sallow man, very thin, very awkward, and very gentle. Mr. Cummings proved himself always ready with a loud and friendly laugh for the poorest joke in the world, his countenance shining with such kindness that no one ever had the heart to reproach him with the evils of his journalistic achievements, or for the things he broke when he danced. Another was Tappingham Marsh, an exceedingly handsome person, somewhat languid in appearance, dainty in manner with women, offhand with men, almost as reckless as Crailey, and often the latter's companion and assistant in dissipation. Young Francis Chenoweth never failed to follow both into whatever they planned; he was short and pink, and the uptilt of his nose was coherent with the plaintive earnestness which was habitual with him. Eugene Madrillon was the sixth of these intimates; a dark young man, whose Latin line and color advertised his French ancestry as plainly as his emotionless face and lack of gesture betrayed the mingling of another strain.

All these, and others of the town, were wont to "talk politics" a great deal at the little club on Main Street, and all were apt to fall foul of Tom Vanrevel or Crailey Gray before any discussion was over. For those were the days when they twisted the lion's tail in vehement and bitter earnest; when the eagle screamed in mixed figures; when few men knew how to talk, and many orated; when party strife was passionately personal; when intolerance was called the "pure fire of patriotism"; when criticism of the existing order of things surely incurred fiery anathema and black invective; and brave was he, indeed, who dared to hint that his country, as a whole and politically, did lack some two or three particular virtues, and that the first step toward obtaining them would be to help it to realize their absence. This latter point of view was that of the firm of Gray & Vanrevel, which was a unit in such matters. Crailey did most of the talking—quite beautifully, too—and both had to stand against odds in many a bitter argument, for they were not only Abolitionists, but opposed the attitude of their country in its difficulty with Mexico; and, in common with other men of the time who took their stand, they had to grow accustomed to being called disloyal traitors, foreign toadies, malignants, and traducers of the flag. Tom had long been used to epithets of this sort, and suffered their sting in quiet; but he was glad when he could keep Crailey out of worse employment than standing firm for an unpopular belief.

There was one place to which Vanrevel, seeking his friend and partner, when the latter did not come home at night, could not go; this was the "Tower Chamber," and it was in that mysterious apartment of the Carewe cupola that Crailey was most apt to be deeply occupied when he remained away until daylight. Strange as it appears, Mr. Gray maintained peculiar relations of intimacy with Robert Carewe, in spite of the feud between Carewe and his own best friend. This intimacy, which did not necessarily imply any

mutual fondness (though Crailey seemed to dislike nobody), was betokened by a furtive understanding, of a sort, between them. They held brief, earnest conversations on the street, or in corners when they met at other people's houses, always speaking in voices too low to be overheard; and they exercised a mysterious symbolism, somewhat in the manner of fellow-members of a secret society: they had been observed to communicate across crowded rooms by lifted eyebrow, nod of head, or an odd turn of the wrist, so that those who observed them knew that a question had been asked and answered. It was noticed, also, that there were five other initiates to this masonry: Eugene Madrillon, the elder Chenoweth, General Trumble, Tappingham Marsh, and Jefferson Bareaud. Thus, on the afternoon following Miss Betty's introduction to Rouen's favorite sons and daughters, Mr. Carewe, driving down Main Street, held up one forefinger to Madrillon as he saw the young man turning in at the club. Eugene nodded gravely, and, as he went in, discovering Marsh, the General, and others, listening to Mr. Gray's explanation of his return from the river with no fish, stealthily held up one finger in his turn. Trumble replied with a wink, Tappingham nodded, but Crailey slightly shook his head. Marsh and the General started with surprise, and stared incredulously. That Crailey should shake his head! If the signal had been for a church-meeting they might have understood.

Mr. Gray's conduct was surprising two other people at about the same time: Tom Vanrevel and Fanchon Bareaud; the former, by his sudden devotion to the law; the latter, by his sudden devotion to herself. In a breath, he became almost a domestic character. No more did he spend his days between the club and the Rouen House bar, nor was his black mare so often seen stamping down the ground about Mrs. McDougal's hitching-post while McDougal was out on the prairie with his engineering squad. The idle apprentice was at his desk all day long; and in the daytime he displayed an aversion for the streets, which was more than his partner did, for the industrious Tom, undergoing quite as remarkable an alteration of habit, became, all at once, little better than a corner-loafer. His favorite lounging-place was a small drug-store where Carewe Street debouched upon Main; nevertheless, so adhesive is a reputation once fastened upon a human being, his air of being there upon business deceived every one except Mr. Gray.

Miss Bareaud was even happier than she was astonished (and she was mightily astonished) to find her betrothed developing a taste for her society alone. Formerly, she had counted upon the gayeties of her home to keep Crailey near her; now, however, he told her tenderly he wished to have her all to himself. This was not like him, but Fanchon did not question; and it was very sweet to her that he began to make it his custom to come in by a side gate and meet her under an apple-tree in the dusk, where they would sit quietly together through the evening, listening to the noise and laughter from the lighted house.

That house was the most hospitable in Rouen. Always cheerfully "full of company," as they said, it was the sort of house where a carpet-dance could be arranged in half an hour; a house with a sideboard like the widow's cruse; the young men always found more. Mrs. Bareaud, a Southerner, loving to persuade the visitor that her home was his, not hers, lived only for her art, which was that of the table. Evil cooks, taking service with her, became virtuous, dealt with nectar and ambrosia, and grew fit to pander to Olympus, learning of their mistress secrets to make the ill-disposed as genial gods ere they departed. And Mr. Bareaud at fifty had lived so well that he gave up walking, which did not trouble him; but at sixty he gave up dancing, which did trouble him. His only hope, he declared, was in Crailey Gray's promise to invent for him a concave partner.

There was a thin, quizzing shank of a son, Jefferson, who lived upon quinine, ague, and deviltry; and there were the two daughters, Fanchon and Virginia. The latter was three years older than Fanchon, as dark as Fanchon was fair, though not nearly so pretty; a small, good-natured, romping sprite of a girl, who had handed the heart and hand of Crailey Gray down to her sister with the best grace in the world. For she had been the heroine of one of Mr. Gray's half-dozen or so most serious affairs, and, after a furious rivalry with Mr. Carewe, the victory had been generally conceded to Crailey. His triumph had been of about a fortnight's duration, when Fanchon returned from St. Mary's; and, with the advent of the younger sister, the elder, who had decided that Crailey was the incomparable she had dreamed of since infancy, was generously allowed to discover that he was not that vision—that she had fallen in love with her own idea of him; whereas Fanchon cared only that he be Crailey Gray, whatever kind of vision that was. And Fanchon discovered that it was a great many kinds.

The transfer was made comfortably, with

nice judgment of a respectable interval, and to the greater happiness of each of the three young people; no objection ensuing from the easy-going parents, who were devotedly fond of Crailey, while the town laughed and said it was only that absurd Crailey Gray again. He and Virginia were the best of friends, and accepted their new relation with a preposterous lack of embarrassment.

To be in love with Crailey became Fanchon's vocation; she spent all her time at it and produced a blurred effect upon strangers. The only man with whom she seemed quite alive was Vanrevel: a little because Tom talked of Crailey, and a great deal because she could talk of Crailey to Tom; could tell him freely, as she could tell no one else, how wonderful Crailey was, and explain to him her lover's vagaries on the ground that it was a necessity of geniuses to be unlike the less gifted. Nor was she alone in suspecting Mr. Gray of genius: in the first place, he was so odd; in the second, his poems were "already attracting more than local attention," as the "Journal" remarked, generously, for Crailey had ceased to give his rhymes to that valuable paper. Ay! Boston, no less, was his mart.

He was rather radical in his literary preferences, and hurt the elder Chenoweth's feelings by laughing heartily at some poems of the late Lord Byron; offended many people by disliking the style of Sir Edward Bulwer, and even refused to admit that James Fenimore Cooper was the greatest writer who ever lived. But these things were as nothing compared with his unpatriotic defense of Charles Dickens. Many Americans had fallen into a great rage over the vivacious assault upon the United States in "Martin Chuzzlewit"; nevertheless, Crailey still boldly hailed him (as every one had heretofore agreed) the most dexterous writer of his day. Of course, the novelist had not visited and thoroughly studied such a city as Rouen, Crailey admitted twinkingly; but, after all, wasn't there some truth in "Martin Chuzzlewit"? Mr. Dickens might have been far from a clear understanding of our people, but didn't it argue a pretty ticklish vanity in ourselves that we were so fiercely resentful of satire; and was not this very heat over "Martin Chuzzlewit" a confirmation of one of the points the book had presented against us? General Trumble replied to this suggestion with a personal one, to the effect that a man capable of saying a good word for so monstrous a slander; that a man, sir, capable of declaring his native country to be vain or sensitive, ought to be horsewhipped, and at this, Crailey laughed loud and long.

Trumble retorted with the names of Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr. "And if it comes to a war with these Greasers," he spluttered apoplectically, "and it *is* coming, mighty soon, we'll find Mr. Gray down in Mexico, throwing mud on the Stars and Stripes and cheering for that one-legged horse-thief, Santa Anna! Anything to seek out something foolish amongst your own people!"

"Don't have to seek far, sometimes, General," murmured Crailey from the depths of the best chair in the club, whereupon Trumble, not trusting himself to answer, went out to the street.

And yet, before that same evening was over the General had shed honest tears of admiration and pity for Crailey Gray; and Miss Betty saw her Incroyable again, for that night (the second after the Carewe dance) Rouen beheld the great warehouse fire.

CHAPTER V

Nero Not the Last Violinist of His Kind

MISS CAREWE was at her desk, writing to Sister Cecilia, whom she most loved of all the world, when the bells startled her with their sudden clangor. The quill dropped from her hand; she started to her feet, wide-eyed, not understanding; while the whole town, drowsing peacefully a moment ago, resounded almost immediately with a loud confusion. She ran to the front door, and looked out, her heart beating wildly.

The western sky was touched with a soft rose-color which quickly became a warm glow, fluctuated, and in the instant shot up like the coming of a full Aurora. Then, through the thinner foliage of the tree-tops could be seen the orange curls of flames, three-quarters of a mile away though they were.

People, calling loudly that "it was Carewe's warehouses," were running down the street. From the stable, old Nelson, on her father's best horse, came galloping, and, seeing the white figure in the doorway, cried out in a quavering voice, without checking his steed:

"I goin' tell yo' pa, Miss Betty; he in de kentry on lan' bus'ness. Go back in de house, Missy!"

The other servants flitted by with excited ejaculations—mere ragged sketches in the night—to join the runners, and Miss Betty followed them across the dew-strewn turf in her light slippers, but at the gate she stopped.

From up the street came the sound of a smaller bell than those of the churches and court-house, yet one that outdid all others

in the madness of its appeal to clear the way. It was borne along by what seemed at first an indefinite black mass, but which—as the Aurora grew keener, producing even here a faint, yellow twilight—resolved itself into a mob of hoarsely shouting men and boys, who were running and tugging at ropes, which drew along three extraordinary vehicles. They came rapidly down the street and passed Miss Betty with a hubbub and din beyond all understanding: one line of men, most of them in red shirts and oil-cloth helmets, at a dead run with the hose-cart; a second line with the hand-engine; the third dragging the ladder-wagon. One man was riding—a tall, straight gentleman in evening clothes and without a hat, who stood precariously in the hose-cart, calling in an annoyed tone through a brazen trumpet. Miss Betty recognized him at once: it was he who caught her kitten; and she thought that if she had been Fanchon Bareaud she must have screamed a warning, for his balance appeared a thing of mere luck, and, if he fell, he would be trampled under foot and probably run over by the engine. But happily (she remembered) she was not Fanchon Bareaud.

Before, behind, and beside the Department, raced a throng of boys, wild with the joy experienced by their species when property is being handsomely destroyed; after them came panting women, holding their sides and gasping in the effort to keep up with the flying procession.

Miss Betty trembled with excitement, for she had never seen the like in her life; she stood close to the hedge and let them go by, then she turned in after them and ran like a fleet young deer. She was going to the fire.

Over all the uproar could be heard the cross voice through the trumpet, calling the turns of the streets to the men in the van, upbraiding them and those of the other two companies impartially; and few of his hearers denied the Chief his right to express some chagrin; since the Department (organized a half-year, hard-drilled, and this its first fire worth the name) was late on account of the refusal of the members to move until they had donned their new uniforms; for the uniforms had arrived from Philadelphia two months ago, and to-night offered the first opportunity to display them in public.

"Hail Vanrevel!" panted Tappingham Marsh to Eugene Madrillon, as the two, running in the van of the "Hose Company," splattered through a mud-puddle. "You'd think he was Carewe's only son and heir, instead of his worst enemy. Hark to the man!"

"I'd let it burn, if I were he," returned the other.

"It was all Crailey's fault," said Tappingham, swinging an arm free to wipe the spattered mud from his handsome face. "He swore he wouldn't budge without his uniform, and the rest only backed him up, that was all. Crailey said Carewe could better afford to lose his shanties than the overworked Department its first chance to look beautiful and earnest. Tom asked him why he didn't send for a fiddle," Marsh finished with a chuckle.

"Carewe might afford to lose a little—even a warehouse or two—if only out of what he's taken from Crailey and the rest of us, these three years!"

"Taken from Vanrevel you mean. Who doesn't know where Crailey's— Look out for the turn!"

They swung into Main Street, out of the thick shadows of Carewe, into full view of the fire, and their faces were illuminated as by sunrise.

The warehouses stood on the river bank, at the foot of the street, just south of the new "Covered Bridge." There were four of them, huge, bare-sided buildings; the two nearer the bridge of brick, the others of wood, and all of them rich with stores of every kind of river merchandise and costly freight: furniture that had voyaged from New England down the long coast, across the Mexican Gulf, through the flat Delta, and had made the winding journey up the great river a thousand miles, and almost a thousand more following the greater and lesser tributaries; cloth from Connecticut that had been sold in Philadelphia, then carried over mountains and through forests by steam, by canal, by stage, and six-mule freight wagons, to Pittsburg, down the Ohio, and thence up to Rouen on the packet; Tennessee cotton, on its way to Massachusetts and Rhode Island spindles, lay there beside huge mounds of raw wool from Illinois, ready to be fed to the Rouen mill; dates and nuts from the Carribean Sea; lemons from groves of the far-away tropics; cigars from the Antilles; tobacco from Virginia and Kentucky; most precious of all, the great granary of the farmers' wheat from the level fields at home; and all the rich stores and the houses that held them, as well as the wharves upon which they had been landed, and the steamers that brought them up the Rouen River, belonged to Robert Carewe.

The knowledge that it was her father's property which was imperilled appeared to justify Miss Betty in running to a fire; and as she followed the crowd into Main Street, she felt a not unpleasant proprietary interest in the

spectacle. Very opposite sensations animated the breast of the man with the trumpet, who was more acutely conscious than any other that these were Robert Carewe's possessions which were melting under the flames. Nor was he the only one among the firemen who ground his teeth over the folly of the uniforms; for now they could plainly see the ruin being wrought and the devastation threatened. The two upper stories of the southernmost warehouse had swathed themselves in one enormous flame; the building next on the north, also of frame, was smoking heavily; and there was a wind from the southwest, which, continuing with the fire unchecked, threatened the town itself. There was work for the Volunteer Brigade that night.

They came down Main Street with a rush, the figure of their Chief swaying over them on his high perch, while their shouting was drowned in the louder roar of greeting from the crowd, into which they plunged as a diver into the water, swirls and eddies of people marking the wake. A moment later a large section of the roof of the burning warehouse fell in, with a sonorous and reverberating crash.

The "Engine Company" ran the force-pump out to the end of one of the lower wharves; two lines of pipe were attached; two rows of men mounted the planks for the pumpers, and, at the word of command, began the up-and-down of the hand-machine with admirable vim. Nothing happened; the water did not come; something appeared to be wrong with the mechanism. And as every one felt the crucial need of haste, nothing could have been more natural than that all the members of the "Engine Company" should simultaneously endeavor to repair the defect; therefore ensued immediately a species of riot, which put the engine out of its sphere of usefulness.

In the meantime, fifty or sixty men and boys who ran with the machines, but who had no place in their operation, being the "Bucket Brigade," had formed a line, and were throwing large pails of water in the general direction of the southernmost warehouse, which it was now impossible to save; while the gentlemen of the "Hook-and-Ladder Company," abandoning their wagons, and armed with axes, heroically assaulted the big door of the granary, the second building, whence they were driven by the exasperated Chief, who informed them that the only way to save the wheat was to save the building. Crailey Gray, one of the berated axemen, remained by the shattered door after the others had gone, and, struck by a sudden thought, set his hand upon the knob and opened the door by this simple process. It was not locked. Crailey leaned against the casement, and laughed with his whole soul and body.

Meanwhile, by dint of shouting in men's ears when near them, through the trumpet when distant, tearing axes from their hands, imperiously gesticulating to subordinate commanders, and lingering in no one spot for more than a second, Mr. Vanrevel reduced his forces to a semblance of order in a remarkably short time, considering the confusion into which they had fallen.

The space between the burning warehouse and its neighbor was not more than fifty feet in width, but fifty feet so hot no one had thought of entering there; an area as discomfiting in appearance as it was beautiful with the thick rain of sparks and firebrands that fell upon it. But the Chief had decided that this space must be occupied, and more, must be held, since it was the only point of defense for the second warehouse. The roof of this building would burn, which would mean the destruction of the warehouse, unless it could be mounted, because the streams of water could not play upon it from the ground; nor, from the ladders, do much more than wet the projecting eaves. It was a gable roof, the eaves twenty feet lower on the south side than on the north, where the ladders could not hope to reach them. Vanrevel swung his line of bucketeers round to throw water, not upon the flames, but upon the ladder-men.

Miss Carewe stood in the thick crowd upon the opposite side of the broad street. Even there her cheeks were uncomfortably hot; and sometimes she had to brush a spark from her shoulder, though she was too much excited to mind this. She was watching the beautiful fiery furnace between the north wall of the burning warehouse and the south wall of its neighbor, the fifty feet brilliant and misty with vaporous rose-color, dotted with the myriad red stars, her eyes shining with the reflection of their fierce beauty. She saw how the vapors moved through the furnace like men walking in fire, and she was vaguely recalling Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, when, over the silhouetted heads of the crowd before her, a long black ladder rose in the midst of this dangerous space, wobbled, tilted crazily, then lamely advanced and ranged itself against the south wall of the second warehouse, its top rung striking ten feet short of the eaves. She hoped that no one had any notion of mounting that ladder.

A figure appeared upon it immediately, that

of a gentleman, bare-headed and in evening dress, with a brass trumpet swinging from a cord about his shoulders; and the noise grew less; the shouting died away, and the crowd became almost silent, as the figure, climbing slowly, drew up above their heads. Two or three rungs beneath came a second—a man in helmet and uniform. The clothes of both men, drenched by the bucketeers, clung to them, steaming. As the second figure mounted, a third appeared; but this was the last, for the ladder was frail, and sagged toward the smoking wall with the weight of the three.

The Chief, three-fourths of the way to the top, shouted down a stifled command, and a short grappling-ladder, fitted at one end with a pair of spiked iron hooks, was passed to him. Then he toiled upward until his feet rested on the third rung from the top; here he turned, setting his back to the wall, lifted the grappling-ladder high over his head so that it rested against the eaves above him, and brought it down sharply, fastening the spiked hooks in the roof. As the eaves projected fully three feet, this left the grappling-ladder hanging that distance out from the wall, its lowest rung on a level with the Chief's shoulders.

Miss Betty drew in her breath with a little choked cry. There was a small terraced hill of piled-up packing boxes near her, possession of which had been taken by a company of raggamuffinish boys, and she found herself standing on the highest box and sharing the summit with these questionable youths, almost without noting her action in mounting thither, so strained was the concentration of her attention upon the figure high up in the rose-glow against the warehouse wall. The man surely, surely, was not going to trust himself to that bit of wooden web hanging from the roof! Where was Miss Bareaud that she permitted it? Ah, if Betty had been Fanchon, and madwoman enough to have accepted this madman, she would have compelled him to come down at once, and thereafter would lock him up in the house whenever the bells rang!

But the roof had to be mounted if Robert Carewe's property was to be saved. Already many little flames were dancing up from the shingles, where firebrands had fallen, their number increasing with each second. So Vanrevel raised his arms, took a hard grip upon the lowest rung of the grappling-ladder, and tried it with his weight; the iron hooks bit deeper into the roof; they held; he swung himself out into the air with nothing beneath him, caught the rung under his knee, and for a moment hung there, while the crowd withheld from breathing; then a cloud of smoke, swirling that way, made him the mere ghostly nucleus of itself, blotted him out altogether, and, as it rose slowly upward, showed the ladder free and empty, so that at first there was an instant when they thought that he had fallen. But, as the smoke cleared, there was the tall figure on the roof.

It was an agile and a daring thing to do, and the man who did it was thunderously cheered. The cheering bothered him, however, for he was trying to make them understand, below, what would happen to the "Engine Company" in case the water was not sent through the lines directly; and what he said should be done to the engineers included things that would have blanched the cheek of the most inventive Spanish Inquisitor that ever lived.

Miss Betty made a gesture as if to a person within whispering distance. "Your coat is on fire," she said in an ordinary conversational tone, without knowing she had spoken aloud, and Mr. Vanrevel, more than one hundred feet away, seemed particularly conscious of the pertinence of her remark. He removed the garment with alacrity, and, for the lack of the tardy water, began to use it as a flail upon the firebrands and little flames about him; the sheer desperate best of a man in a rage, doing what he could when others failed him. Showers of sparks fell upon him; the smoke was rising everywhere from the roof and the walls below, and, growing denser and denser, shrouded him in heavy veils, so that, as he ran hither and thither, now visible, now unseen, stamping and beating, and sweeping away the brands that fell, he seemed but the red and ghostly caricature of a Xerxes, ineffectually lashing the unconscionable sea. They were calling to him imploringly to come down; in heaven's name to come down!

The second man had followed to the top of the ladder against the wall, and there he paused, waiting to pass up the line of hose when the word should come that the force-pump had been repaired; but the crowd thought that he waited because he was afraid to trust himself to the grappling-ladder. He was afraid, exceedingly afraid, though that was not why he waited; and he was still chuckling over the assault of the axes.

His situation had not much the advantage of that of the Chief; his red shirt might have been set with orange jewels, so studded it was with the flying sparks; and, a large brand dropping upon his helmet, he threw up his hand to dislodge it, and lost the helmet. The great light fell upon his fair hair and smiling face, and it was then that Miss Betty recognized the Incroyable of her garden.

CHAPTER VI

The Ever Unpractical Feminine

It was an investigating negro child of tender years, who, possessed of a petty sense of cause and effect, brought an illuminative simplicity to bear upon the problem of the force-pump, and a multitudinous agitation greeted his discovery that the engineers had forgotten to connect their pipes with the river.

This naïve omission was fatal to the second warehouse; the wall burst into flames below Crailey Gray, who clung to the top of the ladder, choking, stifled, and dizzily fighting the sparks that covered him, yet still clutching the nozzle of the hose-line they had passed to him. When the stream at last leaped forth, making the nozzle fight in his grasp, he sent it straight up into the air and let the cataract fall back upon himself and upon the two men beneath him on the ladder.

There came a moment of blessed relief, and he looked out over the broad rosy blur of faces in the street, where no one wondered more than he how the water was to reach the roof. Suddenly he started, wiped his eyes with his wet red sleeve, and peered intently down from under the shading arm. His roving glance crossed the smoke and flame, to rest upon a tall white figure that stood full-length above the heads of the people, upon a pedestal wrought with the grotesque images of boys—a girl's figure, still as noon, enrapt, like the statue of some young goddess for whom were made these sacrificial pyres. Mr. Gray recognized his opportunity.

A blackened and unrecognizable face peered down from the eaves, and the voice belonging to it said angrily:

"Why didn't they send up that line before they put the water through it?"

"Never mind, Tom," answered Crailey cheerfully, "I'll bring it up."

"You can't. I'll come down for it. Don't be every kind of a fool!"

"You want a monopoly, do you?" And Crailey, calling to Tappingham Marsh, next below him, to come higher, left the writhing nozzle in the latter's possession, swung himself out upon the grappling-ladder, imitating the Chief's gymnastics, and immediately, one hand grasping the third rung, one knee crooked over the lowest, leaned head down and took the nozzle from Marsh. It was a heavy weight, and though Marsh supported the line beneath it, the fierce stream hurtling forth made it a difficult thing to manage, for it wriggled, recoiled, and struggled as if it had been alive. Crailey made three attempts to draw himself up; but the strain was too much for his grip, and on the third attempt his fingers melted from the rung, and he swung down fearfully, hanging by his knee, but still clinging to the nozzle.

"Give it up, Crailey; it isn't worth it," Vanrevel called from overhead, not daring the weight of both on the light grappling-ladder.

But though Crailey cared no more for the saving of Robert Carewe's property than for a butterfly's wing in China, he could not give up now, any more than as a lad he could have foreborne to turn somersaults when the prettiest little girl looked out of the schoolhouse window. He passed the nozzle to Tappingham, caught the second rung with his left hand, and, once more hanging head downward, seized the nozzle; then, with his knee hooked tight, as the gushing water described a huge semicircle upon the smoke and hot vapor, he made a mad lurch through the air, while women shrieked; but he landed upright, half-sitting on the lowest rung. He climbed the grappling-ladder swiftly, in spite of the weight and contortions of the unmanageable beast he carried with him. Tom leaned far down and took the burden from him, and Crailey, passing the eaves, fell, exhausted, upon the roof. Just as he reached this temporary security, a lady was borne, fainting, out of the acclaiming crowd. Fanchon was there.

Word had been passed to the gentlemen of the "Engine Company" to shut off the water in order to allow the line to be carried up the ladder, and they received the command at the moment Tom lifted the nozzle, so that the stream dried up in his hands. This was the last straw, and the blackened, singed, and scarred Chief, setting the trumpet to his lips, gave himself entirely to wrath.

It struck Crailey, even as he lay, coughing and weeping with smoke, that there was something splendid and large in the other's rage. Vanrevel was ordinarily so steady and cool that this was worth seeing, this berserker gesture; worth hearing, this wonderful profanity, like Washington's one fit of cursing. And Crailey, knowing Tom, knew, too, that it had not come upon him because Carewe had a daughter into whose eyes Tom had looked; nor did he rage because he believed that Crailey's life and his were in the greater hazard for the lack of every drop of water that should have issued from the empty nozzle. Their lungs were burdened with smoke, while the intolerable smarting of throat, eyes, and nostrils was like the incision of a thousand needles in the membranes; their clothes

were luminous with glowing circles where the sparks were eating; the flames from the wall beneath them were leaping high; and Marsh was shouting hoarsely that he could no longer hold his position on the ladder; yet Crailey knew that none of this was in Tom's mind as he stood, scorched, blistered, and haggard, on the edge of the roof, shaking his fist at the world. It was because his chance of saving the property of a man he despised had been endangered.

Crailey stretched forth a hand and touched his friend's knee. "Your side of the conversation is a trifle loud, Tom," he said. "Miss Carewe is down there, across the street, on a pile of boxes."

Tom stopped in the middle of a word, for which he may have received but half a black stroke from the recording angel. He wheeled toward the street, and, shielding his inflamed eyes with his hand, gazed downward in a stricken silence. From that moment Mr. Vanrevel's instructions to his followers were of a decorum at which not the meekest Sunday-school scholar dare have cavilled.

The three men now on the long ladder—Marsh, Eugene Madrillon, and Will Cummings—found their position untenable; for the flames, reaching all along the wall, were licking at the ladder itself, between Marsh and Eugene. "I can't stand this any longer," gasped Tappingham, "but I can't leave those two up there, either, to fall in with the roof."

"Not alone, anyhow," shouted Cummings from beneath Madrillon. "Let's go up."

Thus it happened that when the water came again, and Vanrevel let it fall in a grateful cascade upon Crailey and himself, three manly voices were heard singing, as three men toiled through the billows of rosy gray, below the beleaguered pair:

> "Oh the noble Duke of York,
> He had ten thousand men;
> He marched them up the side of a house,
> And marched them down again!"

A head appeared above the eaves, and Marsh, then Eugene, then Cummings, came crawling over the cornice in turn, to join their comrades. They were a gallant band, those young gentlemen of Rouen, and they came with the ironical song on their lips, and, looking at one another, ragged and scarified, burst into hoarse but indomitable laughter.

Two others made an attempt to follow, and would not be restrained. It was noticed that parts of the lower ladder had been smoldering and charring, and the ladder-men were preparing to remove it to a less dangerous point, when old General Trumble and young Jefferson Bareaud made a rush to mount it, and were well upon their upward way before the ladder, weakened at the middle, sagged, splintered, and broke, Trumble and Bareaud falling with it. And there was the grappling-ladder, dangling forty feet above the ground; and there were the five upon the roof. The Department had no other ladder of more than half the length of the shattered one. Not only the Department, but every soul in Rouen, knew that; and there rose the thick, low sigh of a multitude, a sound frightful to hear. It became a groan, then swelled into a deep cry of alarm and lamentation.

And now, almost simultaneously, the west wall of the building, and the south wall, and all the southwestern portions of the roof, covered themselves with voluminous mantles of flame, which increased so hugely and with such savage rapidity that the one stream on the roof was seen to be but a ridiculous and useless opposition.

Everybody began to shout advice to his neighbor; and nobody listened even to himself. The firemen were in as great a turmoil as was the crowd, while women covered their eyes. Young Frank Chenoweth was sobbing curses upon the bruised and shaking Trumble and Jefferson Bareaud, who could only stand remorseful, impotently groaning, and made no answer.

The walls of the southernmost warehouse followed the roof, crashing inward one after the other, a sacrificial pyre with its purpose consummated; and in the seethe and glare of its passing, Tom Vanrevel again shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked down across the upturned faces. The pedestal with the grotesque carvings was still there; but the crowning figure had disappeared—the young goddess was gone. For she, of all that throng, had an idea in her head, and, after screaming it to every man within reach, only to discover the impossibility of making herself understood in that Babel, she was struggling to make her way toward the second warehouse, through the swaying jam of people. It was a difficult task, as the farther in she managed to go the denser became the press, and the more tightly she found the people wedged, until she received involuntary aid from the firemen. In turning their second stream to play ineffectually upon the lower strata of flame they accidentally deflected it toward the crowd, who separated wildly, leaving a gap, of which Miss Betty took instant advantage. She darted across the open, and the next moment, unnoticed, had entered the building through the door which Crailey Gray had opened.

The five young men on the roof knew that there was little to do but to wait, and soon they would see which was to win, they or the fire; so they shifted their line to the eastern front of the building—out of harm's way, for a little time, at least—and held the nozzle steady, watching its work. And in truth it was not long before they understood which would conquer. The southern and western portions of the building had flung out great flames that fluttered and flared on the breeze like Titanic flags; and slowly, steadily at first, then faster as the seconds flew, the five were driven backward up the low slope of the roof toward the gable ridge. Tom Vanrevel held the first joint of the nozzle, and he retreated with a sulky face, lifting his foot grudgingly at each step. They were all silent now, and no one spoke until Will Cummings faltered:

"Surely they'll get a rope up to us *somehow?*"

Will knew as well as did the others that there was no way; but his speech struck the sullen heart of the Chief with remorse. He turned.

"I hope you'll all forgive me for getting you up here."

A sound, half sob, half giggle, came from the parched lips of Eugene Madrillon as he patted Tom on the shoulder without speaking; and Crailey nodded quietly, then left the group and went to the eastern edge of the roof and looked out upon the crowd. Cummings dropped the line and sat down, burying his hot face in his arms, for they all saw that Vanrevel thought "it was no use"; but a question of a few minutes, and they would retreat across the ridge and either jump or go down with the roof.

Since the world began, idle and industrious philosophers have speculated much upon the thoughts of men about to die; yet it cannot be too ingenuous to believe that such thoughts vary as the men, their characters, and conditions of life vary. Nevertheless (pursuant to the traditions of minstrelsy and romance), it is conceivable that young, unmarried men, called upon to face desperate situations, might, at the crucial moment, rush to a common experience of summoning the vision, each of his heart's desire, and to meet, each his doom, with her name upon his lips.

An extraordinary thing occurred in the present instance, for, by means of some fragmentary remarks let fall at the time, and afterwards recalled—such as Tappingham Marsh's gasping, "At least it will be upon her father's roof!" and from other things later overheard, an inevitable deduction was reached that four of the five gentlemen in the perilous case herein described were occupied with the vision of the same person, to wit: Miss Elizabeth Carewe, "the last—the prettiest—to come to town!" Crailey Gray, alone, spoke not at all; but why did he strain and strain his eyes toward that empty pedestal with the grotesque carvings? Did he seek Fanchon there, or was Miss Carewe the last sweet apparition in the fancies of all five of the doomed young men?

The coincidence of the actual appearance of the lady among them, therefore, seemed the more miraculous when, wan and hopeless, staggering desperately backward to the gable ridge, they heard a clear contralto voice behind them:

"Hadn't you better all come down now?" it said. "The stairway will be on fire before long."

Only one thing could have been more shockingly unexpected to the five than that there should be a sixth person on the roof, and this was that the sixth person should be Miss Betty Carewe.

They turned, aghast, agape, chopfallen with astonishment, stunned and incredulous.

She stood just behind the gable ridge, smiling amiably, a most incongruous little pink fan in her hand, the smoke-wreaths partly obscuring her and curling between the five and her white dress like mists floating across the new moon.

Was it but a kindly phantasm of the brain? Was it the incarnation of the last vision of the lost Volunteers? Was it a Valkyrie assuming that lovely likeness to perch upon this eyrie, waiting to bear their heroic souls to Valhalla, or—was it Miss Betty Carewe?

To the Chief she spoke—all of them agreed to that afterward—but it was Crailey who answered, while Tom could only stare, and stand wagging his head at the lovely phantom, like a Mandarin on a shelf.

"My mother in heaven!" gasped Crailey, "how did you come up here?"

"There's a trap in the roof on the other side of the ridge," she said, and she began to fan herself with the pink fan. "A stairway runs all the way down—old Nelson showed me through these buildings yesterday—and that side isn't on fire yet. I'm so sorry I didn't think of it until a moment ago, because you could have brought the water up that way. But don't you think you'd better come down now?"

(To be continued)

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, AND THE GREAT NORTHWEST

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "American Fights and Fighters," "Colonial Fights and Fighters," etc.

I

The Origin of a Great Idea

THE first white man who penetrated the heart of the territory bounded by the Ohio, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi, was that redoutable explorer and heroic soul, Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. In 1669–70, he traversed what is now Indiana, and explored the country along the beautiful Ohio as far as the Mississippi, claiming the whole vast region for France. For nearly one hundred years thereafter, the white flag of that sunny land fluttered from the staffs of the small forts erected from time to time at strategic points commanding the river highways. These became centers of trade, agriculture, and commerce in the succeeding centuries.

In 1727 the Sieur de Vincennes established a military post on the Wabash (Ouabache) where the town of the same name now stands in southern Indiana. In 1735, a few families settled there, and their number was slowly augmented. The fort was in the territory of the district of Illinois, of the province of Louisiana. The headquarters of the district were at Kaskaskia, where the river of the same name empties into the Mississippi, and the capital of the province was New Orleans.

In 1736 the gallant Vincennes was killed, bravely fighting against the English and Indians. Says Charlevoix, "Vincennes ceased not until his last breath to exhort the men to behave worthy of their religion and their country." Louis St. Ange de Bellerive was appointed to the governorship of the little Indiana town in 1736, and remained in charge until 1764.

Perhaps nowhere on the continent has humanity dwelt in such peaceful simplicity as in the little settlement at Vincennes. Even the Indians lived in amicable relations with the colonists, in the main. In hunting and fishing, in agriculture of the most primitive kind, in trading down the river to New Orleans, in feasting, in frolic, the uneventful years glided by. There was not a school in the whole territory, although incredible as it may seem, there was a billiard table in the settlement on the Wabash! The little education the inhabitants received was imparted by the missionaries.

In 1763, on the completion of the Seven Years' War, the whole country, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico on the hither side of the Mississippi, fell into the hands of England by treaty, although owing to the fearful outbreak of savage passion, engendered and stimulated by Pontiac, the ablest Indian who ever lived, the English were not able to take immediate possession of it.

The conquest made little difference to the inhabitants. They had not been greatly concerned in the war. They lived on just as before—perhaps a little less cheerfully, under

the Union Jack than under the Fleur-de-lis.

Meanwhile, the vast territory west of the Alleghany Mountains was attracting such adventurous spirits as Boone, Robertson, and Sevier. Among other empire builders who surveyed it with eager vision was George Rogers Clark. Like many of the pioneers, he was a native of Virginia, where he was born on the 19th of November, 1752. Without belonging to the landed gentry, the Clark family was respectable. Like George Washington and many young men of the day, he became a surveyor. But his acquirements were limited. His spelling was simply awful, but spelling was thought lightly of by many gentlemen who had enjoyed more advantages than he.

He was a strongly built, heavy-set man, with broad brow, keen blue eyes, and a dash of red in his hair, from a Scottish ancestress. He was of sufficient consideration in the community to receive a commission as a captain in Lord Dunmore's war. After the war he went to Kentucky, which he had before visited on a surveying expedition. Subsequently, he became one of the most prominent of the pioneers in that famous territory.

The Revolution found the Clark family intense and zealous patriots. The two oldest brothers immediately enlisted in the Continental line and served with credit during the whole war. George Rogers, the third, displayed his qualities on a more splendid field. When the war began, the Indians, incited by the British, inaugurated a series of ruthless forays into the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky. The few frontier settlements were forced to fight for their lives. Desirous of organizing a civil government of some sort in the trans-Alleghany region, and of representing their defenseless condition to Virginia, their mother territory, they called a convention, at Clark's instance, at Harrodsburg, in 1775. Clark found, when he arrived at the convention, that he and one other had been elected to the Virginia legislature from Kentucky, which, at that time, had no legal existence, and therefore no right to send delegates to the assembly. He made the arduous journey across the mountains to Williamsburg, only to learn that the legislature had adjourned.

He and his companion at once made representations to the governor, asking for 500 pounds of powder, and suggesting also that some steps be taken for the establishment of civil government in this wild and lawless expanse of territory. As there was in existence at the time a Transylvania Company, which claimed the right of eminent domain over Kentucky, the Virginia Government felt some hesitation about assuming any rights over this country. The authorities were, however, perfectly willing to lend 500 pounds of powder on the guarantee of Clark himself, but Clark was shrewd enough not to fall into a trap of this kind. He wrote them a brilliant letter, in which he said that a country that was not worth defending was not worth claiming. This brought the commissioners to terms. Clark got the powder. He also succeeded in having Kentucky formed into a county of Virginia, a service of inestimable value.

Meanwhile, the British continued to launch the savages on the backs of the Americans, in the fond hope that they would thus be enabled to work their will with the harassed revolutionists on the seaboard. It was hard living in Kentucky in those days, and the one man there who divined how these forays might be stopped was George Rogers Clark. The old French posts of Detroit, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes were the points from which the Indians secured supplies. Having ascertained their strength and weakness, he conceived the magnificent design of capturing these points, holding them, and thus establishing for the United States a claim to the great territory of the Northwest.

II

The First Success

IN 1777 he laid his daring project before Patrick Henry. The idea impressed the sagacious old governor; he caused a council to be called to consider the suggestion, composed of himself, Thomas Jefferson, George Mason, and George Wythe. To these men, Clark, just twenty-five years old, expounded his plan. They realized at once what there was in it. Not merely the protection of the settlements south of the Ohio in Kentucky, not merely a check to Indian aggression, but the extension of the borders of the United States to the Mississippi. They approved of the plan.

Clark was naturally chosen to lead the expedition; he was given 1,200 pounds in depreciated Virginia currency, a commission as a colonel, an order for ammunition at Fort Pitt, and authority to raise 750 men for three months' service where he could. The plan was kept strictly secret. Clark's public instructions from Patrick Henry ordered him to proceed to Kentucky and take measures for the defense of the colonists. A private letter, however, authorized him to take and hold Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and the whole Northwest Territory.

Many difficulties beset the enlistment of his

soldiers, but he finally succeeded in assembling several hundred men on Corn Island, at the Falls of the Ohio, opposite what is now the city of Louisville. The island has since been washed away. Many of his troops deserted, especially when they learned the real purpose for which they had been enlisted, and he found himself left at last with about 150 men ; and the time was coming to start. The island was a good place, however, in which to drill and train the men, and Clark soon got his little army under excellent control. He left his camp on the island on the 24th of June, 1778, and embarked his men, divided into four companies, in bateaux.

As the boats were whirled down the river by the swift current, though it was early in the morning, the land was enshrouded in almost total darkness from an eclipse of the sun ; a bad omen thought some of the party, but Clark was no believer in omens. For four days they swung down the river, reaching at last an abandoned French fort. There they were met by a party of hunters from Kaskaskia. They reported it to be lightly garrisoned and negligently guarded. They asked Clark's permission to join his party, for which one of them offered to act as guide. The offer was gladly accepted. For six days the party marched westward over the prairie. As they had no wagons or packhorses, and no baggage except what each man carried himself, their progress was unusually rapid.

On the evening of the Fourth of July, they reached the westward side of the Kaskaskia River opposite the town, undiscovered. On the bank they found a farm-house. They put the inmates under guard, seized the boats belonging to them, crossed the river, and marched down toward the town. The commander of the place was M. de Rocheblave, a Frenchman. The garrison was made up of Creole militia. De Rocheblave had implored to have British regular troops sent him, but none had appeared. No one dreamed that the Kentucky pioneers were at hand.

The story goes that the officers were enjoying a dance in one of the large rooms of the fort, and that Clark, admitted through the postern by one of his prisoners, left his men outside the barracks, and then walked boldly into the room. No one noticed his entrance. He stood quietly by the door, with an inborn love of the dramatic, with folded arms, looking grimly on the scene of gaiety. Presently an Indian caught sight of him, and, recognizing an enemy, rent the air with a terrific war-whoop. The women shrieked, the music stopped ; but Clark, with tragic intensity, bade them go on with the dance, only to remember that now they were to dance in honor of Virginia and of the United States, instead of Great Britain. Whether the story be true or no, and some good authorities give it credence, the fact remains that the fort was surprised and captured without the loss of a man on either side.

Clark was most anxious to get hold of the papers of the commander. One naïve historian says that Madame de Rocheblave succeeded in concealing them in her bedchamber, and that, rather than violate the sanctity of her apartment, the American officers suffered her to do what she would with them. "Better," writes the gallant old chronicler, "better, yes, a thousand times better, were it so, than that the ancient fame of the sons of Virginia should have been tarnished by insult to a female." It is a pity to spoil a pretty story, but the papers — at least an important portion of them — were forthcoming, however they were secured. The British relations with the savages were revealed in them ; the English guilt was clear.

Clark proclaimed that the lives of the townsfolk would be spared, their property respected, and that all should enjoy freedom. While they were enthusiastic with this news, he invited their allegiance to the American cause, which it was not difficult to secure, in view of the great tidings which he brought them of the capture of Burgoyne and the American alliance with France.

Thereafter the French and Americans were indeed brethren. Cahoka received the American in the same ardent way, and in October, 1778, Virginia established the county of Illinois, comprising all the new territory beyond the Ohio, with Colonel John Todd as governor, and Clark supreme and independent military commander.

There yet remained of the British posts Vincennes and Detroit, the former being of more present importance because nearer. Among the inhabitants of Kaskaskia was a certain Roman priest named Father Gibault, whom Clark referred to in his letters as "Mr. Jeboth." This missionary agreed to go to Vincennes, which was at that time without a garrison, to secure the allegiance of the populace to the new government. He faithfully fulfilled his commission, and the French residents willingly hoisted the American flag over the fort, Fort Sackville.

Meanwhile Clark, by his resolution and tact, compelled the Indians to bury the hatchet. For the first time in years the settlers in Kentucky and on the borders of Virginia could

lay aside the rifle and ply the ax and speed the plow in safety. Clark knew that kindness and gentleness would be taken by the Indians as indications of weakness. Therefore he was boldness itself toward them. Years afterward, some 300 hostile Indians, in full war paint, met him in council at Fort Washington. Clark had seventy men in the stockade. The Shawnees were arrogant, boastful, and full of fight. They came into the council house with a war belt and a peace belt. Throwing them both on the table they told Clark to take his choice. He swept them both to the floor with his cane, rose to his feet, stamped contemptuously upon them, and, sternly telling the Indians to make peace instantly or he would wipe them off the face of the earth, ordered them to leave the hall. They fled his presence, debated all night, swallowed the insult, and buried the hatchet.

"With an inborn love of the dramatic, looking grimly on the scene of gaiety"

III

The Terrible March

AT this time a British officer named William Hamilton occupied the important position of lieutenant-governor of the province at Detroit. He is accused of having offered rewards for American scalps and of having paid them; and the fact is indisputable.

When Hamilton heard of Clark at Kaskaskia, and that he had raised the American flag at Vincennes, he determined to march down the Wabash from Detroit, retake Vincennes, and then proceed westward and capture Clark. Clark at Kaskaskia was soon apprised by his scouts of the capture of Vincennes and of Captain Leonard Helm, the American commander, in 1778. About a month later, however, he learned that Hamilton had dismissed all his Indian allies for the winter, and held the fort with eighty white troops. It was his purpose to assemble them all in the spring and with heavy reënforcements from Detroit march to the Illinois country. In that case there would be little hope of a successful resistance. What was to be done? It was midwinter. One hundred and forty miles as the crow flies, and some 200 over the usual trail, lay between him and Vincennes. Fort Sackville had been put into a complete state of defense by Hamilton. It was provided with artillery and manned by a garrison sufficient to hold it against any force which Clark could possibly assemble. Nevertheless the Americans determined upon its capture, and it is not too much to say that the history of the Northwest Territory turned upon his decision.

To explain this we must anticipate the course of events a little. France and Spain, in the

negotiations for peace at the close of the war, were only too anxious to limit the western boundary of the United States to the Alleghanies, a desire which England naturally shared. The one argument by which Franklin and his fellow-counselors were able to insist that the western boundary should be the Mississippi and not the Alleghanies, was the fact that the country had been conquered by Clark, retained by him, and was now actually in the power of the United States.

Clark made his preparations with the same promptitude as his decision. A large bateaux, which he called the "Willing," was hastily improvised, loaded with provisions and supplies, and provided with two pieces of artillery and four swivels. Captain Rogers, a kinsman of the general, was placed in command with forty men and ordered to make all haste *via* the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Wabash, to an appointed rendezvous near Vincennes. Clark, with the rest of his officers and men and two companies of French Creoles who volunteered to accompany him, made ready to march overland. Clark's original force had been reduced to 100 men. These he took with him. The Creoles raised the total to 170, with a few packhorses.

They set forth on the 4th of February, 1779. The weather was cold, damp, and rainy. The season had been a very wet one, and the prairies were turned into lakes and quagmires. They marched as rapidly as possible, however, until, on the 15th of February, they came to the two forks of the little Wabash. Now the whole country lay under water, icy cold at that, for five miles to the opposite hills. There were no roads, no boats. Provisions were nearly exhausted. The game had been driven away by the floods, and they were without fire.

Plunging into the icy water, Clark led his men, carrying their rifles and powder horns above their heads, over the bottoms until they reached the channel of the river. They had built a rude canoe and a small raft on the bank, and now standing up to their waists in water, they removed the baggage from the packhorses, ferried it across one channel, built a rude scaffold of driftwood and logs, upon which they stowed it, swam the horses over the second channel, loaded them again, drove them through the flood until they reached the other fork of the river, where they repeated the process, and at last got on emergent, through water-soaked ground. The passage took two days.

On the 17th they reached a river, well called the Embarras, which flows into the Wabash a short distance below Vincennes. Both rivers had overflowed, and as far as they could see was a waste of water. They were literally starving, having had no provisions of any sort for two days. But they set to work to make canoes. They pushed on down the bank of the Embarras until they reached the Wabash. At this time one of the men shot a deer which was divided among the 170. In the canoes they had made as best they could, they crossed the Wabash on the 21st.

At this juncture the spirit of some of the Creoles gave out. The desire to retreat was communicated even to the Kentuckians, and the whole enterprise trembled in the balance. Clark, however, was equal to the occasion. The story goes that in one of the companies there was a big six-foot-two-inch sergeant, from Virginia. A little drummer boy, whose antics and frolics had greatly amused the men, was mounted on the shoulders of the tall sergeant. By Clark's command, the drummer beat the charge, while the sergeant marched into the water.

"Forward!" thundered the commander, plunging into the icy flood. The men laughed, hesitated, and followed to the last man.

For two more days they struggled on through the waters, until, on the 23d, they captured a canoe with some Indian squaws in it, in which they found a quarter of buffalo and some other provisions. Broth was soon made and given to the most exhausted of the little band.

At this time they had drawn near enough to Vincennes to hear Fort Sackville's morning and evening guns. They were so near in fact that they expected to attack that night.

When they began the final march in water varying in depth from breast to neck, Clark detached Captain Bowman, his best officer, with twenty men, and told him to bring up the rear and to shoot the first man who faltered. No one did so. The water was covered with a thin coating of ice which they broke as they plunged in. They had managed to get together a number of canoes by this time, and into these they put the weaker men. Clark himself, in spite of his resolute will and magnificent strength, almost gave way. Finally, about one o'clock, they reached an elevation some two miles from the town. It was covered with trees, and from their shelter, themselves unseen, they could examine at their leisure the goal of their endeavors.

The terrible march of these iron men was over. For ten days they had been struggling through water and ice. They had enjoyed neither fire, nor food, nor rest. They dried themselves as best they could in the cold sun-

shine, reveling in the meal which they hoped they could get if they ever succeeded in capturing the place. Clark now hesitated; should he fall on the town at once, or should he first attempt to secure the neutrality of the people, which he believed he could do without difficulty? He wisely decided for the latter plan, and despatched the following letter:

TO THE INHABITANTS OF POST ST. VINCENTS:

Gentlemen:—Being now within two miles of your village with my army, determined to take your fort this night and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses. And those, if any there be, that are friends to the King, will instantly repair to the fort and join the *Hair-Buyer General** and fight like men. And if any such as do not go to the Fort shall be discovered afterwards, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those that are true friends to liberty may depend on being well treated. And I once more request them to keep out of the streets; for every one I find in arms on my arrival I shall treat as an enemy.

(Signed) G. R. CLARK.

The inhabitants were rejoiced at the approach of the Americans. Nobody appears to have betrayed them to the British commander, who was yet in total ignorance of their proximity. Clark waited until nightfall, divided his army into three companies, and then marched forward to the attack.

IV

The Capture of Vincennes

FORT SACKVILLE enclosed some three acres of ground. The stockade was stoutly built of logs about eleven feet high. The garrison was ample, and there were several pieces of artillery and swivels mounted on the walls. It was strong enough to have bidden defiance to 170 starved and half drowned troops without artillery of any kind, but it did not. It is to Clark's credit that he refused to allow the Piankeshaw Indians, who were there in large numbers, to take part in the attack. Marching silently through the town, Clark surrounded the fort, which stood on the banks of the river, the men taking cover behind houses and trees. He quickly threw up a breastwork in front of the gate of the stockade, and announced his presence by opening a smart rifle fire.

It is related that Captain Helm and Colonel Hamilton sat in the latter's headquarters playing cards, while a bowl of apple toddy was brewing before the fire. Some of the Kentuckians, in sport, opened fire upon the chimney, surmising that that bowl of apple toddy would be brewing beneath it. As the rifles cracked some of the plaster fell into the apple toddy as they had intended.

"That's Clark," said Helm; "but d—n him, he needn't have spoiled my toddy."

At length the garrison awakened to the situation. There was a beating of drums and a hurrying to arms, and through the night a smart fire was kept up between the contending parties, the British blazing away fruitlessly in every direction, the Americans husbanding their fire and endeavoring to make every shot tell. Nothing had yet been seen of the "Willing," and the supply of powder on the American side was getting perilously low. Fortunately they procured enough from one of

"'That's Clark,' said Helm; 'but d—n him, he needn't have spoiled my toddy'"

* Alluding to the fact that Governor Hamilton had offered rewards for the scalps of Americans.

the friendly inhabitants to keep up the engagement. From the same friendly source they also had a good breakfast, which was as useful almost as the powder.

When the morning came, the surprised Hamilton found himself completely surrounded by the besiegers, of whose number he was entirely ignorant, although the fact that they were there at all was evidence of their quality.

Clark soon sent the following peremptory letter to Hamilton:

Sir:—In order to save yourself from the impending storm that now threatens you, I order you immediately to surrender yourself, with all your garrison, stores, etc., etc., etc. For if I am obliged to storm, you may depend on such treatment as is justly due to a murderer. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any paper, or letters that are in your possession; for, by heavens, if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you.

(Signed) G. R. CLARK.

To this he received the following reply:

Governor Hamilton begs leave to acquaint Colonel Clark that he and his garrison are not disposed to be awed into an action unworthy of British subjects.

Nevertheless, by this time the British were badly scared, and after another interchange of shots Hamilton asked for a parley. Finally a meeting was appointed. Hamilton, attended by Major Hay and Captain Helm, his prisoner, met Clark. The American was furious. He refused to listen to any proposed arrangements. It was surrender at discretion, or nothing at all. He vowed he would put to death any Indian partisans in Hamilton's command, and when asked whom he meant, replied that Major Hay had been one of those who had led war parties against the settlements. When Helm attempted to interfere and say a word in favor of the British, Clark sternly silenced him, telling him, as a prisoner, he had no right to discuss the matter. Hamilton promptly offered to release Helm, and Clark, with equal promptness, refused to accept him. Finally Hamilton returned to the fort, having received an hour to make up his mind.

A party of Indians, who had been on a scalp hunt, came back during the morning with the ghastly trophies of their prowess hanging at their belts. They ran right into the arms of the Americans, and two were killed, two were wounded, and six captured. While the conference between Clark and Hamilton was going on, the six captured Indians were taken out before the fort, where the garrison could see them, summarily tomahawked, and their bodies cast into the river. Hamilton was unable to resist the clamor of the garrison after this, and upon Clark finally agreeing to treat them as prisoners of war, he surrendered the fort at discretion.

The next morning the British marched out and delivered their arms to the Americans, who marched in and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. The Americans fired a salute of thirteen guns from the British cannon. During the progress of the salute, twenty cartridges for the six-pound guns blew up and wounded some of the Kentuckians. Among them was the brave Captain Bowman, who died several months after, it is believed, from injuries received in this disaster. Save one wounded soldier, these were the only casualties on the American side in the expedition. The "Willing" came up soon after and the campaign was ended. At the end of the war Detroit was the sole position held by the British in that region.

V

Forgotten

CLARK performed other services during the war. He joined Von Steuben as a volunteer and fought gallantly under him. Virginia promoted him to be a brigadier-general, and presented him with a sword, which, by the way, was a second-hand one. Clark continued in the service of the State, headed several expeditions against the Indians, got himself mixed up with the Spanish authorities, and had his actions disavowed by the United States, and was finally dismissed from the Virginia service on the plea of poverty, which was true enough.

He had never enjoyed a commission in the Continental service, and the dismissal left him without employment. The remainder of his long life is a sad story of disappointment and neglect. He was still a young man, and his years might have been filled with valuable service to his country. His marvelous campaign had evidenced his qualities, but he became so embittered by the ungrateful treatment he had received that he fell into bad habits. He drank to excess. He had no wife or children, and lived by himself for many years, hunting, fishing, and indulging his appetite with such of his old comrades as chanced to visit his cabin, which was erected on a six thousand acre grant of land Virginia made to him when she ceded the Northwest Territory to the United States. He was land poor and lonely. Four years before he died he was stricken with paralysis. He was alone in his cabin at the time and fell into the fire, which so severely burned one leg that it had to be amputated. It is related that he desired a fife and drum to be played outside the house while the operation was being performed. It was before the days

of anesthetics, and the grim old soldier sat in his chair and had his leg taken off without an expression of emotion, while martial music was being dinned in his ears. He found a home in his last helpless years in the house of his sister, Mrs. Crogan, opposite Louisville, and there quietly slept away his life on February 13, 1818.

There is a story that when his means were at last exhausted, and he could not obtain any settlement of his just claim against the State, he thrust the sword which Virginia had presented to him in the ground, broke it off at the hilt, and threw the pieces away, with the bitter remark, "When Virginia wanted a sword I gave her mine. Now she sends me a toy. I want bread!" In his paralysis, the State—his claims still unsettled—seems to have sent him another sword.

Years after his death the tardy government of the United States settled his claim against it for the expenses incurred in his heroic campaigning, in which he had exhausted all his private fortune.

OUR RED-HEADED KID

BY FREDERICK WALWORTH

Illustrated by Charles W. Hawthorne

MONDAY is a bank's busy day. So when the Fourth of July, or Washington's Birthday, or some other of our increasingly numerous holidays comes on Monday, and the fifth day of July, or the twenty-third day of February, or whatever day Tuesday may chance to be, is burdened with the labor of three days and a half, the bank clerk takes off his coat and his cuffs and his morality, and prepares for a tall exhibition of elementary arithmetic. It is not well to ask a favor of the cashier on such a Tuesday.

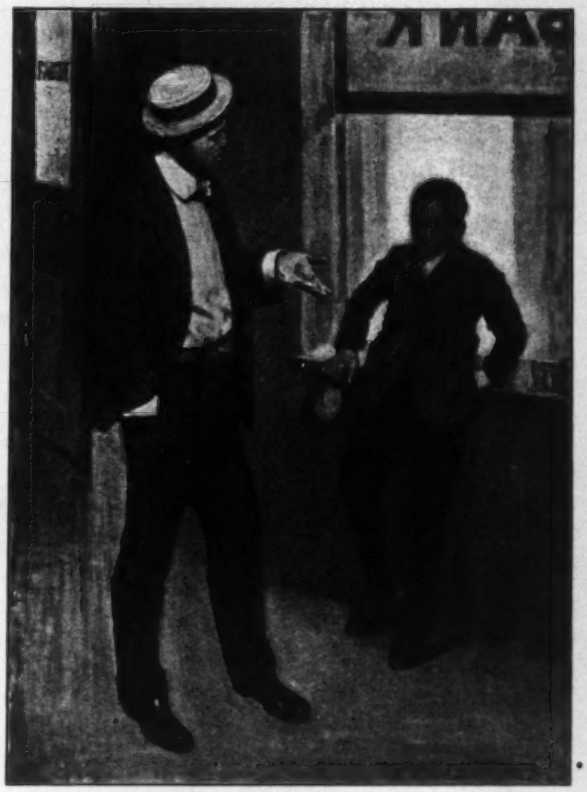
Bob turned up at the bank on Tuesday, July the fifth, and his reception would have disheartened a person lacking as tough an integument. As it was, Bob didn't seem to realize he had been turned down. Mr. Martin, the cashier, had his coat off and both hands working like an electric fan in a mass of filthy bills which Uncle Sam should have redeemed and turned into *papier-mâché* hats and vases long ago. The day was unseasonably warm, and the cashier's collar slapped limp and gluey upon his apoplectic neck.

At intervals he turned his head away and

said something not meant for the teller's ears while he sprinkled the reeking mass with rosewater from a bottle on the counter. Most of the bills had been dragged from deep pockets by members in the thirty-third degree of the great unwashed fraternity, and, as the cashier had remarked, they carried one hundred scents to the dollar. But that was on a previous occasion. There was no time for any such levity on Tuesday, July 5th.

"Please sir, I'm lookin' for a job."

We all heard it, but its origin was not immediately apparent. The cashier continued counting dirty bills. Mr. Harvey, the teller, glanced at the cashier and returned to his books. Tom, who was "on the ledger," paused with a check in his fingers and his pen on the line, took one swift look in the direction of the sound, evidently saw nothing, and proceeded to enter the check. The rest of us were engaged with mercilessly multitudinous checks and seemingly endless columns, and did not even pause. The cashier had informed us that if we wanted anything to eat that night before we caved in, we had better "hit it up pretty lively."



"Telling him to go across the street and fill up"

"Mister, I say I'm lookin' for a job."

This time we all stopped, supper or no supper. The cashier looked up angrily and beheld a small boy, not over-washed, villainously red-headed, and, judging from the age of his face, stunted in his growth. His eyes did not reach the level of the counter. It was after four, and the doors had been locked for an hour. He must have arrived *via* the window.

"I'd like to run your errands," he elucidated pleasantly.

"We have no place for you," said the cashier shortly, and in a tone which made further conversation on the subject ludicrous.

The boy retreated to the window and sat down on the sill. At five he was still there. He didn't even whistle. He simply stayed with us, his eyes roving around the bank and taking stock, as it were. At six he had not departed.

We were working furiously. Tom had a ten cent difference and was growing gray hunting for it. I was some hundred and fifty odd dollars out, and was rapidly losing my reason. Jim hadn't his checks even entered yet, and was apparently going to sleep standing. Art. had his balance, and from the top of a stool was yawning, and between gaps smiling sweetly at my vocabulary and egging me on. By seven we were all waiting for Jim. He had his footings he said, and thought he had a difference, but wasn't sure how much. At this brilliant announcement Tom took Jim's books and straightened things out. By that time it was seven-thirty, and I for one was limp with hunger.

Fortunately the cash was two dollars over, and we closed up for the night. As the cashier philosophically observed, if the bank was ahead two dollars there'd be no trouble finding out who was short.

As we turned out the lights and shut the shutters we came upon the boy still sitting in the window. Tom asked him who he was, and he said his name was Bob. He gave no sign of needing sympathy expressed in either words or cash. Rather he gave one the impression of being excellently well able to care for himself. He left the bank with us, and we separated in a wild rush for something to eat.

I was the first to reach the bank next morning, but Bob was waiting on the steps outside. He came in with me, helped me open the windows, and would have accompanied me inside the cage had I not remonstrated. I was not sure whether he thought he belonged to the

bank or the bank belonged to him, but it was one of the two. He took the rebuff, however, with a resigned philosophy, and seated himself as before in the open window. When Tom arrived he stopped short on seeing the boy.

"Well, kid, been here all night?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yep," replied Bob.

"Where?" asked Tom at this startling announcement.

"Out front," replied the boy.

"You didn't sleep on the steps?"

"Yep."

"Had any breakfast?"

"Nope."

"The deuce! Have anything to eat last night?"

"Nope."

"Why the devil—you must be near starved."

"You're dead right," said Bob.

Tom hurriedly brought out a quarter and gave it to him, telling him to go across the street and fill up. The boy obeyed without wasting any time, and Tom came inside.

"Did you hear what that kid said?" he asked me. "How about his sleeping on those stone steps without anything to eat? It makes me cold inside to think of it."

The cashier and Mr. Harvey had both arrived when Bob returned. Tom related the conversation, and the cashier spoke not unkindly to the boy.

"What are you doing around here?" he said.

"Lookin' for a job, sir," said Bob solemnly.

"But I told you we had no place for you," said the cashier.

"Well, I thought I'd just hang around an' see if somethin' didn't turn up," he replied.

He seated himself in the window and proceeded to "hang around."

His first official recognition came about ten o'clock, when the cashier gave him a sight draft to take around to Jim Clark for acceptance.

"Get him to write his name on the face of it," he explained, as Bob left.

Twelve o'clock came and he had not returned.

"Takes that boy a good while to go round the corner and back," observed the cashier.

"I didn't like his looks first time I saw him," said Harvey. "He looked sort of slow to me."

It may be stated here as well as elsewhere that Harvey's intellect has never been known to produce an original idea. Certainly he has never expressed one. Inside the bank he is the cashier's "me-too" in all things, however great or small. Outside he fills a like position for any one he chances to meet. Harvey is loosely put together, and walks from his knees, as though he feared a good full swing might shake a leg off. Now it is a singular fact, but I have never known a man who walked from his knees who amounted to a row of brass tacks with the heads off.

Harvey's parents have never ceased the habit of calling him "Sammy," and either he has conscientiously lived down to the name, or the name has conscientiously lived down to him. Every night after bank hours he rides his wheel slowly and gingerly a given distance for exercise, but always declines invitations to drive, because he says he never feels comfortable with a horse; they are such uncertain creatures. He has like views of sail-boats. He is one of the bright, particular stars in the firmament of the Baptist Church, and in his own opinion and that of the Rev. Mr. Squires he holds a gilt-edged first mortgage on a mansion in the skies, taxes and special assessments paid.

However, to give the angel his due, he is a fair accountant and draws a good salary, which goes to show that in this perverse generation of vipers it isn't always the man who commands the money. I, for instance, was getting only about half as much as Harvey.

About 12.30 the telephone bell had an unusually violent spasm, and I answered the call. Jim Clark requested, in no vacillating spirit, that we call off our dog. For a moment I thought Mr. Clark was suddenly gone insane, and I was rapidly formulating plans to hold his attention while I sent for Williams, the constable, when I remembered Bob.

"There's a boy over here with a draft," pursued Mr. Clark; "says he's from the bank. I don't owe the money, and I won't accept the thing, an' he says he'll stay with me till I write my name on the face. Says you people told him to. Send somebody over here an' get him, will you?"

I had to go over and bring Bob back, as he declined to be "called off" by means of the 'phone. He told Mr. Clark he wasn't that easy.

Everybody in our town knows everybody else—at least by sight; and previous to his advent at the bank Bob had not been one of the population. Whence he came he declined to state, simply saying he "come in a box-car."

Aside from what we dubbed his "carrot patch," he was by no means brilliant, or otherwise attractive; in fact, he was distinctly the opposite. But for deadly tenacity

of purpose, as Tom remarked, "he'd beat the prize bull-terrier in a bench show."

So far as we could learn he had made no other endeavor to get a place. He came to us first, it may be by chance; he liked our looks, and he stayed with us like a Vera Cruz flea.

After his encounter with Mr. Clark he considered himself a regularly constituted member of the bank force, and wore a constant and extensive smile, which varied only in degree, and at times threatened to engulf his countenance. The cashier surrendered at discretion, and gave him a dollar, telling him to make it last till Saturday. This he apparently did, for he never admitted being hungry from that time forth.

That evening Jim and I hunted up Tony, the combination janitor and watchman, who slept in the bank, and arranged that Bob should bunk with him. Bob took kindly to the arrangement, and Tony was glad enough to have his company at night and help in cleaning up after bank hours. His weekly wages were fixed at two dollars by Mr. Martin, and when Bob was handed the money on Saturday he nearly burst with pride over his affluence. Where he got his meals at this time we did not know; probably at some cheap restaurant. Subsequently he was more or less adopted by Tony and his wife.

To say that he made himself indispensable would be stating plain unvarnished truth. Jim and I early agreed that if Bob was "fired" we'd have to resign, or, what was equivalent, interview the directors with a view to a raise. Up to his advent the running of the bank's errands had devolved upon us, and we were loath to return to any such arrangement. Also, as Bob lived at the bank he always had the windows open and the place ready for business when we arrived. This gave us an additional five minutes in bed each morning, and during the winter this is not a thing lightly to be despised. The bliss of waking up in a room where you can see your breath, and are morally certain your water pitcher is frozen over, even when it isn't, of looking at your watch and finding that you have seven whole minutes more! Champagne is not like it.

However, Bob had been with us nearly a year, and had, as I say, made himself indispensable to Jim and me before he succeeded in attaching himself to the bank as one of the permanent fixtures. After the events I am about to relate the directors would have put up with the loss of the cashier, or Harvey, or even me, before they would have let Bob go. He's with us yet, and will be till either he or the bank goes up.

Our bank is the only institution of the kind in the vicinity. North one must go six miles, south twenty miles, and west twelve miles to find another place of deposit, and to the east is the Atlantic Ocean. This being so, the bank is unusually prosperous for a country institution, paying regular dividends of twelve and thirteen per cent. to its stockholders. It is run conservatively, and is as sound and safe as United States 4's—almost.

Our trouble began with the failure of the Tidewater Trust Company of New York. This bank was our city correspondent, and with it we had on deposit some $40,000, drawing a low interest and available immediately in time of need. This amount was nearly four-fifths of our ready cash to meet the demands of depositors. The bulk of our deposits was, of course, invested in short-time paper, not available until maturity—and not always then—and some of the assets was in the form of real estate, inconvertible except at a heavy loss. There was something like $10,000 cash actually in the bank to meet $200,000 worth of deposits, and the day when the New York papers announced the failure of the Tidewater saw the beginning of the only run our bank has ever experienced. That it stood the strain was due entirely to Bob.

Fortunately the knowledge that we were badly caught in the Tidewater failure did not become generally known until afternoon, and the $10,000 held out till we could close the bank doors at three. I was dismally doing my work that night, wondering where I could get another place if the bank went under, when I became aware of Bob at my elbow. He looked more doleful than I felt.

"Oh! cheer up," I said; "it may not be true. You look as though you'd just been measured by the undertaker."

He looked at me solemnly, as though not certain of my sanity.

"We'll pull through yet," I said.

"Hu'h," he grunted; "I ain't worryin' none about the bank. Mr. Martin'll tend to the bank all right."

The cashier was his God, and before him only he bowed down.

"I seen me dad this afternoon," he added dismally.

"Well, that's good," I said; "bring him round and introduce him. If he's anything like you, though, tell him not to make a long call," I added. It is never well to let a boy get the idea he is indispensable, even when he is.

"He didn't see me, though," Bob continued, ignoring my levity. "Wonder how he

THE "HOLD-UP"

follered me clean here. Thought I'd shook him for keeps. I bet he ain't bummin' 'round here for no good, neither."

"You unfilial little barbarian," I said. "You don't seem incrusted with smiles at the advent of your long-lost parent."

"Think you're funny, don't you, Hu'h?" said Bob, and left me, and I promptly forgot his dad.

There was a convocation of directors in the bank parlors that afternoon, which immediately converted itself into a committee of the whole on ways and means. Mr. Martin had sent off telegrams to half-a-dozen of the nearest banks asking assistance and offering to deposit bonds as security. Ten thousand dollars was obtained in this way from the Beach Grove Banking Company, and came in on the last train south that evening. The only other bank able to help was the Longford First National, which offered $20,000 if we would come and get it. The last train to the west was gone, and there was no train back that night.

Longford is twelve miles west of our town over bad roads. If we could get this $20,000, the cashier believed it would tide us over and restore confidence in our ability to pay dollar for dollar. If we did not get it the bank must close its doors by twelve next day almost to a certainty. Some one must drive across to Longford with the bonds and return with the money before the bank opened next morning.

Our part of the country is as safe as another; but under the circumstances, when the composite eye of the community was centered upon the bank, it would be impossible for one of the bank force to leave town without the object of his mission being immediately surmised. And in our town it is a common saying that a dollar bill looks to some folks as big as a ten acre lot. So it was not a hilarious party which drove west late that evening. There was too much at stake.

We had a two-seated buckboard and a good team. The cashier and I sat behind, with the bonds in a valise between us. When we were ready to start, Bob climbed up beside the driver on the front seat.

"Here, Bob," said Mr. Martin sharply, "we can't take you."

"I got to go," said Bob simply, and he went. Mr. Martin may have realized that since he had decided to go it would be impossible to leave him behind. He would have materialized at Longford from some impossible part of the vehicle as sure as we had tried it.

The cashier had two revolvers and I had one. The other one of the four always kept in the bank could not be found when we were ready to start. However, we didn't use those we had. We reached Longford in good time, and drove directly to the bank. The cashier had been advised of our coming by telegram, and was waiting for us. We handed over the bonds, received the cash in small bills, and started back in good spirits.

It was near two in the morning when we approached our town. I had had a hard day's work, and confess to having been nearer asleep than awake. Still I heard Bob say to the driver:

"If anything happens you give the horses one almighty cut an' drive for town, an' don't stop till we get there—see."

The driver laughed.

"Don't get scared, kid," he said. "We're most home now."

About one minute after this things happened.

The buckboard stopped with a jolt, and I came back to the melancholy things of earth, which I found to consist mainly of the wrong end of a .44 calibre revolver. Mr. Martin was seeing similar sights on his side of the vehicle. I am not the hero of this narrative, and I freely confess that I put up my hands—good and high. I didn't want whoever had the other end of that gun to entertain any doubts about my intentions. I was anxious he should know I was peaceful—extremely so. What the cashier did I do not know, but I have my suspicions. At the time my own troubles were the paramount issue. That .44 bore an almost speaking likeness to a thirteen-inch gun, and I was completely certain if it exploded it would blow the whole upper half of me off into stellar space. I know exactly how those Sepoys felt before the British gunners pulled the lanyards. The upper half of me didn't want to go.

I felt the valise lifted from my side, and then we were told to drive on and not look behind.

"It won't be healthy for you," said a voice.

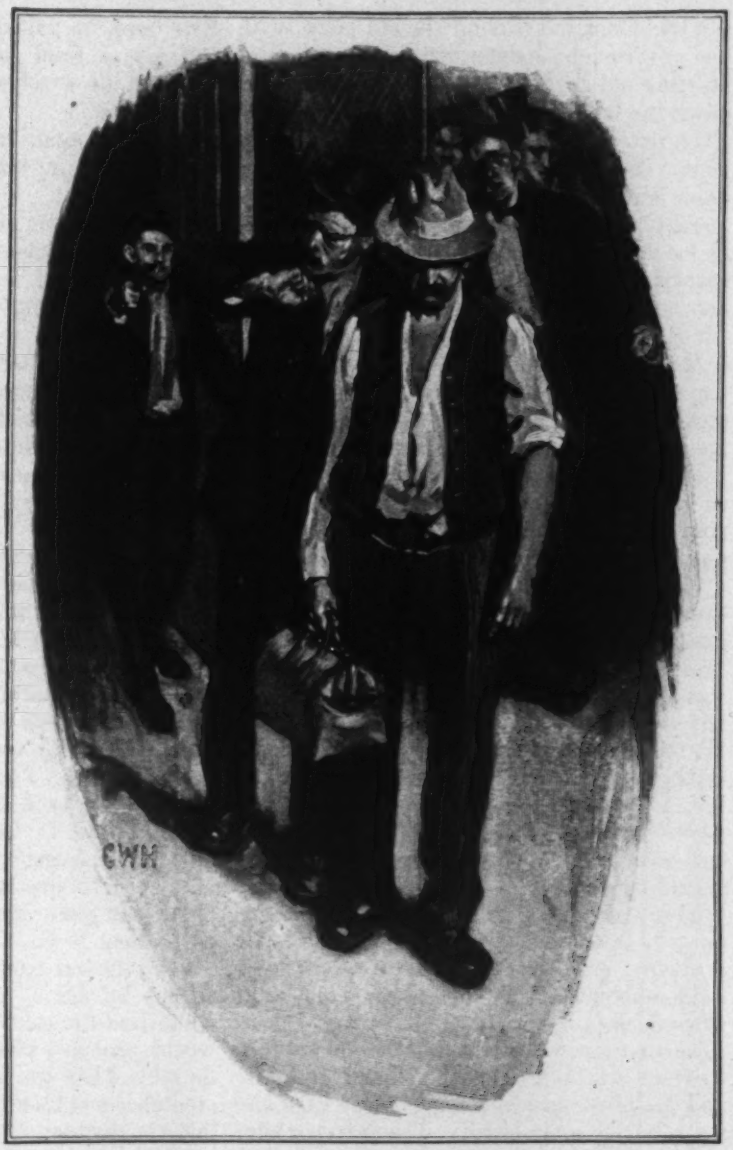
Bob had vanished. He sat in front of me, but I had not seen him go. The driver said he had slipped to the ground the moment the horses stopped, and we pleasantly surmised he had been worse scared than we were. We drove into that sleeping town with our horses in a lather, and within the hour parties were out raking the country for the perpetrators of the "hold-up." We decided there had been three of them. One had seized the horses and the other two had attended to the cashier and me.

The president and directors absolved us from all blame after hearing the story, but Mr.

Martin sat at his desk with bowed head. He had been with the bank for twenty years, and to know that the institution was doomed, and that he was at least partially responsible, was a hard blow. I felt bad enough myself, but it must have been harder for him.

I had known some blue times before, and have known some since; but for concentrated aniline and indigo, that morning holds the palm in my experience. We were all dead tired. We had worked under the strain till we were mentally and physically incapacitated, and then had worked on till our nerve was gone. Then, too, it was at that fearfully devitalizing time, the hour before sunrise. If you have ever gotten up at three of a winter's morning to go duck-hunting, and, after walking ten miles with a ten-bore gun, have found no duck, you can get some idea of our depression. Also we had had no breakfast.

Things were undoubtedly bad, but if the sun had been up I think we would have found some means of escape after all. But in the dead, cold gloom of the hour before dawn, I felt about ready for my coffin, and the rest looked it. Every time the door opened we looked eagerly up, hoping even when we knew there was next to no hope, and each time it was to be disappointed again.



"and behind both came Bob, with a revolver at full cock and his face a pea-green yellow"

So two eternal hours passed. Harvey was wandering around and acting like a she-ass, of course, telling Martin not to mind, and it couldn't be helped, till it was a wonder some one didn't kill him. I considered the matter with a feeling that it would at least create a diversion and relieve the suspense.

Jim and Art. were discussing the "hold-up," and telling each other what the cashier and I should have done. Their conversation did not interest me. They had not experienced the thirteen-inch gun. Tom didn't say a word; didn't even look at us. I always did think he had good horse sense, and now I knew it.

Half-a-dozen of the directors were sitting around, talking spasmodically and in whispers, and minutely examining the cracks in the floor. I remember thinking that when a gang of directors got together and didn't make any more noise than that, there was some mighty heavy sledding ahead, and no signs of snow.

I tried to sleep, but couldn't. I had too much to think about. There was nothing ahead but three or four hours more work, and then clos-

ing the doors and leaving the old place, with the government commissioner in charge, and starting out to find a new job several steps down the ladder. Not a cheerful prospect.

The outer door opened. I didn't turn my head. The spring that worked my hope machine was played out. Then I heard an unusually profane yell from Tom, and he went by me and out the cage door like a half-back carrying the ball. I took one look toward the door and followed in similar fashion.

What we saw was a tramp carrying a satchel —*the* satchel. Behind him was another, nursing a badly cut up right hand and exploding steadily in highly-colored language. And behind both came Bob, with a revolver at full cock and his face a pea-green yellow. It took us about forty-eight seconds to tie those tramps hand and foot, and Bob put down the gun and came inside with the satchel.

"It's all there, Mr. Martin," he said. "I caught 'em 'fore they got it open. An'—I guess I'll sit down."

He collapsed into Martin's chair, and that was the first we knew he was hurt. We got him out on the floor and opened his shirt, and Martin looked mighty lumpy in the throat while we were doing it. I'm not saying how I felt. I thought the kid was done for. He had a blue-black spot high up in his left shoulder, and he'd bled about all there was in him I should think.

Harvey came out from somewhere and got ready to faint, and Martin sent him off for Doc Richards, and Tom told him to be "pretty sudden about it." At such times seniority of office doesn't count.

The directors were treading on one another to fetch water and produce handkerchiefs, and the president drew out a silver flask and we gave Bob some brandy. That revived him, and he tried to get up.

"I ain't hurt much," he protested. "I just feel sorter empty—that's all."

He fell back weakly, however, and lay quiet for a moment. Then he grinned happily and said:

"I knew dad 'd be up to some meanness. He don't miss any chances."

"You better not talk, Bob," said Martin. "Not now. Wait till the doctor comes."

"I ain't hurt, I tell you," said Bob aggressively.

"Say, it was great," he said presently, with another grin. "I just walked in on 'em while they was pryin' the satchel open, an' I says, 'Put up your hands, dad, I got you,' an' instead o' puttin' up the way the books says they does, he pulled a revolver an' shot me. But say, I fired 'bout the same time, an' knocked his revolver all to chunks. Gee, it was great!"

He stopped again from sheer weakness. Then he looked up at Martin on his knees beside him and said:

"Next time I'm goin' to drive, Mr. Martin. If that blame driver had cut the horses like I told him to we'd 'a come through all right."

"Very well, Bob," said Martin, and I think he meant it.

"There wasn't but two of 'em," continued Bob, "an' the other one was scared cold, so I just give him one to pick up the satchel an' march an' he didn't wait for the count neither. An' dad knew when he was licked, too. Say, they was easy, wasn't they? That's him now, ain't it?"

He was bleeding to death, and I thought the doctor would never come. It seemed pretty tough luck after what he'd done. His parent was lying on his back, cursing like an Irish gatling-gun, and when I got to the point where I had to do something or make a fool of myself I hunted up Williams, and we kicked them both on to their feet and put them in the lockup.

When I got back the doctor was making his examination. It was a solemn crowd that stood around and watched him. Bob was the only cheerful one in the lot. Fortunately the bullet had gone clear through, so there was no probing to do.

When the last bandage was fixed, Bob tried to get up again, and had to be held down while Doc Richards explained to him that he would probably bleed to death if he didn't lie still. Then we put him on an improvised stretcher and took him up to Martin's. I waylaid the doctor.

"Will he get well, doc?" I asked.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I think so. He lost a lot of blood, but he's pretty tough, and with Mrs. Martin and the girls to nurse him he'll be around before long."

I waited till I got a block from the house, and then turned loose one long uproarious yell, and doubled for the bank with the news.

"Well, say," said Tom, "isn't that kid about twenty-four carats fine, though? Lay on MacDuff! He'll be president of a bank while we're still footing columns. You see if he isn't."

"I always did think that boy had something in him," said Harvey. "He sort of looked like it to me first time I saw him."